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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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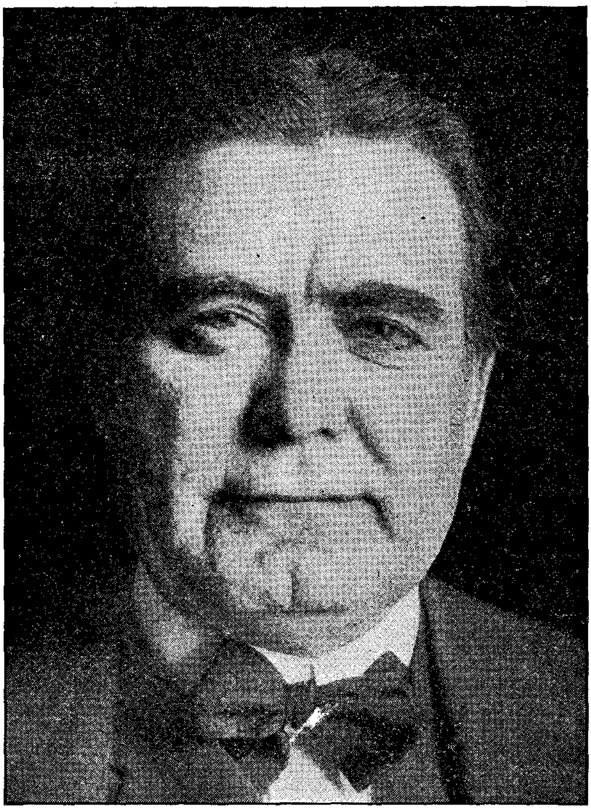
DISARMAMENT WINNING AT WASHINGTON

IS THIS MORE "AMERICAN HUMOR"? exclaims one editorial observer, as he contemplates the passage by the Senate of a "bigger Navy" bill carrying an amendment for the reduction of navies. "It may seem a little bit inconsistent for the United States Senate on one day to pass a bill for increased naval armament, and on the next unanimously accept Senator Borah's plan for naval disarmament," agrees the Newark *News*. This is "ambiguous disarming," hints the New York *Times;* and the Syracuse *Post-Standard* discovers a further inconsistency in "Senator Borah's proposal for an agreement with Great Britain and Japan while he was seeking to bait the British by a resolution for recognition of Ireland and the Japanese by support of Californian anti-Japanese legislation." Nevertheless, says the Syracuse paper, the Idaho Senator's victory in attaching to the $500,000,000 Naval Appropriation Bill his amendment advocating an American, British, and Japanese conference on the subject of a "naval holiday" has made disarmament a very live issue. In other words, it marks actual progress in what the Tacoma *News-Tribune* calls "the greatest crusade of the ages." It is "a long step forward in the campaign against competitive armament," and consequently "a step toward sanity," declares the New York *World*, itself a conspicuous fighter in this campaign. The Senate's unanimous indorsement of the Borah amendment after weeks of opposition convinces many observers that the tide of popular revolt against the ruinous race of the nations to surpass one another in armament has become so strong that it can no longer be stemmed. The amendment, says the Topeka *Capital*, "finally fought its way through to acceptance because of the solid and cumulative pressure behind it of American sentiment"; and it adds that what is accomplished at the proposed international conference "will also depend upon the pressure of the same popular sentiment that made Senator Borah's resolution unbeatable." The Senate's action, says the Chicago *Daily News*, "brings one step nearer the action that must ultimately relieve the world of the tremendous burden of taxation involved in competitive building of military and naval establishments." We may now, thinks the New York *Evening Mail*, "look forward with some confidence to the early disappearance of that militaristic psychology from Congress that is costing the country such huge sums of money." The adoption of the amendment, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "should reassure the world that public sentiment in America is strongly inclined toward peace and retrenchment, that it views with disfavor militaristic ideals." "The main effect," says the Omaha *Bee*, "will be to open the approach to that way all have sought." "Symbolically," notes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "the Borah amendment is a mandate to the President from the people requesting him to do his utmost in bringing about the first step in disarmament—the limitation of the naval sea-power of the three great naval countries." And in the New York *World* we read:



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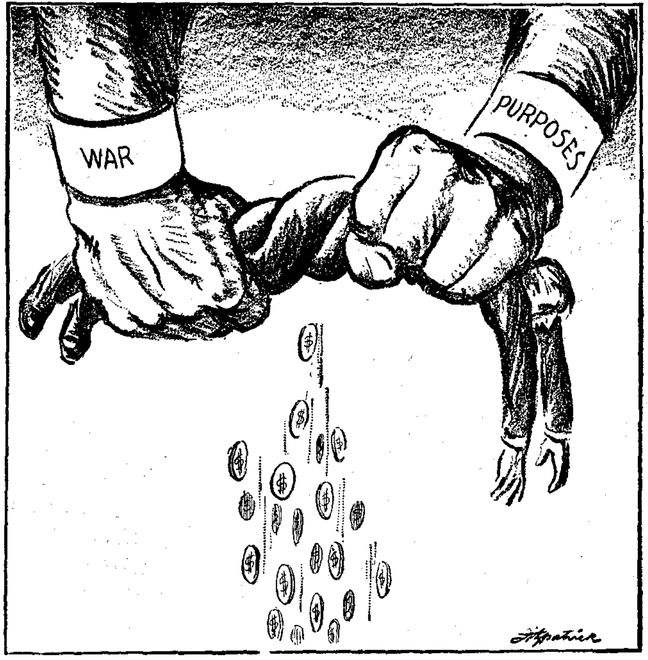
"IT IS NOTHING LESS THAN A CRIME,"

Says Senator William Edgar Borah—"a crime against humanity, that the three great nations associated in the late war should be taxing their people to death and driving on toward bankruptcy at a double rate of speed in order to build up fighting forces never before heard of in the world."

> "The Borah amendment commits the Government of the United States to nothing except the moral obligation to call a conference of the three great naval Powers. Even this lies within the discretion of the President, yet in spite of Mr. Harding's lack of enthusiasm there can be no question that he will act in accordance with the spirit of the resolution. What follows will be not only a test of statesmanship, but a test of the power of public sentiment to force decisive measures for the limitation of armament.
>
> "There can be no doubt that the people of all the three countries concerned with the Borah amendment are in favor of a naval holiday. They are all staggering under a load of taxation that menaces their economic existence and they are ready for an understanding that will relieve them of any part of this burden. The naval program of each of these countries is based on the naval program of the others. Japan is pouring tens of millions into a navy because the United States is pouring hundreds of millions into a navy, and Great Britain is bending under a load of expenditure that her people can not afford because the size of the British Navy is always dependent on the size of

> the navies that can be thrown against it. Naval competition has become a bankruptcy competition, and as the richest and most powerful of all the nations the place of leadership in ending this stupendous folly belongs rightfully to the United States. The Borah amendment gives to President Harding an opportunity for constructive statesmanship of the highest order."

This amendment "is a practical step toward limitation of armament, and should not be confused with the Utopian proposals for military disarmament," avers the Chicago *Tribune*, which adds:



THE WRINGER.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

> "It is to be hoped the House will promptly support the Senate's action and not complicate it by amendment. Proposals to involve the naval question with that of a general European disarmament belong in the resolutions of peace societies, not in the realm of political realities. The proposal to cease American building pending the decision of other Powers is worse than folly; it is mischief.
>
> "But the three-Power naval holiday is within the region of possibility. If we can save the millions its adoption involves it will be a substantial contribution to the stabilization of international finance.
>
> "The vote of the American Senate may therefore be considered with the reduction of the French Army, the victory of Briand in the French Chamber, and the disposition of Prime Minister Wirth, testified to by Mr. Briand, to meet the peace terms so far as possible, and the reduction of the British estimates as reassuring evidence of a growing will to economize and to cooperate for restoration. All this shows what seems to be a real advance toward stabilization through a better psychology and through practical measures of economy."

The Borah resolution, which passed the Senate by a vote of 74 to 0, reads:

> "The President is authorized and requested to invite the governments of Great Britain and Japan to send representatives to a conference, which shall be charged with the duty of promptly entering into an understanding or agreement by which the naval expenditures and building programs of each of said governments, to wit, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, shall be substantially reduced annually during the next five years to such an extent and upon such terms as may be agreed upon, which understanding or agreement is to be reported to the respective governments for approval."

The present international race in armament building, says Senator Borah, "is nothing less than a crime against humanity," and—

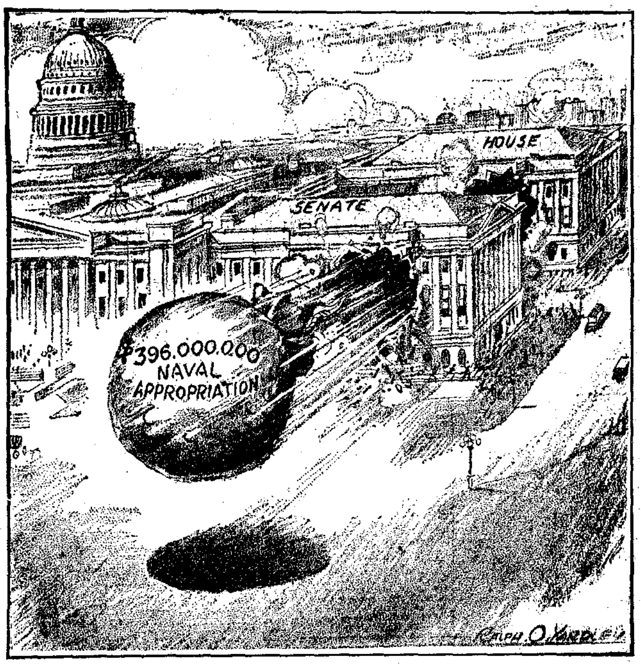
> "Unless we halt this competitive race before we get so far along that suspicion and hate and jealousy have taken control of the situation we will not halt at all.
>
> "Furthermore, there is no way to prevent this competitive armament race except through the power of public opinion, through and by means of the activities of the people who pay the taxes. It is certain that those who are interested in armament contracts, battle-ship contracts and the bureaus and bureaucracy of the country will never quit until their haul is paralyzed by the power of public opinion."

And in another statement he adds:

> "I do not want to see my country disarm and others armed. I do not want to see it placed at the mercy of other powers, but I do want to see it instrumental in bringing about an understanding by which all whose navies we are to consider may disarm together."

From the Senate the Naval Appropriation Bill with the Borah amendment went to a conference committee of both houses, where differences of opinion are predicted over the form the disarmament amendment will take. Thus a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* reminds us that "House Leader Mondell, after a recent conference with President Harding, exprest the view that the House favored a policy which would include land as well as naval disarmament"; and a New York *World* correspondent reports a feeling in the House in favor of broadening the invitation to include all the nations, instead of merely Great Britain and Japan. But, says the *World* correspondent—

> "It is the opinion of disarmament advocates in the Senate that when the conference on naval reduction goes beyond the leading competitors, which are the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, there will be no stopping. The addition alone of France would nullify all that the conference is expected to accomplish. France repeatedly has declared there was to be no discussion of either land or sea disarmament until all apprehension of German aggression had been removed. It has been intimated that France will not participate in such a conference as is proposed by the Borah amendment."

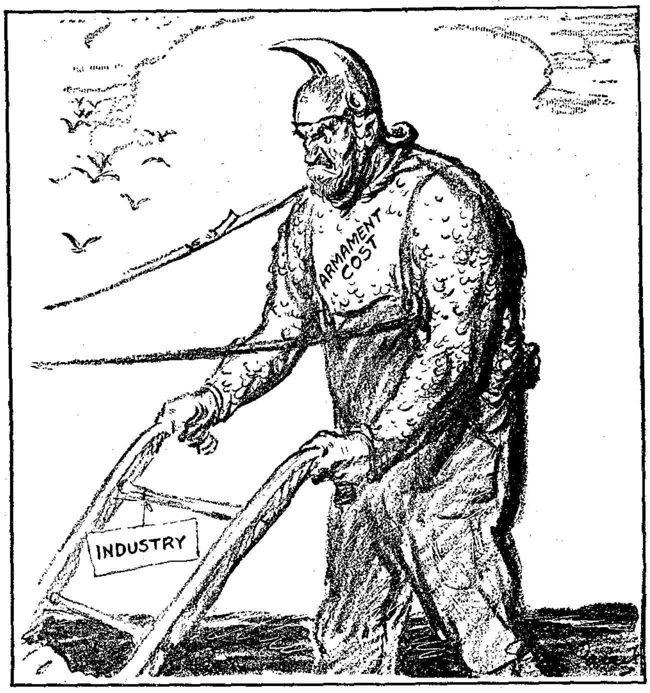


DOESN'T LOOK LIKE DISARMAMENT.

—Yardley in the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

Altho Senator Borah definitely states that "we have no intention whatever of interfering with the executive authority," Washington dispatches indicate that the White House has not regarded his disarmament tactics with unqualified enthusiasm. While it is authoritatively stated that President Harding has the question of disarmament "very much at heart," these dispatches report that he has reasons for moving in the matter "cautiously" and in his own way. Thus a New York *Herald* correspondent in the capital writes:

"Mr. Harding, it became known, will not hesitate to call the nations to such a conference if there is reasonable assurances that they would be willing to enter upon such a discussion. Just what form such a conference would take can only be speculated upon at this time, but it might develop into an enlargement of the conference now in progress as an outgrowth of the war, the Supreme Council proceedings in which George Harvey as Ambassador to England is participating as an unofficial observer."



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PUT HIM ON A REAL JOB!
—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

And in the Washington *Post*, whose utterances are sometimes regarded as semiofficial, we read:

"President Harding is enthusiastically in favor of a reduction of armaments, both as a step toward the goal of universal peace and to relieve the tax burdens of all peoples. He has stated that he will take advantage of the first opportune occasion to coöperate to that end. No pledge from the Executive could be more definite than this. Consequently it is apparent that the advocates of disarmament in Congress have no monopoly of the desire to accomplish this step in the progress of civilization.

"But it is for the President to determine when the psychological moment has arrived, and it clearly is an executive function to decide the course to be pursued. The Constitution contemplated that his judgment should mark the nation's policy in developing international relations. Why, then, should Congress attempt to force his hand?"

The Borah plan, thinks the Chicago *Journal*, would be an illuminating test of Japan's real motives. We read:

"There are only three naval Powers worth considering at present: Britain, the United States, and Japan, in the order named. The British fleet is no menace to the United States; leaving aside all higher considerations, Canada is a hostage for peace in that quarter. Our fleet is no menace to Japan; she has nothing which any American wants. But if the naval race goes on and Japan outbuilds us, her fleet would be a threat to America, for we have many things, notably the Philippines and Hawaii, which Japanese jingoes do want.

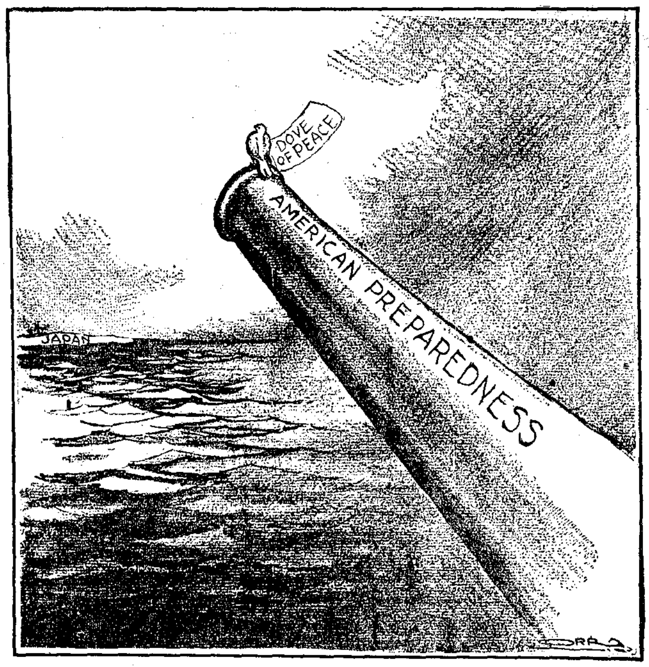
"If Japan has no warlike intentions, she will accept a proposal to check building, and leave the three navies in their present relative position. If she rejects that proposal, it means that she is planning war, presumably against the United States, since most of her disputes seem to be with us.

"But the moment Japan admits, by rejecting the holiday plan, that she is building against the United States, her efforts become hopeless. We have five times her resources; we are sure of the support of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, which distrust Japan as much as does California; and China would like nothing better than to see Nippon humbled. If Japan has any hostile designs against us—which she probably has not—she must keep them concealed to have the slightest chance of success—and she can not conceal them if we press the plan for a naval holiday."

Tokyo dispatches report a growing desire for disarmament among the Japanese people, and a Japanese correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* claims official authority for the statement that "Japan will gladly accept an invitation to a disarmament conference whenever President Harding issues a call." But in the New York *Journal of Commerce* we read:

"The position of the Japanese Government in regard to disarmament is somewhat equivocal. . . . Taking into account the national resources of Japan, the so-called eight-eight naval expansion scheme is the most ambitious ever undertaken in time of peace by any modern nation. It imposes on the Japanese people an effort greater than that of Germany in 1914 when her war preparations reached their maximum. In fighting power it aims at placing Japan nearer the United States than Germany was to England in 1914. . . . The eight-eight program provides that Japan must have eight super-dreadnoughts and eight battle-cruisers, all less than eight years old. . . . One particularly discouraging feature about the entire movement is that it elicits no disapproval from men like Marquis Okuma, from whom one would naturally expect a defense of the principles of international peace, and that the only resolution advocating disarmament which has been introduced into the House of Representatives was overwhelmingly defeated. 'Give us the eight-eight program and then we will talk limitations' is the gist of what most Japanese officials say about the proposed naval holiday. Meanwhile the Japanese Government and people are apparently standing pat on the declaration of General Baron Tanaka, the Minister of War, last New-year's day: 'In the present world situation disarmament or curtailment of armaments is impossible for Japan.'"

"An official invitation from the United States to Great Britain to participate in a conference on naval disarmament will be enthusiastically welcomed here," says a London dispatch to the New York *Herald;* and a London correspondent of the *World* reminds us that the British Navy League more than a month ago adopted a resolution urging England and the United States to lead in the limitation of naval armaments.



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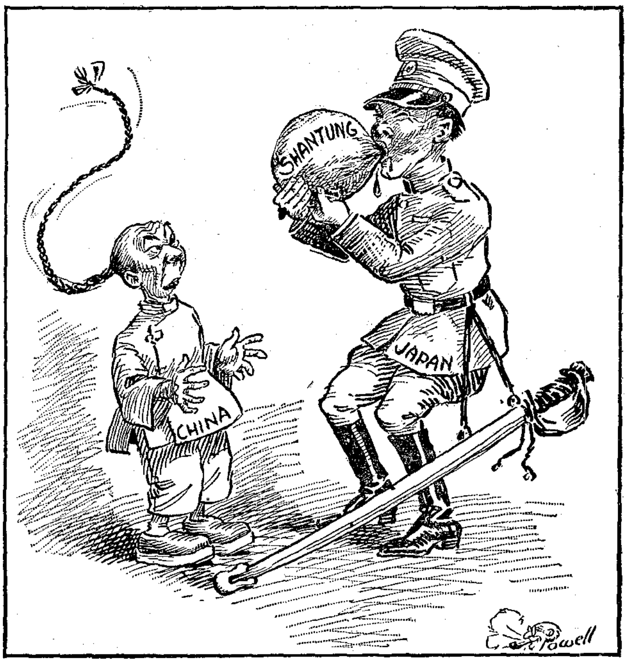
PRIZED BIRDS SHOULD BE KEPT ON SAFE PERCHES.
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

JAPAN TO GIVE UP SHANTUNG

NINETY PER CENT. of the editorial writers who comment upon the "new Japanese policy" in the Far East appear to be, as the phrase is, "from Missouri"; they ask to "be shown." The announcement that "Japan is to evacuate Siberia and restore Shantung to China at the earliest possible moment" appears in an Associated Press dispatch from Tokyo, based on information given out by the Japanese Foreign Office after an Imperial conference on colonial policy at Tokyo. This "is no more than a reiteration of promises already made," the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* remarks, "and Americans who reposed no trust in Japan's former promises will not be convinced by the new declaration." Yet, admits this editor, "there could be little utility in the reiteration of a promise that the nation has no intention of making good." Japan says she will do these two things "at the earliest possible moment." "What 'the earliest possible moment' may be is another question," rather dryly remarks the Charleston *Mail*. In the case of Shantung, Japan declares that the greatest difficulty about the return of that territory to China is "the absence of responsible authority in China with which to deal," according to *The Mail*, and this attitude on the part of Japan is interpreted by the West Virginia paper as merely "another string to 'the earliest possible moment' of action." Japan does not mention the Japanese forces which occupy the northern half of the island of Sakhalin.



ABOUT TO GIVE IT BACK.

—Powell in the Omaha *Bee.*

Many editors declare that Japan's newest move is a concession to sentiment in the United States in general, and the Canton (Ohio) *News* ascribes it to "Secretary Hughes's note on the Yap mandate" in particular. "If there is a withdrawal from Shantung, the action may be set down as a direct recognition by Japan of an adverse world opinion which may not be ignored with impunity and which considers the seizure and retention of the Chinese sacred land distinctly predatory," declares the Detroit *Free Press.* As the Shantung matter is set forth in detail in the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

> "The province of Shantung has an area of 55,970 square miles. The province belongs to China, and Chinese suzerainty has never been limited except as to a small district on the east coast, which, for the sake of brevity, we may designate as Kiaochow. Kiaochow has an area of a little more than 200 square miles. It is this bit of territory only that is the bone of contention.
>
> "Let us go back to 1897. Two German missionaries had been murdered in China, and in compensation Germany seized Kiaochow. Compromise was made the next year by the exaction of a 99-year lease from the Chinese, and a little later a German protectorate was declared over this territory. Under terms of the lease Germany, at great expense, erected strong fortifications at Tsing-tao, commanding the bay, and developed the port into a magnificent naval base. They also built a railroad from the port back through the city of Kiaochow and on up to Tsinan, capital of the province. Certain mines along this railway were opened, also under the lease. Administration of the territory was in the hands of the German Navy Department.
>
> "Then came the late war. The German naval base at Tsing-tao was regarded as a menace to the peace of the Far East. Japan, under the Anglo-Japanese agreement, declared war on Germany and took over Kiaochow. By an agreement signed May 25, 1915, Japan obtained from China the rights and privileges formerly exercised by Germany under the 99-year lease, and at the same time promised to give back Kiaochow to China at the end of the war. Up to the time of the promised restoration Japan was to administer the territory.
>
> "Then came the Treaty of Versailles, which in Article 156 specifically states that 'Germany renounces in favor of Japan all her rights, title, and privileges . . . which she acquired in virtue of the treaty concluded by her with China on March 6, 1898, and of all other arrangements relative to the province of Shantung.' In other words, Japan is awarded the harbor and naval base at Tsing-tao—both of which are probably the finest in the Far East—the Shantung Railroad, built by the Germans, and the mines along this railway.
>
> "Such is the situation to-day. So long as the Chino-Japanese agreement of May, 1915, and the Versailles Treaty itself are enforced Japan has a strangle-hold on Kiaochow and on the Shantung Railroad. In quarreling with Japan, Chinese sympathizers should remember, at least, that Tokyo has the legal support of these two documents, though this fact, of course, does not remove the moral and ethical taint involved in Japan's so-called 'grab policy.'"

While the Baltimore *Evening Sun* observes that at the present moment "Japan holds the cards, and will more than likely play them for all they are worth." The New York *Evening Post* welcomes Japan's recent announcement as an "unmistakable sign of an approach toward understanding." Japan declares that she seeks nothing in exchange, according to the Associated Press, but "she must have some assurances that Japanese residents and interests in Shantung will be fully protected."

"It need not be pointed out how immensely salutary would be the effect of a Shantung settlement, not only for the Far East but for the general world settlement arising out of the war," continues the New York *Evening Post.* As this paper points out:

> "Great Britain is approaching the same problem by two roads. The presence of the Japanese heir apparent in England must be accepted as an event of political significance. The British Imperial Conference is soon to meet in London, and there is the very best of auguries in the spirit with which the British dominions are approaching the conference. Premier Hughes, the head of the Australian Commonwealth, declares that his country has no quarrel with Japan.
>
> "What is there that America can contribute toward this happy assertion of common sense in the Pacific? In the first place, obviously, by acknowledging the fundamental truth of the Australian Premier's statement that we have no basic quarrel with Japan, and that such reasons for dissension as exist are as naught compared with the horrible alternative to a peaceful adjustment. But we need something more than a state of mind in this country. We need action. And to-day America can not act more fruitfully than by pressing home the movement for a conference for the reduction of armaments among the three countries.
>
> "That is the big contribution this country can make toward a lasting peace in the Pacific and, incidentally, the world over. With Japan acting for justice toward China and Siberia, with Great Britain acting for a solution of white and yellow quarrels in the Pacific, and with America acting for that reduction in armaments which will be the sincerest testimonial to our desire for peace, we shall have an alinement for sanity that may bring infinite blessings to a troubled world."

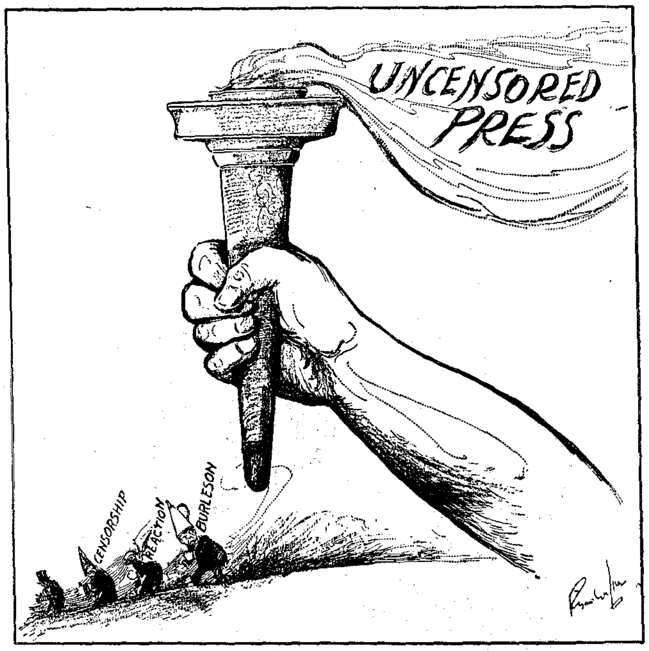
UNMUZZLING THE PRESS

"THE WAR IS OVER," and "the free press guaranteed in the Federal Constitution but abrogated by Burleson" is "again operative," exclaims the New York *Call*, reporting the restoration of the second-class mailing privilege by Postmaster-General Hays. In removing the discrimination against *The Call*, the Milwaukee *Leader*, Socialist dailies which opposed the war, and the radical *Liberator*, Mr. Hays, it has been remarked, must have had in mind Voltaire's famous words: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." At any rate, they would seem to be remembered in the sanctums of conservative daily newspapers, for tho in many cases editors take pains to deny sympathy with the views of the radical newspapers, their approval of Mr. Hays's abdication of his censorship prerogative is indicated by the frequency of head-lines like: "Hays Hits Straight"; "A Common-Sense Ruling"; "Sound and Potent Basic Principle"; "Restoring Americanism"; "Postal Matters Put to Rights." Of course, the Washington *Post* carefully adds, "public sentiment is just as emphatic in opposition to the revolutionaries now" as it was during the war "and will demand that they be held accountable to the law." The Postmaster-General's exposition of the rights of the press has the approval of the Omaha *Bee*, "but it does not relieve the authorities entirely from the duty of scrutinizing matter that is sent through the post-office." And there is basis, the New York *Tribune* believes, for contending that the Government should not give second-class postal rates to papers that "advocate the overthrow of democracy and the substitution of the autocracy of a class functioning through a dictator." But, it continues, Mr. Hays takes the real, common-sense American view-point, and "prefers to construe doubts not against but in favor of liberty." As *The Tribune* states that view-point:

> "We have got along as a nation fairly well under a policy which does not think so meanly of truth that it is afraid error will overcome it. Many preposterous and subversive doctrines have been advocated in America and they have withered and died under a system of salutary tolerance. If the criminal courts do their duty there is no need of administrative decrees which set up dangerous precedents."

It may be remembered that *The Liberator*, *The Call*, and *The Leader* were deprived of the second-class mailing privileges in 1917 by Postmaster-General Burleson because of his opinion that they published articles violating provisions of the Espionage Act. *The Liberator*—a successor to *The Masses*—ceased publication for a time. The two dailies continued to circulate, paying third-class postal-rates, and fought the Burleson orders in the courts. They were restored to the second-class mailing-list on May 31, when a post-office official was quoted thus in explanation of the Department's present policy: "Until a paper has committed an offense which brings it within the proper authority of the Department of Justice, and which forfeits its right to use the mails in any way, it should have the second-class mailing rate." It was added that "other applications for the second-class mailing privileges, now pending, will be considered in due course and in the same spirit." The ruling in favor of *The Liberator* was made on May 25, and the Postmaster-General issued a long formal statement in which he said:

> "The war is over. We must return to ordered freedom. Our method of safeguarding the public welfare, while at the same time maintaining freedom of the press, has been found through a long period of stable civil liberty better for the public welfare and personal security of citizens than to establish a bureaucratic censorship, which in its nature becomes a matter of individual opinion, prejudice, or caprice. . . . . . .
>
> "Either these publications should be entirely suppressed and their publishers prosecuted or they should be given equal mailing rights in common with the other periodicals of the country.
>
> "The mail-exclusion statutes will be vigorously enforced by the Post-office Department, but in so doing we will carry out the purpose of such non-mailability laws. This purpose is to bar the prohibited matter entirely from the mails and not simply exclude it from the particular class of mail which carries a lower rate of postage and then admit it to that class which requires a higher rate, for the same laws govern the mailability of matter in each case.
>
> "There shall be no hesitancy in suppressing any publications that fall within the prohibitions of the public law, but there are also laws in this country safeguarding the integrity of the freedom of the press, and these laws must and shall be also scrupulously observed."



AN UNQUENCHABLE FLAME.

—Walker in the New York *Call*.

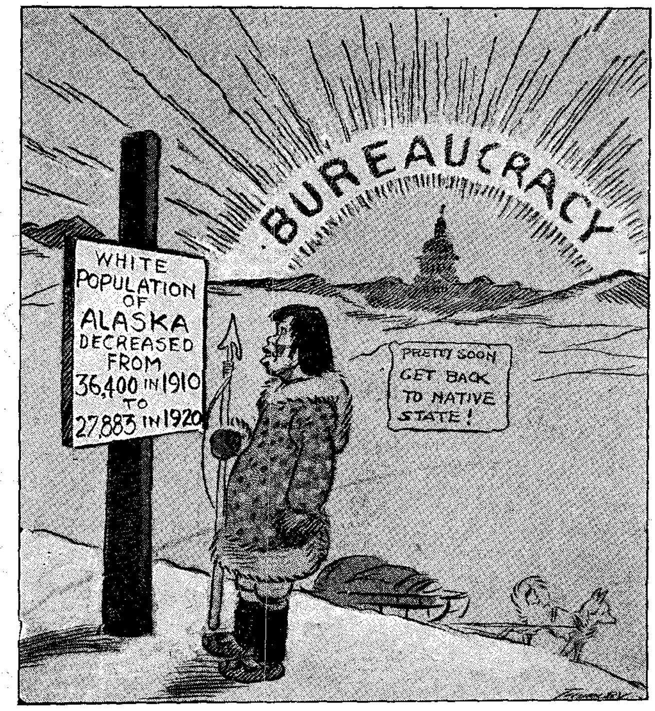
This action proves to Crystal Eastman of the *Liberator* editorial staff that while the new Postmaster-General may not be a radical or a liberal he certainly "is not a stubborn, illogical, Southern reactionary. He has common sense. And he is a good enough logician to see that if a magazine is mailable at all it is mailable at the regular rates allowed its competitors." It is "a great victory for a free press" declares the editor of *The Call*, who adds: "Let those who will sneer at freedom of the press and speech. Without such freedom brute force must rule, and not the force of ideas."

Now that the censorship has been "swept out," the St. Louis *Star* asks "all who believe in Americanism" to stand up together and take an oath—"Never again!" "It has been a lesson in the abuse of power which the nation should never forget," agrees the Toledo *Blade*. To the end that it should not be forgotten, the statement of American principle penned by Mr. Hays "deserves to be framed and hung permanently in the office of the Postmaster-General," we read in the Chicago *Tribune*. The New York *World*, however, doubts whether such warning will be sufficient. "When espionage is encouraged by legislation and has become the established usage, it takes more than a declaration of principles to end it." *The World* contends that—

> "The post-office, which was founded to facilitate the transmission of communications, has developed into an institution for the suppression of communications. Mr. Hays will find it difficult to escape from exercising the functions which are prescribed by statute as part of his job. If he wants to run his Department tolerantly, as a national service and not as an adjunct to the Department of Justice, he should use whatever influence he has with Congress to obtain a redefinition of his powers that would scale them down to less heroic proportions."

WHY ALASKA IS LOSING POPULATION

"SOMETHING IS RADICALLY WRONG when a new country as inviting as Alaska loses almost a quarter of its population in ten years," declares the Providence *Journal*, and its opinion is seconded by practically every newspaper in Alaska and a score or more in the United States proper. According to the Census Bureau, the white population of Alaska decreased 23.4 per cent. between 1910 and 1920. In 1910 there were 36,400 whites in the Territory; now there are only 27,883. When it comes to agreeing upon the reason or reasons for this loss of almost 9,000 inhabitants, however, there is a wide divergence of opinion. "Bureaucratic oppression," declares Thomas B. Drayton in the Dearborn *Independent;* "extreme conservation laws," avers the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer;* "war conditions, which called from the Territory a greater percentage of volunteers than from any State," thinks the Boston *Globe;* "high cost of gold production while the value of gold remains stationary," believes another. But "the dead hand of bureaucracy," as the Seattle *Times* refers to the long-distance administration of Alaska by Washington departments, is given as the reason for Alaska's decline by the majority of editorial writers. "The country is being bureaued to death," maintains the Denver *Rocky Mountain News;* "there are thirty-eight separate and distinct bureaus at Washington operating on Alaska 5,000 miles away." "It is as impossible for this system to succeed," asserts another writer, "as it would be for the British Parliament to run Canada or Australia from London."


BUREAUCRACY
WHITE POPULATION OF ALASKA DECREASED FROM 36,400 IN 1910 TO 27,883 IN 1920
PRETTY SOON GET BACK TO NATIVE STATE!

AURORA BUREAUALIS.

—Thurlby in the Seattle *Times*.

Conservation looked very well on paper, we are told, "but in practise it has failed," in the opinion of the Denver paper above quoted. "Ten years ago a tumult was raised, with the result that Alaska was tied down in endless folds of 'red tape,' and over it was posted a sign, 'Conservation,'" notes the Cincinnati *Times-Star;* "well, Alaska has been 'conserved' in a manner of speaking—by conflicting and interlocking bureaus. In the opinion of Chairman Curry, of the House Committee on Territories, however, long-distance control has failed." "Had the Government pursued the same policy—or lack of policy—toward the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the country farther west, the States that now thrive between the Mississippi and the Pacific would still be much of a wilderness," declares *The Capital*, of Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Furthermore, asserts this paper, "a less hardy people (than the Alaskans) would have become discouraged at such outrageous treatment; a less patriotic people would have tried to secede; a less impulsive people would have kicked over the traces." Gifford Pinchot, former Chief Forester, is generally held responsible by Alaskan and Western papers for "the shackles which bind Alaska," yet his theory is "all wrong" in the opinion of the Juneau *Empire:*

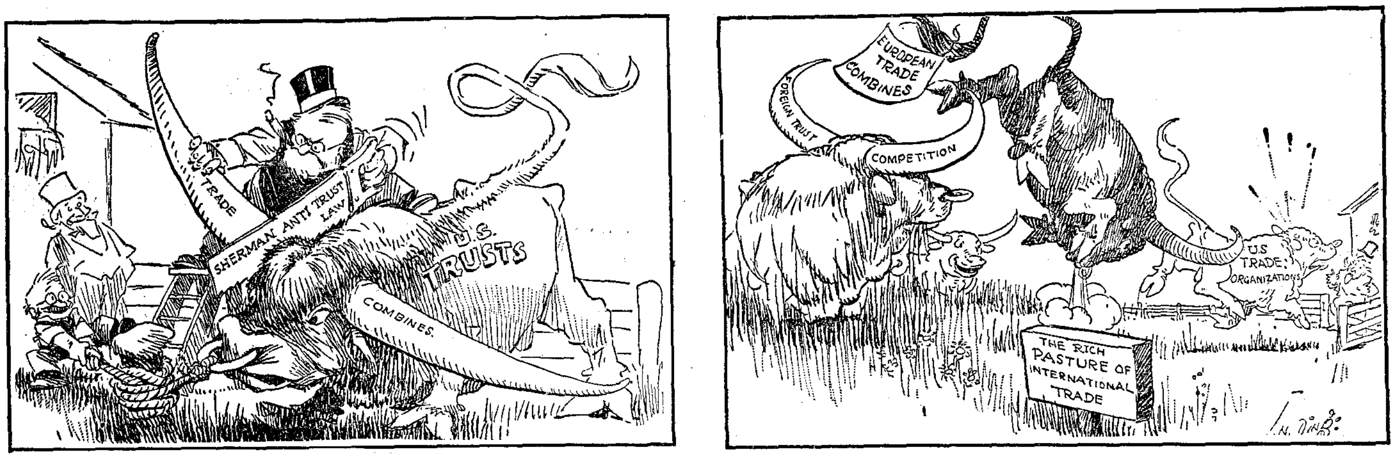
> "There has been a great deal of stupidity in connection with Pinchotism, and nothing has been more stupid than the custom of locking up resources through fear that they might fall into the hands of monopolists. People seem to forget that when property comes into the hands of private parties it comes within reach of the people. On the other hand, as long as land and natural resources remain in the hands of the Federal Government they are idle and act as wet blankets to development.
>
> "When land and natural resources become private property they are subject to taxation. Thousands of acres of Alaskan lands which are now contributing nothing to Alaskan activities or revenues are, therefore, potential revenue-producing assets. It has been estimated that 98 per cent. of the natural resources of Alaska belong to the Federal Government and 2 per cent. to private parties. It is the 2 per cent. that is sustaining our government institutions and people. If it were the other way about—if 2 per cent. of the resources were owned by the Federal Government and 98 per cent. by private persons or private corporations—the problems that confront Alaska would be quickly solved."

"The present government of Alaska is little better than that against which the American Colonies rebelled in 1776," asserts the Portland *Oregonian;* "it is a mockery. It is absentee government by an oligarchy. Whatever development the Territory can boast of has been made in spite of the Government rather than with its help." Yet, we are told by the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* in another editorial, "Alaska is asking far less than was readily and unquestionably granted to every other Territory of the United States."

"The only way to make a people worthy of self-government is to give them self-government," avers Dr. Frank Crane in the New York *Globe*, yet the Berkeley (Cal.) *Times* tells us that "the white pioneers of the North have a lesser degree of home rule and less consideration than the Filipinos."

"The entire country is interested in Alaska," declares the Kansas City *Star*. President Harding plans to spend several weeks in the Territory studying its needs, say dispatches, and Secretary of the Interior Fall, with several other Washington officials, and half a dozen governors of Western States also have arranged to visit Alaska this summer, much to the delight of its residents. "Aside from the question of justice to the people in the Territory, any move that would benefit conditions there would mean a call to many young men in the States," thinks *The Star*. The Territory has produced natural wealth of different kinds to the value of $1,000,000,000, yet Alaskans say "the surface hardly has been scratched." In one year Alaska yielded nearly 1,000 per cent. upon its purchase price—$7,200,000—we are told by the Newark *Evening News*. There are 64,000,000 acres of land on which cattle, sheep, goats, reindeer, and horses can graze, and an equal amount suitable for cultivation, notes the Detroit *News*, while Governor Riggs, of Alaska, reminds us that the Territory's climate is similar to that of Norway and Sweden (countries which boast a combined population of 8,000,000 to Alaska's mere 26,000), and that Alaska is far richer in natural resources.

"What, therefore, is the matter with Alaska?" asks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Isn't it about time to find out?" "Government conservation of natural resources is admirable to the extent that it prevents their being wasted or unfairly exploited," maintains the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "but it is being carried too far in Alaska."



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REMOVING THE HORNS MAY HAVE SEEMED DESIRABLE AROUND OUR OWN BARNYARD, BUT IT IS A DECIDED HANDICAP IN THE OPEN PASTURE.

Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

SLAMMING THE DOORS OF COMMERCE

As desert tribes fight over water-holes, so to-day "the great European tribes called nations" are said to be wrestling for deposits of coal, iron, and oil and other necessities of modern civilization in all parts of the world. "The economic struggle is the same and the moral reaction is the same," declares the Springfield *Republican*, one of the many newspapers which regretfully admit the truth of Mr. Hoover's recent assertion that the nations are closing the open doorways of commerce by "exclusive concessions" and encouragement of combinations which control trade. The New York *Tribune* agrees with Mr. Hoover that here is a world menace, since "the open-door principle is the only one which promises the world measurable harmony and an avoidance of the excesses of imperialistic capitalism." In the end, similarly observes the Baltimore *American*, "closed doors" result in war; "or, more probably, a series of little wars, each preparing its own particular part of the stage for some final smash-up like the one which has just been so thoroughly enjoyed by all." If this goes on, says Mr. Hoover, the United States will be at the parting of the ways and may have to consider the abandonment of its "basic policies of the open door and equal opportunity." Perhaps, comments the Baltimore paper just quoted, in the end we shall be forced "to enter the scramble on the terms set by the other scrambles," just as in the end "we and the Allies were forced to resort to poison gas." But "with us it should be a last resort." The Newark *News* sees "no justification" for the assertion that the American people, now or later, will demand the abandonment of "the basic principles of the open door and equal opportunity. If," it says, "we are big enough and strong enough, as Mr. Hoover concedes, to win in that race, we are big enough and strong enough, in the essence of our idealism as well as in material aspects, to bring the other fellow around to the right conception of fair dealing and free competition."

It is the doctrine John Hay applied to China, only widened to fit the world's markets and world trade, that Mr. Hoover reiterated in his address at the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York. The United States "has long been pledged to the open door in the world's trade." But, continues Mr. Hoover, as reported in the New York papers, "we find to-day that many nations are restricting development of natural resources within their boundaries to their own citizens." Governments use diplomatic influence to secure for their own business men "exclusive concessions over raw materials and the implements of commerce." They encourage great industrial consolidations and "combinations and associations of exporters and manufacturers whose object is to dominate certain trades." All this "represents a tendency toward militant exploitation and domination of commerce of which the whole commercial world must take notice." It can, Mr. Hoover warned the manufacturers, "become a menace to the peace of the whole world." For these governmentally encouraged attempts to dominate trade are likely to "claim diplomatic support"; "they pass out of the range of institutions of justice into the range of political administration," and thus "all the multitude of friction from the higgling of the market" is brought "into the realm of international action." And—

> "If these tendencies are to continue into large realities, sooner or later those states which shall hold the open door and equality of opportunity will be at the parting of the ways from these policies.
>
> "If great trusts are to grow up abroad that by weight of wealth can crush the individual trader; if the control of our agricultural produce by combinations of buyers is to be attempted; if our people are not to be allowed the development of the national resources of other countries on the same terms as the citizens of those countries have in ours; if nations are to put their strength behind the finding of exclusive concessions to exploitation first in one country and then another in effectual closing of the open door; if governments are to find capital with which to stimulate domination of the world's raw material—then the public opinion of this and other open countries will demand advantages to their citizens of the same order. We want only that share of the world's commerce that our citizens can secure without special privilege.
>
> "This is, indeed, not a threat; it is not an announcement of a national policy. It is a plea that the world should 'stop, look, and listen,' for if the day comes when the United States with her gigantic resources and the intelligence of our people shall be forced to enter upon those courses in her own protection it will be a day of infinite losses to real progress and real liberalism in the world."

While they admit the truth of what Mr. Hoover says about tendencies in other countries, several Democratic papers wonder whether the United States is really in a position to "cast the first stone" at sinners. As the Democratic Cleveland *Plain Dealer* notes, our new emergency tariff law has already stirred up "bitter resentment," and higher rates are planned for the permanent tariff measure. "A movement is also under way in Congress for repealing the free-tolls policy as regards the Panama Canal in order to give to American vessels alone the free passage of the Canal. Here is a measure discriminating against the merchant marines of our maritime competitors." Then there are those provisions of the Jones Shipping Law which President Wilson refused to make operative but which, if President Harding decides to comply with, would discriminate against foreign trade—"1. By imposing discriminating tariff duties on merchandise brought to the United States in vessels of other nationals and 2. By offering special rail rates to commodities intended for export." So, concludes this Democratic daily, by methods of its own "this country appears to be doing more than its share to stir up a new series of trade wars."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

We are burdened with excess prophets.—*Washington Post.*

Olive branches don't grow on the ambush.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Tabasco has overcome a "Red" revolt. Like cures like.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Germany is pensive because defeat is expensive.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Some accurate lists of the peace slackers would also help.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

Class legislation is any law that protects your enemies.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

Mr. Hughes is determined that Uncle Sam shall not be done in oil.—*Washington Post.*

Real trimmers in a millinery store are the persons who edit the price tags.—*Toledo Blade.*

We may keep our hands off European questions, but we've got our foot in it anyway.—*Dayton News.*

A diplomatic crisis is usually a combinaton of oil and gas.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

The present tendencies in some nations are in the direction of self-termination—*Asheville Times.*

But we are so interested in the independence of Ireland that the Philippines will have to wait.—*Dallas News.*

Perhaps the majority is not always right, but the majority is in a position to make things right.—*Toledo Blade.*

The war was over in 1918, but evidently no one thought to notify the Poles and the retailers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The difference between a good and a bad reputation is that the former is easily lost.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Our heart goes out to the soldier of Uruguay. The national anthem down there has seventy verses.—*Dallas News.*

Bolshevism seems to be stealing away, there being little or nothing else left to steal.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Nobody was worried about Big Bill Haywood's departure till he sent word that he was coming back.—*New York World.*

In the future, when an instalment is due, France need only cast longing eyes in the direction of the Ruhr.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

We don't know what jobs Mr. Edison offered those college fellows, but he doesn't need a press agent.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

You see, Mr. Korfanty, there's no occasion for any canal over there, and besides, you haven't any oil to speak of.—*Dallas News.*

There are 6,000,000 families in the United States who own their own homes. This is an anti-Bolshevik argument in a nutshell.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The Upper Silesian question was decided by the polls and it can't be undone by the Poles.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

We begin to suspect that the War Department mislaid the slacker list and printed the Roll of Honor as a substitute.—*New York World.*

The prices of tickets for the Dempsey fight suggest that he's charging a lot now to make up for the charging he didn't do in the war.—*Washington Post.*

That Japanese society that seeks world domination had best carefully consider Germany's reparations bill before really starting on its quest.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Representative Michaelson, of Illinois, wants to know if there was propaganda to get this country into the war. We can testify that we conducted some.—*Cleveland News.*

The head-line announcement that "All Depends on Attitude of Japan" seems to be a reckless statement, because that is the one thing the Philippines can't depend on.—*Manila Bulletin.*

The severe critics of Ambassador Harvey may comfort themselves with the reflection that George will be compelled to listen to volumes of talk about Upper Silesia, meanwhile being compelled to bottle up his own original eloquence.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Germany is calm, but not yet collected.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

There are no movie royalties in being a chess champion.—*Dallas News.*

High taxes are the tacks on the road to Normalcy.—*Asheville Times.*

An uppish class sometimes mistakes itself for an upper class.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Do we need more protection for industry or simply more industry?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The pupils of Lenine's eyes are red. So are his other pupils.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Continued striking is well calculated to put the "dust" in industry.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

Some people think they are worth a lot of money because they have it.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Nobody but a mother would ever have wasted $40,000 on Grover Bergdoll.—*Indianapolis Star.*

A family of owls has taken up quarters on the White House grounds. Looks like a good omen.—*Seattle Times.*

Recent events have put yap on the map, but unfortunately the wrong one.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A scientist says elephants once roamed over Texas. But not the G. O. P. elephant.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

In fairness to Mr. Dempsey, we trust the management will not permit a draft in the arena.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

The police couldn't take up the modern girls for being without visible means of support.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

We nominate Alvin York as a committee of one to go in and settle the trouble in Mingo County.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

We'd never heard about a lot of war heroes till their names appeared on the Government's slacker list.—*New York World.*

The proposal to give Ireland a king seems to us to be carrying the principle of reprisals a bit too far.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

If our Colonel Harvey is going to listen in on that Silesian row we'd better forward him some asbestos ear-muffs.—*Dallas News.*

Germany isn't as badly off as some of her neighbors. She won't have to spend anything on victory monuments.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Of course, the gentlemen who are opposing disarmament wouldn't have to fight in the next war, anyway.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

While Mr. Harding is picking journalists to be ambassadors, why not send a "make-up" man to Japan?—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

If you will kindly buy your winter coal now, as the papers urge you to do, you may save some poor coal operator from the poorhouse.—*Labor (Washington, D C.).*

Things would be better if the big dogs of war hadn't left so many bones lying around for the little dogs of war to fight over.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

A "prominent author" is the novelist who wrote this year's best seller. An obscure writer is the novelist who wrote last year's bestseller.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

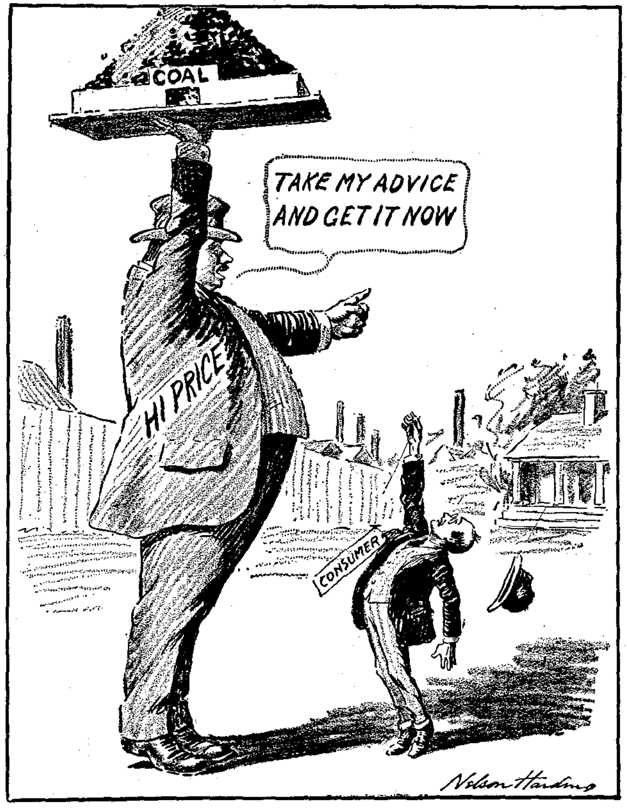
Mention of the United States, we note, brought a great ovation in the Polish Diet. It should; we have done a lot for the Polish diet.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

The suspicion is that the Bergdoll gold was not hidden in the mountains but in pockets where it would do the most good for Bergdoll.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

An English critic says Americans lack imagination. He never heard the average American tell how much better he could run the business than the boss.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Perhaps the people who are so anxious that our Government shall recognize Soviet Russia realize that if we don't hurry there will be no Soviet to recognize.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Organization by the grain-growers prompts the fear that soon it will be necessary to revise the Biblical injunction as to separating the wheat from the tares and make it "separate the wheat from the bears."—*Manila Bulletin.*



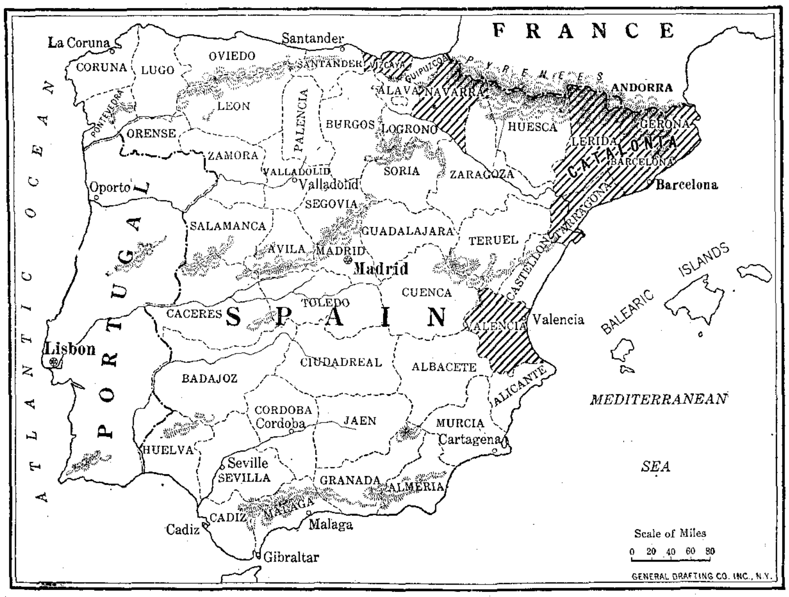
"HEIGHT AND REACH."

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

DARK DAYS IN SUNNY SPAIN

THE SUNNY SPAIN of legend is grotesquely caricatured to-day in the "only surviving despotism in western Europe," it is said, for while the war-got wealth of Spain's neutral years has bred many profiteers, the masses are starving, and her political conditions are verging on utter chaos. So write the gloomier observers in the peninsula, while those of more optimistic tone say that, to use a business term, the affairs of state in Spain are "suffering for want of a competent board of directors." But it is not only foreign onlookers who are deprest by what they see, we hear, and Spain's own citizens are cited among the severest critics of conditions. Meanwhile the nation is deafened with offers of remedies and schemes, writes a Madrid correspondent of *The Fortnightly Review* (London), who tells us that Catalonia wants to break away into independence, while there are cries for home rule also from Vizcaya, Navarre, and Valencia. This informant quotes one Spanish publicist as saying: "Our country is a rotting carcass in the last stages of decomposition"; another as declaring that every school-child is "acquainted with the farce of parliamentary elections in Spain, where bags of money and armed force direct the polls." Yet another Spaniard compares his country with Turkey as "the shame of Europe and of civilization," while a fourth confesses that "other nations lack this or that," but "it is only poor Spain who can assert with truth that she lacks the most elementary needs of a civilized state." By way of indicating how the money rolled in during the neutral years, *The Fortnightly's* correspondent writes:


FRANCE
La Coruna
Santander
CORUNA
LUGO
OVIEDO
SANTANDER
VIZCAYA
GUIPUZCOA
PYRENEES
ANDORRA
ALAVA
NAVARRA
PONTEVEDRA
LEON
PALENCIA
BURGOS
LOGRONO
HUESCA
GERONA
ORENSE
LERIDA
CATALONIA
BARCELONA
ZAMORA
VALLADOLID
Valladolid
SORIA
ZARAGOZA
Barcelona
Oporto
SEGOVIA
SALAMANCA
GUADALAJARA
TERUEL
TARRAGONA
AVILA
MADRID
Madrid
CASTELLON
BALEARIC ISLANDS
CUENCA
TOLEDO
CACERES
SPAIN
VALENCIA
Valencia
Lisbon
PORTUGAL
CIUDADREAL
ALBACETE
BADAJOZ
ALICANTE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CORDOBA
Cordoba
JAEN
MURCIA
Cartagena
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Gibraltar
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Scale of Miles
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GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC., N.Y.

WHERE THE CLOUDS ARE BLACKEST IN SPAIN.

Shaded sections of the map indicate the regions where the cry of independence is heard ominously in a country called "the Russia of the west."

> "I know an illiterate who was able to convert a modest nest-egg of £300 into £2,000,000 and an income of £120,000 a year. The big Sugar Trust had no profits at all in 1914; three years later they had nearly 19,000,000 pesetas to distribute. [The peseta is now worth about 13½ cents; the pound sterling about $4.]
>
> "But it was the shipping concerns which had the most sensational gains. Thus, the Naviere Bachi, of Bilbao, changed a dividend of 35 pesetas into one of 1,775. The grape crop of Spain trebled in value, even with a greatly diminished yield; and oranges worth £2,000,000 in 1913 fetched £9,000,000 a few seasons later.
>
> "The banks were bursting with money, so that a very large state loan was subscribed thirty-five times over. Naturally, then, the masses were led to expect a great improvement in their wretched lot, but they were speedily disillusioned. For the surplus war wealth of Spain—it has been assessed at 8,000,000,000 pesetas—came into very few hands and stayed there. The cost of living continued to soar until Spain became the most expensive country in all Europe, with butter at 10 shillings [$2] a pound, sugar at 1*s.* 8*d.*, and so on in proportion.
>
> "Then, to the wrath and dismay of all, the postwar budget—which had been five years delayed—came out with a deficit of 560,000,000 pesetas. The budget of 1915 totaled 1,465,000,000 pesetas, and at that figure staggered the poorest and worst-governed of all the western nations. Yet the budget of 1920 nearly doubled this. And an obedient Cortes shot all the estimates through with a sort of Tammany *sans gêne*, checking none of the items, but adding instead a trifle of another 30,000,000 pesetas for miscellaneous purposes."

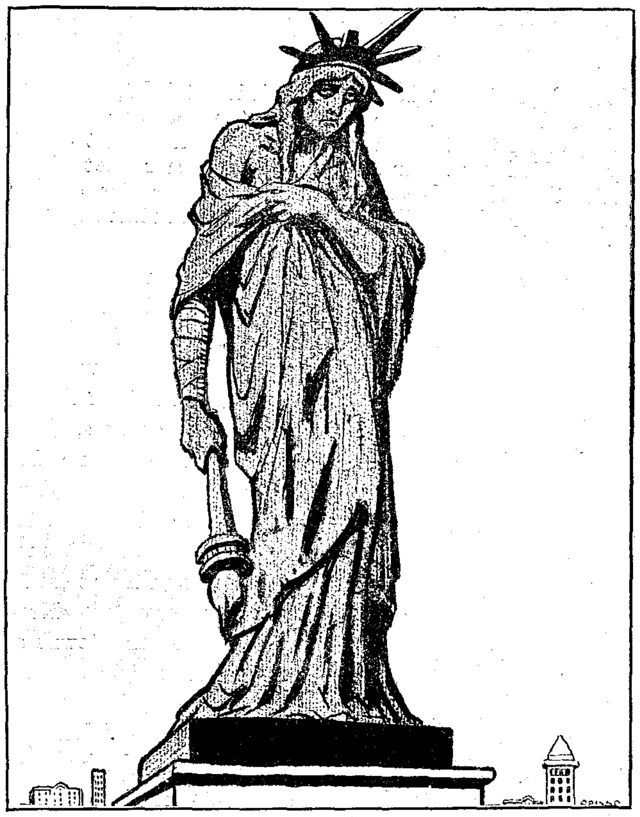
We read further that the Civil Service in Spain is so "scandalously underpaid" that bribery and corruption, especially in the Custom-House, are "not so much vices as sheer necessities if a man is to live at all." Even the judiciary come under the political lash of the local *cacique*, or boss, judges have little or no independence of thought or action, and we are told, in a word, that "from top to bottom the social fabric is unsound." Nearly half the small towns and villages of Spain are without roads, it is related, 3,000,000 children lack schools, and about 12,000,000 natives are "unable to read, write, or calculate the simplest figures." A Socialist deputy for Tortosa calls Spain "the Russia of the west, sunk in torpor and ignorance, as well as forgotten and despised by her natural allies, Great Britain and France." Nevertheless, Spain in the mass is awake at last, *The Fortnightly's* correspondent points out, and organized labor is to-day "a power in the ancient theocracy." We read then:

> "Organized labor plans strategy and tactics upon lines which are quite revolutionary for Spain, where the Marxian banner and watchword are portents of very recent growth.
>
> "Even in 1900 the now powerful Union General de Trabajadores could only muster 26,000 members out of a population of 21,000,000, spread over a land nearly as large as Germany and more than twice the area of Great Britain. To-day that union has half a million members. It has just formed a fighting alliance with the Confederación Nacional of Cataluña; so that, reckoning also the outlawed *Sindicatos*, the Government is faced by a labor army which is well over 1,000,000 strong."

Rightly or wrongly, *The Fortnightly's* correspondent remarks, the example of Russia has exercised a strong influence upon proletarian thought in the peninsula, and he quotes from a manifesto of the General Union as follows: "Socialist ideals, so long considered Utopian, are now seen to be really capable of being converted into a national fact so formidable as to thrill the world from England to central Asia and from France to the United States." Whatever may be said of labor demands elsewhere, observes this informant, it is certain that those of Spain are more than justified—

> "For here the workers face a despotism whose deeds have never been fully explained to foreigners.
>
> "Indeed, it is doubtful whether foreigners would credit them

as twentieth-century facts. The automatic suspension of the jury system and the constitutional guaranties; the arbitrary muzzling of the press, the employment of spies and *agents provocateurs*, and the calling out of all forces—the *Seguridad* and the *Vigilancia*, the *Guardia Civil*, special constables, and the regular Army—here are some of the drastic measures which in a moment convert Spain into an armed camp.



LIBERTY'S LAMENT IN SPAIN.

"Between them they are giving me a pretty rough time!"

—*Esquella* (Barcelona).

"It is at such times that terrible things are done in dark places, like the notorious Castle of Montjuich at Barcelona, which is the dread bastile of Spain. Here in turbulent seasons an inquisition is set up, as in the tragic case of Francisco Ferrer, the founder of the Modern School in Catalonia, who died for his ideals.

"Here, in our own day, frightful torture has been inflicted to elicit confessions or implicate suspects in cases of political crime. The testimony of prisoners like Antonio Mogues, of Olley Soe, José Molas, and Francisco Callis is altogether too ghastly for publication, even if space allowed. But, as a typical intellectual like Ortega y Gassett reminds us, 'Anything is possible in Spain. One day the proletarian blast will blow, and we shall find ourselves swept from end to end, as the sirocco sweeps the desert dunes.'"

Meanwhile, the army of labor makes new and sweeping demands upon "a soulless political machine, which one and all, high and low, gentle and simple, combine to curse as a blight and an anachronism whose remaining days are assuredly numbered." First of all, agriculture, upon which the life of Spain depends, must be rescued from the ruins, says labor, and even more urgent, we are told, is labor's demand for elementary education as well as for technical training in all branches. *The Fortnightly's* correspondent continues:

"Let me say here that the clearest and gravest charges are made by the labor-unions against employers in Catalonia, which is the rich workshop of Spain. These accusations are that bands of hired assassins and bomb-throwers are maintained by the *Patronos* [employers], so that the crimes which they commit may be laid at labor's door and public execration roused accordingly. There is far too much evidence in support of this terrible charge to dismiss it as a preposterous figment of the proletarian imagination.

"Spain is now convulsed with strikes, simply because the workers can not live. Large families are the rule; foodstuffs and all necessaries are undoubtedly cornered and manipulated, too often with connivance of the political machine in Madrid. Taxes are so crushing that the wheat acreage grows smaller and smaller every season.

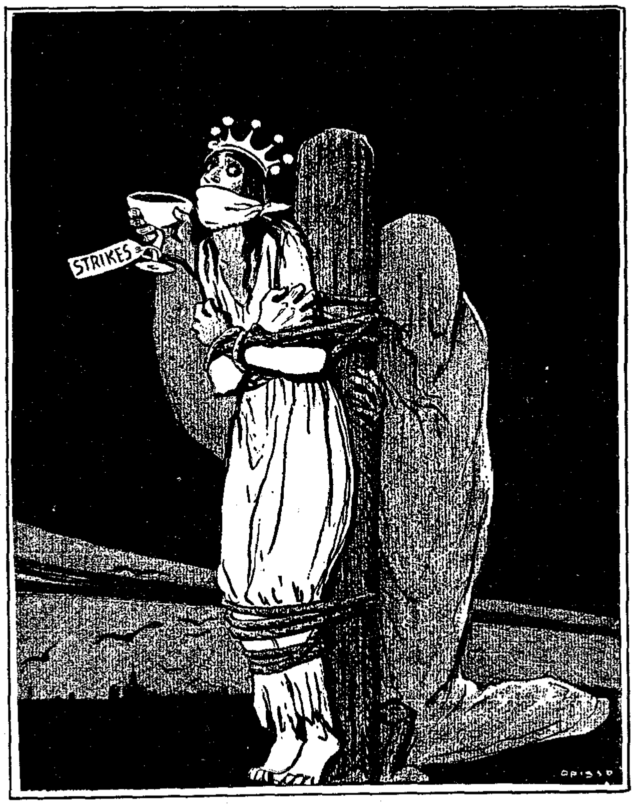
"Labor asserts that 60 per cent. of the nation's revenue goes to further the interests of the moneyed classes. Was not Canalejas himself startled when, on examining the *Código Civil* of Spain, he could find only six laws out of 1,966 which favored the common people?

"During a big strike of the Madrid bakers, poor women and girls stood in line for hours under a tropic sun at the various bakeries—only to have all the available bread swoopt up by the big red motor of the Ritz Hotel, with the police helping to load the precious stuff under the eyes of all. The masses in Spain are modest enough in their demands. They want education and food; they ask for roads, for water on the land, and a square deal in elementary things.

"Accused of violent methods, the unions reply: 'We are revolutionaries, but not murderers.' Moreover, they fiercely resent the visiting of wholesale penalties upon corporate bodies as a result of isolated acts of terrorism which goaded members of their associations may commit. As it is, workmen's centers are closed at a moment's notice. Their newspapers are supprest and men arrested and deported without any charge being made or any semblance of a trial."

A much less hopeless picture of Spanish conditions is presented by the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times*, who admits the instability of political conditions in both Spain and Portugal, and says it is due to the "artificial nature" of their constitutionalism. But he points out that—

"This does not mean that revolutionary ideas have gained ground. Indeed, one of the clearest manifestations of public opinion recently, which shows, incidentally, how inherently conservative the peoples of the peninsula really are, has been the instinctive reaction against the ultra-modern theories of 'liberty,' for Bolshevism is certainly abhorred by all classes except a very small minority.



CATALONIA'S COMPLAINT.

"How long shall I be forced to drink this poisonous draft?"

—*Esquella* (Barcelona).

"The political problem in the peninsula is not one of liberties to be gained, but simply of better administration and the extension of education. In the realm of foreign policy the issues are happily as clear-cut as they are cloudy regarding the prospects at home. The mass of the Spanish and Portuguese peoples are prosperous, and it is the conviction of those who know them well that public opinion would promptly support any government, Liberal or Conservative, Reconstituent or Democrat, that would but show capability to administer the national patrimony.

"To use a business metaphor, both at Madrid and Lisbon the affairs of the state are suffering for want of a competent board of directors. The chairmen, Don Alfonso XIII. in the one case, and Senhor de Almeida in the other, make herculean efforts, the departments continue to transact current business, but the directing heads, the responsible board, is deficient, and the shareholders are growing weary. Parliamentary government has lost prestige and its credit is very low indeed. For two years now the constitutional guaranties have been suspended in Spain. In Portugal the passive resistance by which the extremists seek to prevent power from going out of their own hands is stultifying all the conciliatory efforts made by the moderate Republicans, with a view to rallying that great section of the nation which holds aloof from any share in the Government."

A Barcelona correspondent of the Paris *Matin* writes that in the last six months 327 employers of that city have been killed, and in each case after they had received a letter warning them to leave the city within eight days. But all the known militant labor leaders and Socialists are locked up, according to the *Matin's* correspondent, who reports that "every one who has advanced opinion is arrested." But as these mass arrests did not stop the attacks on employers they called in their defense the "Free Unions," which have as their motto an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and "whenever an employer is killed, the same day a worker is murdered, or may be two workers, and the number of workers killed up to May 1 totaled 167." On this point it is observed:

> "If this total is less than the number of employers killed it is simply because the slaying of workers began later than the hunting of employers. It may be predicted that the balance will soon be struck."

A former governor of Barcelona is reported in Madrid dispatches as saying in a debate in the Chamber of Deputies that the Employers' Association is largely responsible for the conflicts with the workmen, because a year ago this Association refused to enter into a treaty with the Syndicates. And this one-time executive, now Deputy Amado, also claims that—

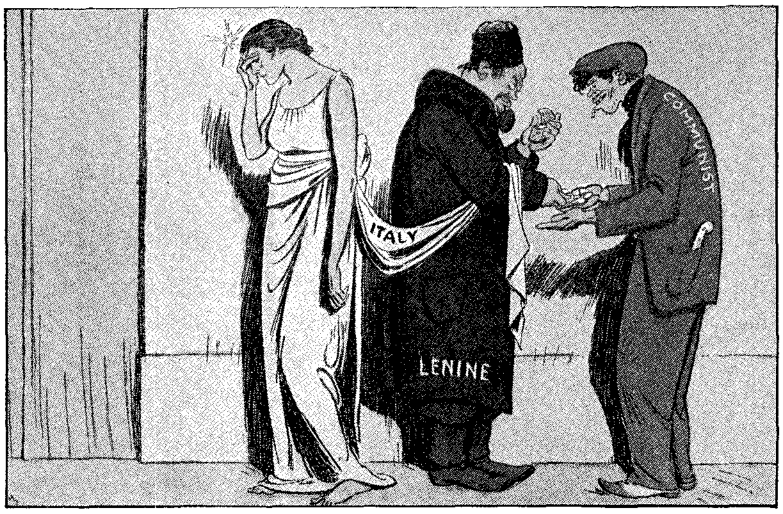
> "This refusal led to anarchist elements gaining the upper hand in the workmen's societies, with the result that the societies were declared illegal. Moreover, Señor Amado alleged that the extremists of the Owners' Association promoted terrorism on their side through the agency of their secret police, the chief of which at that time was a German known as Baron König."

"LET'S SEE AMERICA FIRST"—America shows the world the way in so many things that some Japanese newspapers have raised the cry "Let's see America first disarm, and then the rest of us can follow suit." America goes on saying that armament should be reduced, observes the Tokyo *Chuo*, but she is not very keen, it would seem, to confer on the subject with Great Britain and Japan. This daily recalls that—

> "About 1906 or 1907 the British Government dispatched a delegate to Berlin to arrange for a limitation of naval projects, but Germany rejected the proposal as she was intent on obtaining the supremacy of the world. Is not the present position of America like that of Germany in those days? The American statesmen urge that naval armaments should be reduced by agreement with Great Britain and Japan, but their plea is conditional on America maintaining the world's largest navy. Some say, therefore, that America is urging naval disarmament in order to make her navy supreme. This may not be true. But in any case, armaments of a relative nature can be reduced by international agreement when considered from the theoretical point of view, but the conclusion is compulsory that in practise it is very difficult to do so."

FASCISTI *VS.* BOLSHEVIKI IN ITALY

COLLISIONS BETWEEN FASCISTI and Socialists in Italy keep the country in a state of unrest. Yet dispassionate observers are said to note with satisfaction that the less extreme of the Socialists are becoming convinced that their "policy of intimidation" is a mistake, and tho a majority of the Italian people disapprove of Fascisti methods they do sympathize with the Fascisti objective—namely, respect for the national flag and the suppression of revolutionary movements. In their fight against the Socialists, we are told, the Fascisti contend that they are doing no more than what is needed to throttle attempts at subverting the Constitution, which attempts, if successful, would "reduce Italy to the condition of Russia." How imminent this peril has been, we learn from a deputy in the Italian Parliament, Mr. Adolfo Zerboglio, who says that "whoever lived in Italy between July of 1919 and June of 1920 knows by what a hair's breadth the country escaped being thrown into the most appalling anarchy." To have fought in the war was to be "a mark for insult," and "under the Nitti premiership every outrage against a soldier was not only tolerated but encouraged," and in Parliament Socialism of the "coarsest type" reigned supreme. In *The Anglo-Italian Review* (London) this Italian deputy writes from a party standpoint as follows:



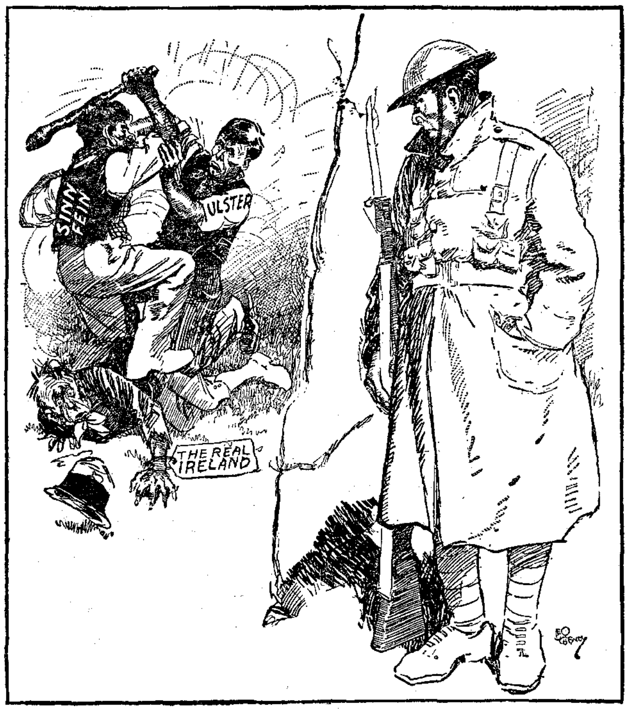
THE INTERNATIONAL TRAITOR.

Italy sold to Lenine by the Communist.—*Pasquino* (Turin).

> "The elections of 1919 returned to the Chamber of Deputies 156 Socialist members, and the 'sickle and hammer,' the emblem of the Russian Soviets, was more respected, even by government authorities, than the Italian tricolor. Extreme Socialist propaganda spread almost unopposed, stimulating antipatriotic passion, and contributed, together with the continually increasing cost of living, the spectacle of iniquitously gotten wealth, the Wilsonian comedy, and the uneasiness regarding the long-drawn-out question of the Adriatic, to create a state of moral unrest propitious to the absurdest revolts. If in the ranks of the Socialist party men of known moderation were tolerated, men at heart appalled at the oncoming tide of Leninism, it was only because these men gave way, hoping thus to have a voice in promoting those wiser counsels which their open opposition would have frustrated. The Communists got the upper hand, and the masses, irritated against the war, intoxicated by the consciousness of their own power, and carried away by their notions of the supposed prosperity of Maximalist Russia, entertained long-rejected Utopian ideas."

With the return to power of Premier Giolitti, it seems, certain sets among the middle classes, who had been dabbling in Bolshevism, withdrew from the Socialists, and as the Socialists were no longer openly supported by the Government, they began to lose prestige and influence. Also when the metal-workers took possession of the factories the nation was roused to the necessity of stemming the rising tide. Meanwhile, a commission of numerous Socialists, for the most part members of Parliament, returned from a visit of inquiry in Russia, and their reports "greatly cooled off the childish enthusiasm built upon a systematic lying glorification of Leninist tyranny." At length at the Socialist congress held at Leghorn in January the party split in two, and Italy has now in Parliament and in the country the Unitarian Communist party and the Pure Communist party. This event is said to have contributed greatly to weaken Bolshevism, which is now attacked in the open field by the Fascisti, and we read:

"Not all the doings of the Fascisti can be commended, nor is Fascism free from disquieting symptoms; but without its daring energy Italy would probably have felt the grip of Asiatic Jacobinism and have gone through a period of terrible dissolution. Wherever the Socialists, flaunting their antinational sentiment, offer violence to patriotic feeling and show disrespect to the memory of soldiers fallen in the war, there the Fascisti form their ranks, and with impetuous and often bloody reprisals restore the balance. It is too true that in the clash between Fascisti and Socialists there have been men killed and wounded, incendiarism, and painful episodes of civil war, but without the Fascisti the worst kind of Bolsheviki would have had the upper hand, and Italy after winning her victory would have forfeited her peace. The Socialists have tried to represent the Fascisti as a sort of roving militia in the pay of the capitalists, but this accusation has easily been disproved, notwithstanding some instances of reactionary motives and the fact that the movement is partly financed by the middle classes. The ranks of the Fascisti include numerous Arditi, the *Legionaries* of Fiume and the braver among the ex-combatants, men decorated for military valor, and many maimed by the war. Besides these are university students, government officials, men of the lower middle class, and also workmen.



THE INSURMOUNTABLE IF.

SOLDIER—"If they'd only stop fighting, the little chap could get back to work, and I could put down my rifle."

—*The Passing Show* (London).

"Fascism is most developed in northern and central Italy, especially at Bologna, Modena, Milan, Genoa, Florence, Ferrara. In some centers it covers the same ground as Nationalism, but it is neither Nationalist nor Militarist, its sympathies being, in fact, rather with the working classes and with 'syndicalism' and in some places even with republicanism. During nearly four years of superbly heroic effort, Italy has built up her unity and has dealt the final deadly blow to the great Austrian Empire, her ancient and implacable enemy. Fascism is now a national force which will remain active until Socialism shrinks once more within its legitimate bounds and no longer threatens that glorious unity."

ELECTION PORTENTS IN IRELAND

IF NEW EVIDENCE WERE NEEDED to show the sharp division between the people of the north of Ireland and those of the south, the elections of May 24, perhaps, furnish that evidence in adequate and ominous measure. In Ulster, as Belfast press dispatches relate, the Unionists did better than they expected, the Sinn-Feiners worse than the prophets predicted, and the Nationalists no more than they hoped for. So the Unionists are described as the only party in Ulster not disappointed. But all parties are celebrating and for these assigned reasons: the Unionists because they have won; the Nationalists and Sinn-Feiners because they have made their protest against the partition of Ireland and "believe the protest will have its effect on the minds of the people of the world." The final returns in Ulster, as reported in Belfast dispatches, give the Unionists forty seats in the Northern Parliament against twelve held by the Sinn Fein and Nationalist abstentionists. The Northern Parliament meets in Belfast, June 7, we are told, despite the fact that it will be hampered in some details of local government by the destruction of valuable records in the incendiary burning of the Dublin Custom-House.

According to London dispatches the Southern Parliament is not scheduled to meet until three weeks after the meeting of the Northern Parliament, and is not expected to meet even at the time scheduled. The Sinn-Feiners, who have a great majority, are said to be ready to absent themselves and prevent the assembly from functioning. Then, it is stated, the Sinn-Fein members of the Southern body will call in the Republican members of the Northern Parliament, constitute themselves into a reorganized Dail Eireann (Sinn-Fein Parliament), and "proceed as before in defiance of the British Government." To meet this obstructionist policy it is related that Lloyd George will try first to administer southern Ireland through a committee nominated by the Irish Privy Council. But it is feared that not enough men can be found to accept such nominations, and if this alternative to government by a Southern Parliament fails, Lloyd George "will answer with troops," and "all the island except Ulster will be put under martial rule." Fifty thousand additional troops are being poured into the country as a part of the government's "program of force," say these dispatches, which cite as further evidence of the imminence of military rule in Ireland, the building of a new internment-camp designed to hold 10,000 prisoners.

An American correspondent at Dublin writes that "saber-rattling threats in London are regarded as precursors of a heavier mailed-fist régime in southern Ireland," and the reports that greater forces would be sent to Ireland are said to be interpreted in Dublin "as meaning that the military has demanded a freer hand and more forces for another and more intensified project to wipe out the Republican forces." This informant tells us also that "there is a very general belief that the next three months will be as tragic as any time since the Easter rebellion." As an indication of Sinn Fein's stand toward the British Government, attention is called to the dramatic admission of the Ministry of the Dail Eireann, that it ordered the destruction of the beautiful Custom-House of Dublin for the purpose of striking a severe blow at the Crown Government, because, as it declared: "Until the nation itself is protected against destruction the question of preserving this or that building does not arise. Freedom comes by sacrifice, and in property as well as in life Ireland is willing to make that sacrifice." Meanwhile, London dispatches report Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, as saying "our policy is to hand Ireland over to the Irish people—not to Irish firebrands and assassins." What is more: "We want the Irish people to govern themselves, and the leaders of the North and South can meet at any time, but the British Government is not going to stand for murder of individuals and destruction of property." As to the situation brought about by the elections in which all southern Ireland is in Sinn Fein and in the six counties of Ulster Unionists predominate against a divided opposition, the London *Observer* remarks:

> "In three-fourths of Ireland the Sinn-Feiners have swept the board and are now the only party worth negotiating with. In Ulster the Covenanters under Sir James Craig have secured an even greater majority than any one on this side expected. Ulster by the steady will and determination of its Unionist people is established as a solid little self-governing society well able to hold its own and the strongest in the world for its size.
>
> "No means or force existing in Ireland or outside it can undo this event. Let us be sure of that. No unity of Ireland ever can or will exist until their consent to it is won by methods of reason replacing the methods of anarchy."

An Irish correspondent of *The New Statesman* (London) points to the meeting between Sir James Craig, the Unionist leader, and Mr. De Valera as "the most hopeful and important development in Irish politics since the Union." The matter at controversy is "whether the Council of Ireland which the Act sets up does or does not provide the means of preventing partition," and this informant adds:

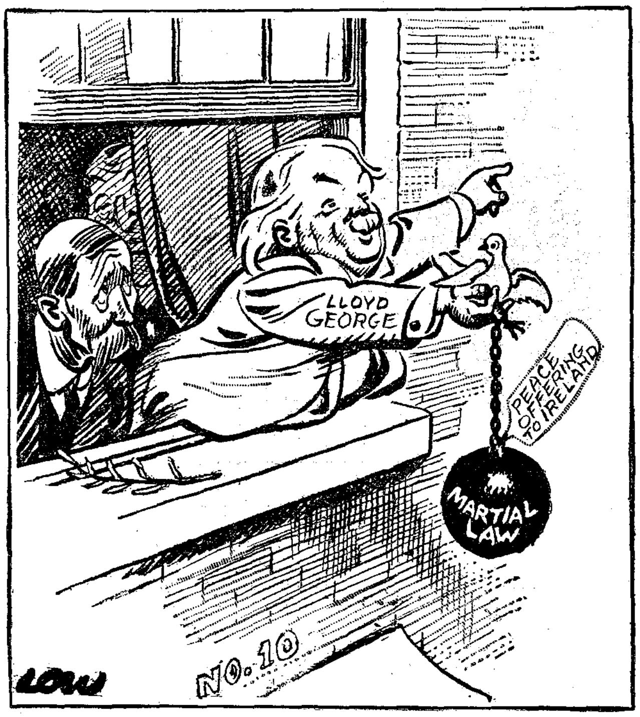
> "Sir James Craig contends that it does. Sinn Fein denies this, and puts forward the additional objection that to enter the Council would mean for its adherents acceptance of the principle of England's right to frame an Irish constitution. The Ulster Nationalist candidates are endeavoring to build a bridge between Sinn-Feiners and Unionists, by urging that after the polls the elected representatives of North and South should meet in a Constituent Assembly to devise a settlement. A Constituent Assembly has this advantage over the Council of Ireland in that Republicans could enter it without any sacrifice of principle, while Ulster, if it failed, would be as free as she is now to work her separate Northern Parliament. At the same time, Englishmen should not imagine that 'all is over bar the shouting.' At the best only a beginning has been made, tho it is true that to have made a beginning is to have conquered the worst difficulty."

The Tuam Herald, a County Galway newspaper, considers the "eventful meeting" between Sir James Craig and Mr. De Valera as "a hopeful circumstance" in the "growing feeling all over the country that we are nearing a settlement." Certainly while in every quarter the wish is father to the thought, there is "a kind of popular belief that the darkest day has come and that the clouds are breaking." This journal predicts that "the moment peace settles down on the country Ireland will advance by leaps and bounds to a degree of prosperity of which few have any idea." In line with such hopes Lloyd George's newspaper, as it is called, the London *Daily Chronicle*, reminds us of the "remarkable utterance of Cardinal Logue, which seemed to herald new and welcome possibilities of conciliation in the war-embittered Irish crisis," which was soon followed by the interview in Dublin between Mr. De Valera, President of the so-called Irish Republic, and Sir James Craig, the Premier designate of Unionist Ulster. Again, Irish dispatches from Dundalk inform us that with his contribution of 200,000 lire for the Irish White Cross, Pope Benedict sent a letter to Cardinal Logue in which he said in part:

> "Mindful, therefore, of our apostolic office and moved by charity which embraces all men, we exhort the English, as well as the Irish, to calmly consider whether the time has not arrived to abandon violence and treat on some means of mutual agreement.
>
> "For this end we think it would be opportune if effect were given the plan, recently suggested by distinguished men as well as distinguished politicians, that the question at issue should be referred for discussion to some body of men selected by the whole Irish nation.
>
> "When this conference has published its findings let the more influential among both parties meet together, and, having put forward and discust the views and conclusions arrived at, let them determine by common consent on some means of settling the question in a sincere spirit of peace and reconciliation."

WHY AMERICA DOESN'T NEED SHIPS

A FLAVOR OF ÆSOP haunts advice given by one rival to another that the latter would be better off in every respect if he would quietly retire from the contest. It may be "hopeless extravagance" for us to continue the activities of the Shipping Board in order to attempt to rival Great Britain as a carrier upon the high seas, but when a spokesman of British business tells us so, he may stir the Yankee sense of humor. There seems reason "to fear" that this is just what the foolish Americans are setting out to do, sadly observes *The Statist* (London), a leading organ of British finance, and it can not help asking: "Does the United States require a mercantile marine? And, if so, for what purpose?" It is suggested that the people of the United States should realize they were never intended by Providence to be builders or navigators of ships, and *The Statist* enforces this counsel with an appeal to history and economic law that ought to be appreciated particularly by the descendants of the Yankee skippers of a generation or two ago:



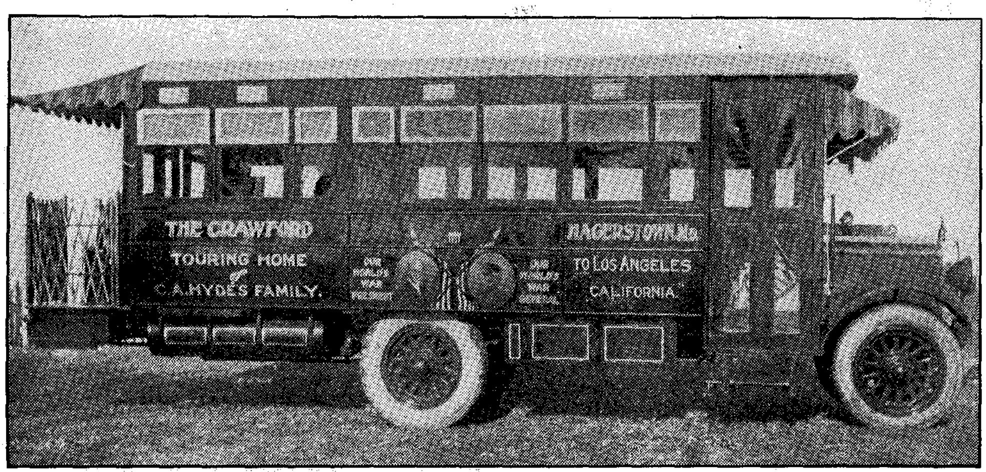
THE MESSAGE OF THE DOVE.
—*The Star* (London).

> "The United States at various periods in her history has had the ambition to possess a great mercantile marine. Experience has shown, and is showing once more, that the United States can only possess a mercantile marine as a luxury. Neither her economic conditions nor her economic development demand the possession of a mercantile marine. Those who have any real acquaintance with the life of those who go down to the sea in ships know that even on a great liner it is a life of hardship, and on the ordinary tramp and on the wind-jammer it is very much more hard. A country three-quarters the size of Europe in area, with a population less than a quarter of the whole of Europe, can hardly hope to build up a mercantile marine except, of course, on the same principles as a millionaire builds a yacht. Why should an American worker, however poor, seek the hardships of a seaman's life unless he is tempted by conditions that are not obtainable for the ordinary worker either upon the land or in any industry existing in a country of such great extent, immense natural resources, and relatively modest population?
>
> "The few great nations which have built either in ancient or modern times a great mercantile marine have done so from grim necessity and from nothing else. Inability to produce adequate supplies of food and raw materials at home have forced a part of the population to take to the sea for a living. These conditions do not apply, and never have applied at any period in the history of the United States."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

LIVING ON THE HIGHWAY TO SAVE RENT

WHEN THE LANDLORD RAISES THE RENT or sells the house over your head, take to the road—and take your home with you! Oh, yes, it's being done this season! At least, we are so assured by William Mallon, writing in *The Highway Magazine* (Chicago, June). Mr. Mallon says that motor- and horse-drawn bungalows are becoming popular here and abroad. From Paris, New York, and San Francisco, he is getting news that people are figuratively "hitching up" their homes and hitting the trail for freedom from "rent hogs" and "one-room pueblos." The birds solved the problem centuries ago, argues our writer, when they began to migrate north and south. Now, many families are taking a tip from the feathered creatures and are not only migrating with the seasons, but are moving their homes with them. He goes on to explore the idea with enthusiasm:



International Photo.

LIVE ON THE ROAD AND LAUGH AT LANDLORDS.

The home of a Maryland family during a two-year tour of the continent.

"And why not? No property taxes; no coal bills; no rent collectors—truly, it is the life!

"Look at the accompanying photographs!

"Here we have Charles A. Hyde, formerly a farmer of Hagerstown, Md., and his family who started hoboing in a house on wheels when homes became scarce and expensive in their native State. Mr. Hyde designed the 'house,' which was built by an automobile concern at a cost of $16,000.

"The vehicle has accommodations for six, and is completely equipped with office and home furniture. There are two separate heating equipments and a miniature electric-light plant, as well as a telephone system to be attached at any point along the road.

"There is also a phonograph, an adding-machine, and a typewriter. The house boasts of separate heating and cooking systems and 'cellar' space.

"The family will spend the winter in Florida, traveling northwest in the spring, and probably settle in California in the winter of 1922.

"The 'Live-Where-You-Like House' is the name of the residence-vehicle recently introduced to Paris. The Parisians are said to be surprized at nothing, but it is recorded that when this house-on-wheels was drawn through the streets of the French capital, pedestrians stood aghast.

"The furniture is simple but practical and built to take up a minimum of space. The house is 8 feet wide and 15 feet high, but through means of sliding walls the roof may be lowered like a telescope, thus reducing the height to about 9½ feet when traveling under bridges.

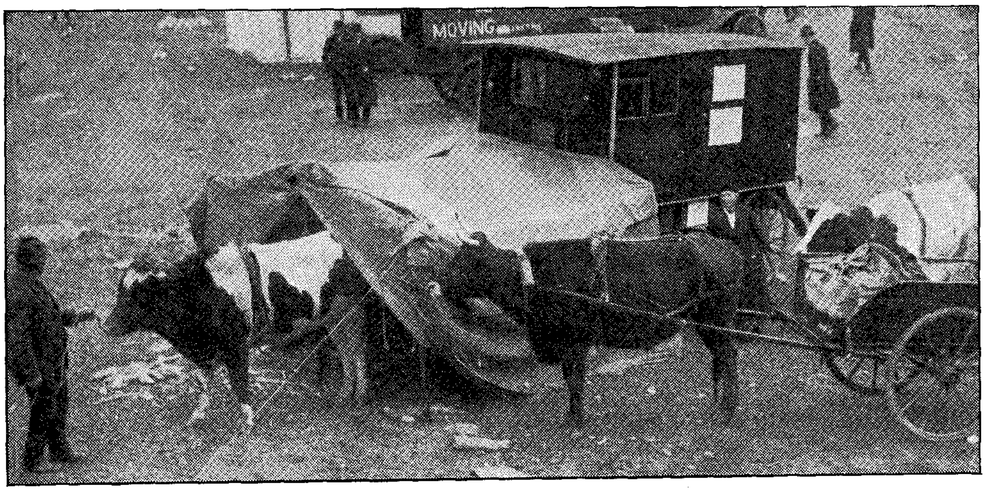
"Under ordinary conditions the house consists of two floors. On the ground floor is the living-room and kitchen, divided by a curtain. On the upper floor is a bedroom and library, also divided by a curtain. A staircase in the central part of the house connects the two floors.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Borrang, farmers, of Westchester, Conn., lost their home by fire; so they built a bullock-drawn house. It is seen in an accompanying photograph while at 135th Street, Riverside Drive, New York City, *en route* to California.

"This modern crusader plans to travel about ten miles a day and to reach the Pacific coast in a year and a half.

"The house has drop beds, oil-stove, refrigerator, as well as many other devices. A cart, also drawn by a bullock, carries supplies. An extra tent, under which to house the stock, is also carried.

"As the recent census shows that almost as many people—more than 51,000,000, in fact—live in rural districts as in the cities, the man who places his residence on wheels and migrates will not be lonely."



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THIS ONE DODGES GASOLINE BILLS, TOO.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Borrang, farmers, of Westchester, Conn., with their odd wheeled house, drawn by steers, in which they have started for California and travel at the rate of about ten miles a day. They expect to reach the Pacific coast in a year and a half. They are shown encamped at 135th Street and Riverside Drive, New York City. Mr. Borrang started after his home had burnt down. The house has drop beds, an oil-range, refrigerator, and many handy devices. A cart in the rear, drawn by another steer, carries supplies. They also carry a tent for the steers, which is shown behind the wheeled house.

WHAT TO DO FOR NERVES

THE CAUSES OF INSANITY are so generally overlooked or disregarded that we have gone far toward qualifying for admission to the asylum ourselves, thinks Dr. Charles J. Hastings, medical officer of health of the city of Toronto, Canada. In his monthly *Health Bulletin* Dr. Hastings reminds us that the United States has been dubbed the "Home of Neurasthenia," and he believes that Canada is rapidly measuring up as a good second. How long, he asks, are we going to continue this profligacy of our nerve energy? Dr. Daniel Clark said that "the man who continues to run a 20-horse-power engine at a 40-horse-power pressure is destined to pay the penalty sooner or later." Irritability should be accepted as a danger-signal. "Most of our readers," the doctor goes on, "would be amazed beyond measure if they knew the number of men in prominent positions who have been forced to sojourn in sanatoria for months in their efforts to reestablish." He continues:

"The tendency of the age is to transfer the burden of the breadwinners for the masses of the people from the muscles to the nerves. The successful farmer of to-day is the man that is farming with his brain even more than his muscle. The introduction of machinery into all branches of industry makes life more monotonous. Take, for instance, the manufacture of the automobile. In many of the factories you will find the men all lined up, every one with a fixt duty to perform when the piece of machinery in passing through reaches him, striking his blow when the time comes. The man is simply a human machine working with a monotony that is most irritating and nerve-racking. In fact, in practically every vocation stimuli are reaching the brain much more frequently, making more demands on our nerves, hence the lamentable increase in our nervous breakdowns. No one will question the advisability of the introduction of machinery into all industries, but are we making proper provision for nerve relaxation and nerve rest?

"Are we not adding insult to injury by crowding our peoples in the cities instead of having them live in garden suburbs? The latter can only be accomplished by an efficient transportation service.

"The man who disregards his nerves until he is a nervous wreck or suffering from a complete nervous breakdown has ofttimes sinned away his day of grace. Of all the ills that flesh is heir to nervousness in any form probably receives the least sympathy. This is no doubt due to the fact that the knowledge of the profession as regards neurology has been somewhat limited until recent years, so that one can understand people not having much sympathy for the man or woman with hypersensitive or exhausted nerves. They are usually referred to as being a bunch of nerves, cranky, irritable, and the expression that 'he or she has no control of their nerves,' or 'don't try to control them,' and that if they would do as other people do they wouldn't be so nervous. Consequently, the way of the neurasthenic is hard. Some one has defined nervous irritability as insanity of the nerves, and it is certainly as deserving of consideration as any other form of insanity. What is required is nerve rest, but the question is, how can that nerve rest best be secured in each individual case? We must remove the cause of the irritability if possible. Those of us who were practising medicine a quarter of a century ago were advised never to put a nervous patient, especially a woman, to bed, for, if we did, we would only make a chronic invalid of her. But, fortunately, Dr. Weir Mitchell exploded this theory and fully demonstrated the value of rest for both nerves and muscles. What we should aim at is intelligent rest and intelligent exercise, but never forced exercise. Relaxation is what is required, not tension. Exercise when taken should always be of a pleasing character and always fall short of fatigue. Then relax by lying down, as sitting down only partially relaxes.

"The way to avoid a nervous breakdown for one who is working at high tension is frequently to break away from routine duties. Do not even read a newspaper from your own town. Cut all wires and burn all bridges behind you.

"One frequently hears those who have gone away for nerve rest boast that they are on the go from morning to night and even get up early to lengthen the day. Your best guide is 'be temperate in all things.' In fact, intemperance in all things is usually the cause of nervous breakdowns. Make a mental note of this, that any man or woman using their brain and nerves can do more, can accomplish more, in eleven months than he or she can in twelve; and after middle life it may be that five months' work with one month's relaxation will be the best procedure. We have probably few more fitting applications of the proverb that 'a stitch in time saves nine' than in the conservation of nerve energy. Take no chances. Keep your nerves fit."

HOW A FIRE-HOSE BURNED

HOW A HOSE that was being played on a fire in Boston not long since caught fire itself and had to be extinguished is explained as follows by Dr. H. A. Gill, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in *The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry:*

"The hose was a new fifty-foot length of the usual two-and-a-half-inch size and consists of a simple rubber lining inside of a heavy cotton jacket. Outside this was drawn a similar cotton jacket. The hose was used in a test made on the new pumping engines and the stream was throttled down about 45 per cent., discharging about 250 gallons per minute. Notwithstanding the fact that this quantity of cold water from the Charles River was used, the hose took fire between the cotton jackets. A spot two inches long by 1.12 inches wide was burned clear through each. Careful examination reveals the fact that on each side of the burned hole the inner casings or jackets are very severely chafed. This chafing coming from the vibration produced in the hose by the pump was, in my opinion, sufficient to produce great heat and finally active combustion. I found also a similar state of things in another sample of hose used at a later test. The chemical composition of the rubber, in my opinion, had nothing to do with the case. I am of the opinion that the occurrence was due to excessive friction between the cotton casings produced by the vibration of the hose in service. It is interesting to note that these results have been confirmed by Mr. J. S. Caldwell, chief engineer of the N. E. Insurance Exchange, with three different types of engines and three different makes of high-grade, standard hose. The experiments were made in Portland, New Bedford, and Boston, and in some cases the cotton was charred in about fifteen minutes."

The original incident, remarks *The Chemical Round Table* (New York), was reported by the papers of the Hub and the accounts, which were at first considered exaggerated, now have stood the acid test of investigation.

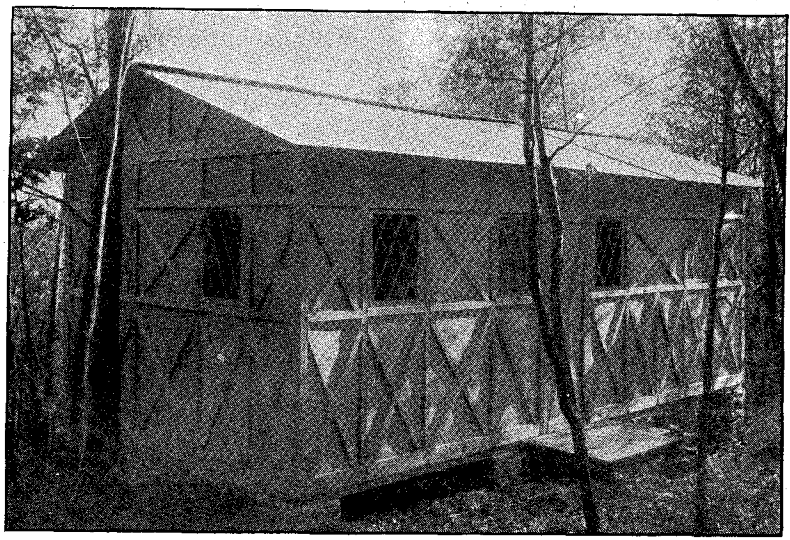
International Photo.

THE "LIVE-WHERE-YOU-LIKE" HOUSE ON WHEELS.

The dwelling that astonished Paris.

A HOUSE BUILT OF PAPER

A REAL PAPER HOUSE—or, more properly speaking, a paper bungalow, for there is but one floor—is described in *The Independent* (New York) by Adelia Belle Beard. This structure is located at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., and the writer says that it appears to be rain- and weather-proof. So far as she knows it is the first of its kind. She goes on to say:



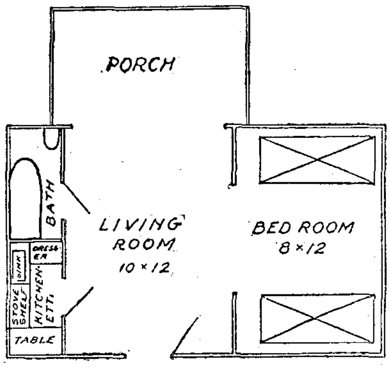
Illustrations by courtesy of "The Independent."

NOT AN ELIZABETHAN MANOR, PERHAPS—
But a comfortable and attractive little house, for all that.

"The owner is a woman who does things and thinks for herself, and the idea of putting up a little summer home of paper instead of wood was her own. She drew the plans, told a builder what she wanted, and he 'did the rest.' I have never seen the original or working plans, but the sketch given here shows the arrangement of the rooms and approximate dimensions. The entire floor space, exclusive of the porch, is not more than 12 by 22 feet, yet there are a living-room, a good-sized bedroom, a kitchenette, and bath. Surely a house roomy and convenient enough for two or even three people to spend a summer in comfortably.

"Then there is the wide porch which, by a unique arrangement, becomes a part, and a most charming part, of the living-room. The arrangement is a large wooden door which reaches entirely across the end of the room and is swung from hinges, not at the side, but at the top. Weights attached to ropes on the outside lift the door up and outward where it forms a roof over a railed-in porch. It is held securely in this position by a hinged support, like a flat pillar, at the outer edge, that drops into place when the door is lifted. The effect of this living-room, wide open at one end, is delightful. On entering the front door you see the misty foliage of tree-tops with glimpses of sky beyond. Going through the room and out onto the porch, you look down on huge, broken rocks and vines and moss and ferns.

"The little house stands back in its unfenced grounds, about thirty feet from the road, and nestles among trees—oak and chestnut—which cast a flickering green shade over it. There is only one step at the front door, but at the back the grade is so steep that the foundation-posts lift the house many feet away from the ground.



EVERY INCH IS MADE USABLE.

That is the secret of the economical little paper house.

"That is one of the things which gives charm to the porch. Standing or sitting there one feels lifted up out of the ordinary onto a level with waving tree-tops and swinging birds'-nests. Also, being so far above the ground, rocky and treacherous for unwary feet at that point, one has a feeling of security and sleeps tranquilly through the nights, tho almost the whole side of the house is as open as the forest itself.

"A wood-pulp composition, which is first cousin to paper, is the material of which the house is made. The sheets are held together by strips of wood, as the photographs show. It is a soft gray, a good color for the walls.

"The kitchenette is furnished with a built-in dresser at one end and a built-in table, with shelf beneath, at the other. A shelf of the proper height, under the window at the side, holds the oil-stove, and next to it is the sink with running water. There is also running water in the bathroom. The house is light and dry and, when the sun shines in, the lattice windows cast decorative shadows.

"As the bungalow is in the mountains, there are occasional nights, and even days, when it is not desirable to have the end of the living-room open; when warmth rather than an unlimited supply of fresh air is the thing required, then the big door is lowered.

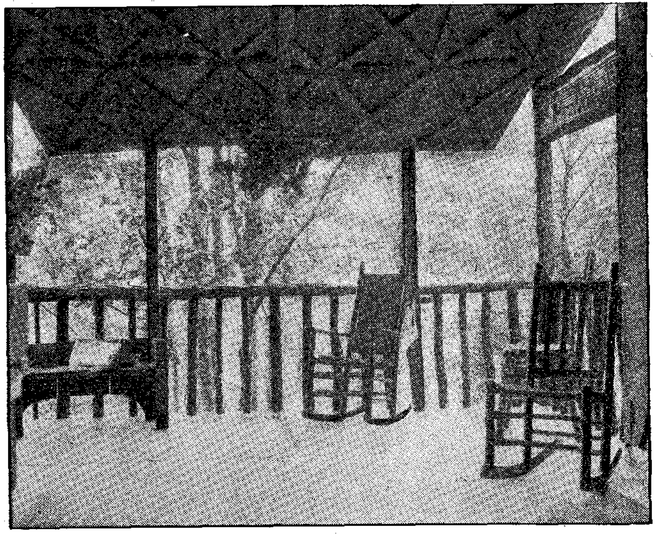
"A wide doorway opens from the living-room into the bedroom, and, since only women are in the house, the curtains which drape it are of net, white with a colored border. The filmy curtains are attractive and, while admitting plenty of air, serve to keep out stray mosquitoes."

DOUBTS ABOUT MINE POWER-PLANTS—Large power-plants at mine mouths have been pointed to for years as the ideal development for the future. Some have even been successfully operated on a small scale. But larger ones are likely never to be established, if we are to believe the Washington correspondent of *The American Machinist* (New York). This would eliminate one of the chief features of the great contemplated eastern seaboard super-power zone, apparently. The correspondent details the matter as follows:

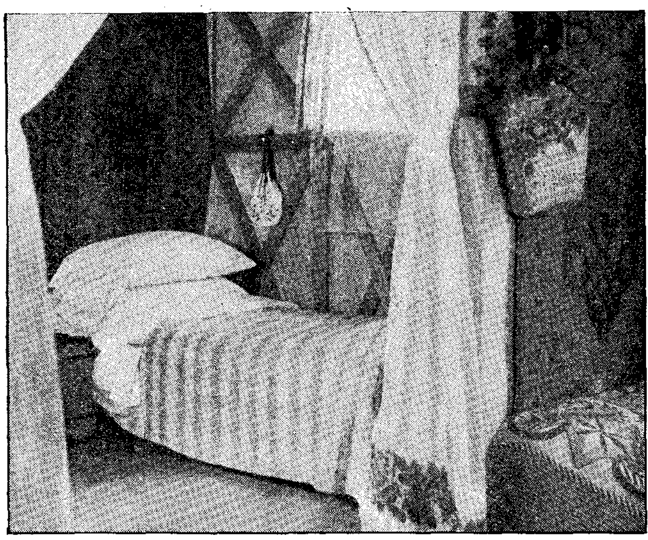
"After a very careful consideration of this subject in the Boston-Washington area the engineers engaged in the super-power survey are understood to have reached the conclusion that such a plan is impracticable, at least so far as concerns plants of the size contemplated for the intercommunicating electric system which may be found feasible for the great industrial region along the eastern seaboard.

"Much to the surprize of some of the engineers connected with the super-power work there appears to be an insufficiency of water for condensing purposes, either at the mine mouth or elsewhere within the boundaries of any of the larger coal-fields. Even the large near-by rivers have been eliminated. The eastern branch of the Susquehanna contains too much sulfur. The Delaware River can not be used, since the storing and discharging of water in such large quantities would cause an irregular flow of the river, which would greatly impair its use for power purposes. It is conceded, however, that there is little to be gained by having a plant in the vicinity of a mining region since a rail haul would be necessary, and once on the cars coal could be carried a few miles farther to tide-water, where plenty of condensing water would be available. In addition there would be the various advantages of having the plant near large centers of population.

"So far as the anthracite field is concerned as a location for one of the super-power plants, it has been found that the steam sizes of anthracite are too valuable for use as fuel in such a plant. There is no locality with sufficient culm or waste coal in the immediate vicinity to supply a plant of that character. It also is pointed out that should a permanent plant of the size contemplated be erected in the immediate vicinity of even the largest bituminous mine, its requirements would be so great as to exhaust the mine in a comparatively few years."



A ROOMY PORCH APPEARS
When the side of the house lifts to form its roof.



THE LITTLE BEDROOM.
Is screened from the living-room with white net curtains.

IS THE HUMAN RACE PETERING OUT?

RACES OF MEN have sometimes died out and utterly disappeared. Is it possible that this may happen to the whole human family? Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of Battle Creek Sanitarium, thinks it may, provided we continue to live under what he considers the present unnatural conditions. In the Marquesas Islands, he reminds us, writing in *The Journal of Health and Sanitation* (Chicago), 140,000 happy, healthy folk have dwindled in a century to a few hundred. "They have faded away," he says, "under the blight of our perverted civilization." The gorilla, the most powerful of beasts, has never survived more than two years in captivity. "The imprisoned business man," says Dr. Kellogg, "lingers longer"—but even he passes out nearly twenty years sooner, on the average, than the farmer, who, however hard he may have to labor, is not caged. In short, Dr. Kellogg concludes, we must be led to understand that soundness of body is absolutely essential, and we must change our habits so as to conserve that soundness, or the race will go under. We read:

"The war-time examinations showed that half the men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, when a man should be in his very prime, were so far below the standard of normal health and vigor that half of them were not only unfit for military service at the front but incapable of being made fit by training. We lose from our population of 100,000,000, by death, 1,500,000 people every year; 3,000,000 people are sick all the time. An average of seven days are lost from labor by sickness every year. Tuberculosis is gaining ground. It kills one out of every ten of our population. Cancer kills one in twenty. Heart-disease, Bright's disease, and other chronic maladies are rapidly gaining ground. While the average length of life is increasing, the number of people who attain great age is rapidly decreasing. In England and Wales the insane are increasing twice as fast as the sane, and in France ten times as fast. In France, England, and Germany the birth-rate is declining so rapidly that if it continues at its present rate a century hence not a child will be found in any of those countries, and in this country the decline of the birth-rate, if not so rapid, is none the less definite and constant.

"The fundamental cause of our trouble is unbiologic living. Man is a very old-fashioned animal trying to live in a new-fangled way, in a manner that no animal ever before adventured, and so unnatural and so ill-adapted to his constitution and his requirements as to render his ultimate undoing inevitable. He is by nature a tropical creature, an open-air dweller. The business man, incarcerated behind the bars of his counting-room, with his male assistants dies at the premature age of thirty-six years, while the farmer, whose vocation keeps him in the open, lives to fifty-five.

"Man is naturally a low-protein feeder, like his relatives those sturdy forest men, the chimpanzee and the gorilla. The gorilla has adhered to the original bill of fare and to-day is king of that portion of the Kongo in which he lives, not a lion being found within a space of 400 miles square, in which the forest monarch reigns supreme. The gorilla dies in captivity in a few months. The imprisoned business man lingers longer but dies fifty years before his time.

"While acute disease is usually the result of accident or infection, chronic disease is for the most part due to the breakdown of the vital machine as the result of the cumulative effects of unbiologic habits.

"Between the ages of twenty and twenty-four years 300 men die for every 100 women; and twenty years later nearly four times as many men as women die from disease of the heart and blood-vessels. The large use of alcohol and the general use of tobacco by men would seem to be a large factor in causing the great difference in the mortality-rate."

A dangerous fallacy which leads annually to the loss of millions of years of life is the notion, Dr. Kellogg tells us, that a man may have a surplus of vitality which he may expend in excesses and indulgences. This surplus of vigor is really a margin for emergencies, to be drawn upon in our declining years when outgo exceeds income, a sacred endowment which we hold in trust not for ourselves alone, but for the community, the nation, the race, by the judicious use and investment of which we may contribute to the welfare of our fellows, of those who come after us. He goes on:

"Among the interesting lessons from the war is the notable lowering of the death-rate in several countries. In Denmark the death-rate fell 35 per cent., due, in the opinion of Dr. Hindhede, the Danish food-controller, to simpler habits of living, and especially the low-protein diet and the use of coarse bread. The same thing was true in Germany.

"It is said that diabetes has practically disappeared in Germany, and that gout, formerly very common, is now unknown.

"If Germany is profiting by the absence of its customary poisons, we are at present suffering from an overdose, and that notwithstanding the prohibition of alcoholics, for the increased consumption of coffee and tobacco has established new records which give to the average American a daily dose of three or four grains of nicotin and four grains of caffein.

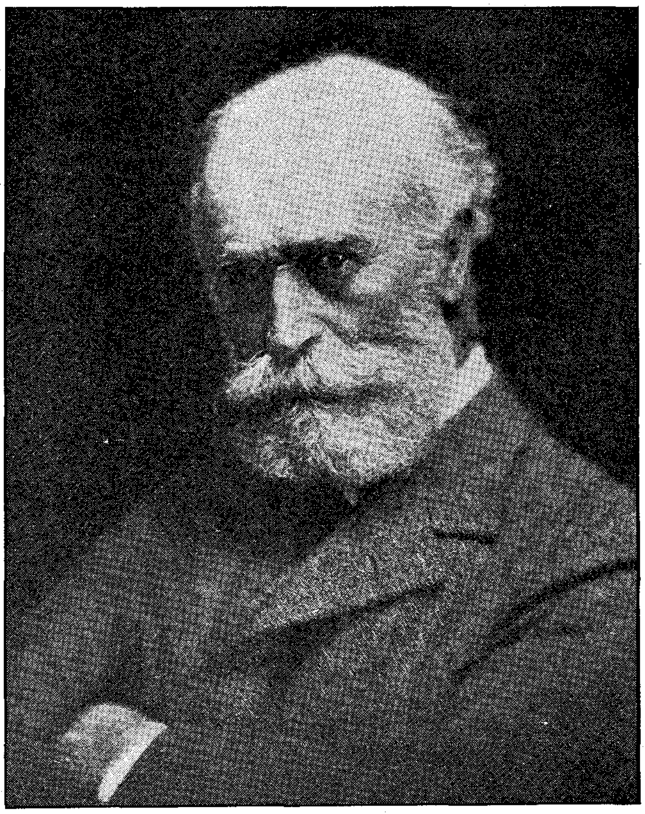
"Health studies and health conditions must be given first attention in our public schools. A good knowledge of physiology and personal hygiene should be required of every graduate from high school, academy, college, or university. The people must be made to understand that soundness of body is fundamentally essential in business, art, literature, politics, and religion, as well as in warfare, sports, and industry. By creating an enthusiasm for health promotion and physical perfection we may incorporate the practise of eugenics and euthenics into the *mores* of society, and even make them a part of religion."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ENGLAND'S GREAT LIBERAL NEWSPAPER

THE DAY NAPOLEON DIED saw the birth of the Manchester *Guardian*, the great Liberal newspaper of England. Its first number appeared on May 5, 1821, and its centenary coincides with that of the great Imperialist, noticed in another article in this department. The centenary year of the paper, in whose columns we have often found matter of interest for our readers, marks also the fiftieth anniversary of unbroken editorship of Mr. C. P. Scott. This double anniversary brings out long complimentary notices of the paper and its editor both in England and America. "Mr. Scott has been something more than the supporter of good and humane causes," says Mr. Asquith, quoted in *The Guardian* itself; "he has established a special claim upon our admiration and gratitude by his consistent advocacy, during all these years, of high ideals and right standards of public life in this country." Lord Bryce speaks of the paper itself as furnishing "a shining example of the high service which a great newspaper can render. It has been not only careful in its presentation of facts, acute and judicious in its discussion of current questions, but also upright, courageous, loyal to truth." How these ideals have been realized is shown in a special article by T. P. O'Connor in the London *Daily Telegraph:*



FIFTY YEARS IN ONE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Charles Prestwich Scott, of the Manchester *Guardian*, who thinks it's not as "easy to run a paper as to poke a fire."

"Accuracy of news has been the guiding principle. I have heard of fifteen different correspondents being given the task of discovering the fact with regard to some important Ministerial intention on which a good deal of the immediate future depended. The fifteen correspondents all sent in their different contributions—they were all, of course, paid—all that appeared was a single short paragraph in the London Letter, but the paragraph contained the news that was sought for.

"Similarly, correspondents sent to different parts of the world—to Petrograd, to Smyrna, to Dublin, to South Wales—have always the same instructions—that is, to describe the facts, and always the facts, and little but the facts. If, therefore, the editorial article be not in accord with the facts described in the news columns, so much the worse for the editorial comment. Each section of the paper is the object of equal care. A large portion of the hold that the paper enjoys over the business men of so great a commercial city as Manchester is due to the fact that every great trade movement is daily watched and recorded. The stout Conservative cotton-broker may sigh or swear over the political columns of the Manchester *Guardian*, but he has to go to its City Article to learn all the world movements in the business by which he makes his living.

"On one subject only do you find a trace of the Puritanism of its early founders. Columns can be read on all such sports as cricket, football, or tennis; in a recent number one of the best obituary notices appeared of Arthur Mold, the famous Lancashire bowler, and even in the serious and largely political columns of the editorial page the inner problems and the personalities of the great outdoor games find serious or playful discussion. But the race-course is still tabu. The tipster is unknown. Results of great races have, of course, to be recorded; but the record is brief and almost shamefaced."

In the Manchester *Guardian Weekly*, whose anniversary number traverses every phase of the paper's history, Mr. Scott's editorship is spoken of as "one of the illustrious things of journalism at large." The writer of this appreciation, Mr. William Haslam Mills, declares that "the history of the Manchester *Guardian* for the last fifty years is the history of his mind." Thus:

"Its sensitiveness to moral ideas, its intolerance of the high hand, its dislike of the magisterial brow are his. He has given it a new kind of non-conformist conscience which allows for all the arts of life and bases a stern righteousness, not, like the old Puritans at the bear-baiting, on hatred of the spectators, but rather on love of the victim. His staff know that in the last twenty years his character has not, indeed, softened, for its tonic and electric quality is still very palpable, but mellowed very greatly beneath the final touches of experience and some private sorrows; and this quality of mellowness is also in *The Guardian*. Its refusal to be terrified by new portents like the sex movement and labor movement is merely his spiritual inability to grow old. . . . . . .

"It is said of Chamberlain by an observer that he seemed to make fresh beginnings and to discover and develop new powers in the art of public speaking after he was fifty years of age, and the man who made the observation thought the fact an unusual one in human experience. Mr. Scott has bettered the example, and has enlarged the hopes of the sixth and even the seventh decade of human life, for there is no question that his wrist for English prose is easier and more flexible than it was twenty or even ten years ago. The style has reached that high degree of excellence which only comes when style is hid with thought, when it is, indeed, no longer style, but merely the diaphanous vesture of the thing which it is in his mind and of his purpose to say."

The editor, whose anonymity is so held in the columns of his paper that many believe newspapers simply grow, like *Topsy*, only escapes into universal light on occasions like these. So the picture of Mr. Scott at work must have its interest:

"Mr. Scott produces the most of his work among the untempered conditions of a newspaper office at night. He is always accessible, and his assistants may without excessive fear and trembling break in upon him with unseasonable topics—with a telegram which has been corrupted in transit and which nobody can emend, and with some delicate question perhaps of 'giving it' or 'leaving it out.' The most the tormentor will notice is a brief abstraction, a momentary difficulty in coming to the surface of life. The matter, whatever it be, will receive attention, and if the intruder glances over his shoulder from the door he will see that the mind has picked up the train of its thought again and the hand is traveling over the paper beneath the green lamp. He keeps the conscience of the paper and looks closely to its personal form. He can not away with the word 'reliability,' will not suffer anything to happen in the 'metropolis,' and is the only member of his own staff who understands clearly when the conjunction should be 'nor' and when it should be 'or,' and, when one follows the other, what happens next. If any very bad *cliché* appears he will send the proof in which the offense occurs to the responsible subordinate with a pained note of exclamation. It is one of the things that make the difference in the *Guardian* office that the editor requires nothing of his men that he could not do equally well himself.

"And if it be asked how all this is done not only without any dishevelment and discomposure of living, but with rather more than less attention to its airs and graces, the teaching which is contained in the answer is easy to frame and yet hard to follow, since it requires no less than the whole of life. It has been said that the Essays of Emerson were not so much written as assembled out of the note-books of an unceasing application, and when the greatest of English artists was asked how long it had taken him to make the rough sketch of a human hand he replied that it had taken him 'all his life.' In the same way the editorship of a great organ, the rapid decision, the finished argument composed against time do not come of a posture toward affairs sometimes assumed and sometimes relaxed. The spring is easy because the poise is always maintained. The burden is carried because it is never laid down. Not even after fifty years of carrying it!"

Mr. Scott's own *apologia* contains some striking sentences on the contrast between the older ideal of a newspaper and the newer one of smartness and light:

> "There are people who think you can run a newspaper about as easily as you can poke a fire, and that knowledge, training, and aptitude are superfluous endowments. There have even been experiments on this assumption, and they have not met with success. There must be competence, to start with, on the business side, just as there must be in any large undertaking, but it is a mistake to suppose that the business side of a paper should dominate, as sometimes happens, not without distressing consequences. A newspaper to be of value should be a unity, and every part of it should equally understand and respond to the purposes and ideals which animate it. Between its two sides there should be a happy marriage, and editor and business manager should march hand in hand, the first, be it well understood, just an inch or two in advance. Of the staff much the same thing may be said. They should be a friendly company. They need not, of course, agree on every point, but they should share in the general purpose and inheritance. A paper is built up upon their common and successive labors, and their work should never be task work, never merely dictated. They should be like a racing-boat's crew, pulling well together, each man doing his best because he likes it, and with a common and glorious goal."

"There may be wide difference of opinion as to which newspaper is the most successful or the most powerful," says *The New Republic* (New York), which is one of the most enthusiastic of *The Guardian's* American admirers. "There is among people who know the press, practically no dispute as to the unique distinction enjoyed by the Manchester *Guardian* and its proprietor-editor." It goes on:

> "There is an actual sense in which the Manchester *Guardian* may be regarded as a self-revealing and self-fulfilling institution of the English-speaking peoples, and as such we may be permitted to take a common pride in its century of splendid achievement. But at the end the simple fact remains: that the explanation of *The Guardian* is to be sought in the character and purpose of its editor. To few men in our time, we may acknowledge, has there been given an opportunity for public service more perfectly fitted to their gifts and quality than the one which came to C. P. Scott, and it would be true to say that in our modern world no man has taken his opportunity more finely. To journalists in every country his personality and record are an inspiration."

NAPOLEON AS AN ARTIST IN WAR

MANY SOLDIERS AND MOST CIVILIANS find it difficult to regard war as an art. Statesmen, as we shall see, like to think of it as a science. "Those who know war best," says Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, in the London *Daily News*, "will agree that it is a horrible and revolting mess, the very contradiction of all that the word art usually implies." But this famous war correspondent takes the occasion of the centenary of the death of Napoleon, May 5, to point to him as "the preeminent artist in war." War, so General Maurice goes on to maintain, is "very definitely an art, and the man who wins in war is not the man who acts according to plan, but the man who has imagination and creative talent, is a master of the technique and of the principles of his profession, and who acts on inspiration." General Maurice's argument that Napoleon was an artist rests on the claim that he had "a mind which was highly imaginative and a brain that was of the inspired." Moreover:

> "The popular idea that he foretold the course of his campaign in detail before a shot was fired is pure fiction. Just as a great artist is quite clear in his mind before he begins to paint as to the effect he wishes to produce, and has determined the broad lines of his design and the general form of his composition, so Napoleon, in setting out on a campaign, had made up his mind as to the result he wanted and the general methods by which it was to be attained, but he could no more have foretold the strokes by which he won victory than Sargent could tell you when standing before an empty canvas that at a given moment some bold stroke of the brush would give him just the effect he desired to produce.
>
> "Napoleon and his disciples had no great faith in the efficacy of plans and had an intense belief in the vital importance of the effective execution of plans. He used to tell his marshals that a fair plan carried through with resolution and with faith in the principles of the art was better than the best plan carried through with hesitation and in doubt."

Napoleon furnished "the classic illustration of the truth of this dictum," it is maintained, "for his plan for his last campaign, that of Waterloo, was among the very best which he conceived, but its execution was marred by hesitations and delays, the true causes of which are still in dispute." General Maurice points to one advantage Napoleon had over generals of to-day, and dwells upon facts that put in question Lloyd George's now famous dictum that "the war was won around the table at Chequers"—the county seat of the British Prime Minister:

> "Napoleon had the enormous advantage as a soldier that for the greater part of his career he had not to account for his plans or his strokes to any one. The artist was in the happy position of being freed from all consideration of the wishes of clients or of patrons. This, I should say, gave Napoleon a greater advantage as compared with modern generals than did the fact that he was fighting allies. It was not to the gain of France that Napoleon was supreme both in council and in camp, but it obviously made his task as a soldier very much easier.
>
> "The modern statesman, feeling himself to be responsible for the conduct of war, wants from his generals a precise plan, a definite forecast as to the effect of each stroke. He regards war as a science, more or less exact, and therefore capable of treatment by processes of reason and calculation. The wise soldier will always refuse to prophesy and will always annoy the statesman, and most of the friction which occurred between soldiers and statesmen during the war was due to this cause. When the statesmen found a general who was willing to prophesy and ready with a precise plan, they were delighted with him, but Nivelle did not last long.
>
> "A study of Napoleon's career leads to the conclusion that

supreme generalship is possible only when with it is associated supreme control of the state. This produces brilliant victories and vast conquests, but neither have any lasting effect, for the continuation is unendurable in times of peace. Unlimited power is too much for mortal man. On the other hand, the combination of the democratic statesman and the soldier in war almost invariably leads to muddling through, for the two men do not think in like terms or even speak a common language. The combination may produce victory, but at an enormous cost.

"This being so, democracy must find some other means of settling international differences than war if it is to endure. Democracy must accept the plain fact which the history of the war teaches very plainly that it is an inefficient instrument for the conduct of war. If at long intervals it produces the perfect soldier, he becomes its master and an autocrat. This is one of the reasons why I believe that a League of Nations is a necessity if the civilization of Europe, as we know it, is to be preserved."

FAMOUS AT FIFTEEN.

Eileen A. Soper, the young etcher of children at play, who is the sensation of this year's Royal Academy in London.

NOT TO BE "SOAKED WITH SHAW"—Bernard Shaw is merciful as well as humorous; besides declining an American movie contract on the delicious pretext that the film director was "out for art, while he only thought of the money," he tells a New York *Times* correspondent why he declined a certain £10,000 film offer:

"The suggestion was, would I accept a large sum of money for my writings to be thrown upon the screen for the educational delectation of the American movie public, service to humanity, and other things. As I gathered it, the idea was not merely a choice of things from Shaw, not brief extracts, but plays, books, whole prefaces, everything, yes, everything, but a little at a time, with the usual long pause for reading extracts.

"In this way were the American people to be soaked with Shaw, and I suppose later on would have come the turn of the British public—an immense idea, amusing.

"Then, to please myself, I worked out a scheme on paper. I took one of my shorter plays and made a rough guess at the suitable length for a film extract and divided this into the total number of words. I forget the exact quotient, but I remember that the wording of the play would still be reeling for at least three years before the end was in sight.

"I believe I get these £10,000 offers about three times a week."

AN ETCHER AT THIRTEEN

THE STAGE used to open a career for precocious children; now it seems to be literature or the graphic arts. Hilda Conkling, Opal Whitely, Daisy Ashford have scarcely retired from their recent publicity when their places are taken by Pamela Bianco and Eileen Soper. The two latter are English or English in part. Pamela Bianco's pictures were the sensation of the recent art season in New York, and her exhibition was renewed twice before the demands of purchasers were satisfied. The latest comer, Eileen Soper, is introduced through the spring exhibition of the British Royal Academy. She sent in two etchings that were accepted and hung before even the hanging committee of the Academy were aware that the artist was only fifteen years old. Certain of the older artists of England whose work did not survive the scrutiny applied to the 12,000 pictures sent in have uttered complaints against the favors shown to "immature girl exhibitors," while established artists lose their one chance of an income. Mr. Claude Shepperson, one of the committee, makes this reply in the columns of the London *Evening Standard:*

"The public should know that the committee knows nothing of persons, names, or ages. We judge the work, not the persons.

"We do not know the painter's name, and it does not matter to us whether the artist is three or three hundred.

"I may mention that it just happened that I was judging in the room where what proved to be Miss Eileen Soper's etchings were on view.

"I did not know the etcher's name, and, looking at the work from a purely artistic standpoint, we had no hesitation in accepting it. It is no fault of ours that Miss Soper, aged fifteen, can more than hold her own with the giants of old days. We are proud of the girl, while, of course, sorry for the giants."

The Daily Chronicle speaks of Miss Soper as one of the youngest artists who have ever gained this honor, and goes on to give some account of her:

"A *Daily Chronicle* representative met her in the courtyard of the Academy. It was varnishing-day, and she had just been to see what kind of a position her etchings had been given. She was all smiles, pleased to find that her pictures had not been skied.

"With her long golden 'pigtail' and her schoolgirl hat of black felt, held by elastic under the chin, she stood shyly for a minute or two while her photograph was taken.

"Eileen is fifteen. She made her first etching when she was thirteen. She exhibited for the first time last month, when she sent three of her prints to an exhibition organized by the International Society of Print-Makers, California. These were hung and were also sold.

"Five orders came to her as a result of the exhibition, and two more prints had to be sent hurriedly to the American buyers, who were charmed by her work.

"Miss Soper has never been to a real art class. What advice she has had has been given to her by her father, Mr. George Soper, R.E., who has himself been an Academy exhibitor on many occasions.

"Experts talk of the wonderful economy of line in the child's drawings and etchings, of the spontaneity and vivacity which give her work a special quality of delight.

"Eileen does not talk in this way. She says shyly that she is fond of children and that she likes to watch them and then draw them. Sometimes she makes a special journey to a little village near her home at Harmer Green, Welwyn, where laughing children are generally to be found at play.

"Children are sporting in both her Academy etchings, in 'The Swing' and 'La Barrière Cassée.'

"Flowers, the open country, and pets innumerable have been Eileen's great interests, after drawing, in her country home. She told *The Daily Chronicle* representative the story of a spring tragedy.

"For some time she and her sister had been bringing up a little family of robins. All went well until a big stray cat took a fancy to the flowery garden. Now the robins have disappeared.

"'But we can't chase the cat away,' was the ending of the story told in the gray forecourt of the Academy, 'because he is such a very friendly cat and has no home.'

"Many well-known people are interested in Eileen's career. They are wondering what will be achieved in the future by the golden-haired little schoolgirl who could not open the letter which told of her success because she trembled so, and who looks out on the world at present with the twin eyes of the child and the artist."

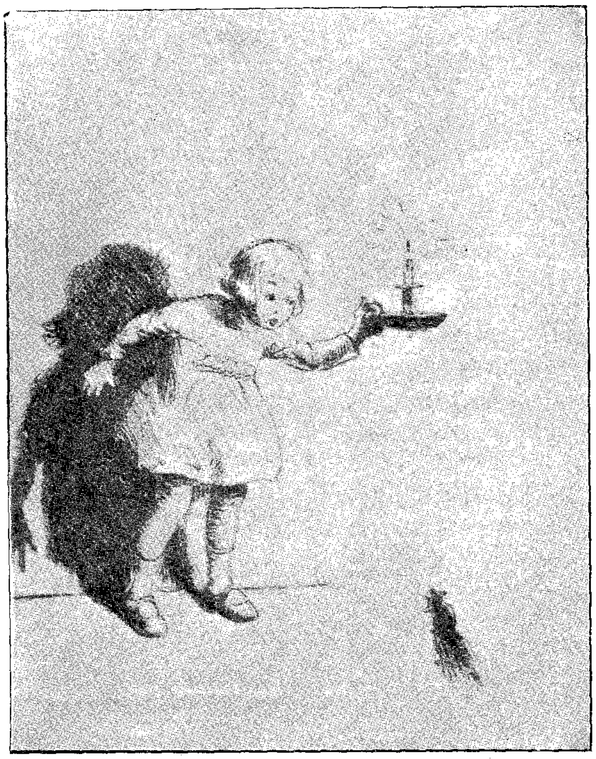
EASTERN EUROPE "DYING AT THE TOP"

NEWSPAPERS of Finland print an appeal from Maxim Gorki for relief for the intellectual leaders of Europe, of whom 5,000 at least are on the verge of starvation. This fact brings forth some comments from the New York *World* which point to the great danger in which European civilization now finds itself involved:

"Gorki is not pleading for the so-called *intelligentsia*, the leisure-class radicals who got more of a revolution than they bargained for, but for the scientists, historians, artists, and educators who represent all that is constructive and forward-looking in civilization. When a civilization is reduced by a gigantic cataclysm to a mere struggle for existence, there is no market for information that can not be made immediately useful and no demand for artistic products. As a result, Russian scientists and scientific discoveries are perishing together. Invaluable men, men with the keys to Russia's future in their hands, are dying prosaically of hunger.

"But the same state of affairs exists elsewhere than in Bolshevik Russia, and no political faction can be blamed for it. Over all Russia and nearly all Central Europe skilled brain-workers are at a fearful discount. Even in Germany it is difficult to buy laboratory materials or books on modern research; farther east, laboratories and research have well-nigh disappeared. Soon, unless a helping hand is extended from without, there will be no further demand for such things in Poland, Austria, Hungary, Russia, or the Balkans. The men who understood them will be dead.

"In certain countries civilization is still actually in danger of extinction as an outcome of the war. Where there is no culture, no intellectual life, where the whole endeavor is to find food enough to go around, it is not civilized life that is lived but primitive existence that is somehow endured. Few have yet realized what burned-out shells of nations stand in place of many of the states that took up arms in 1914."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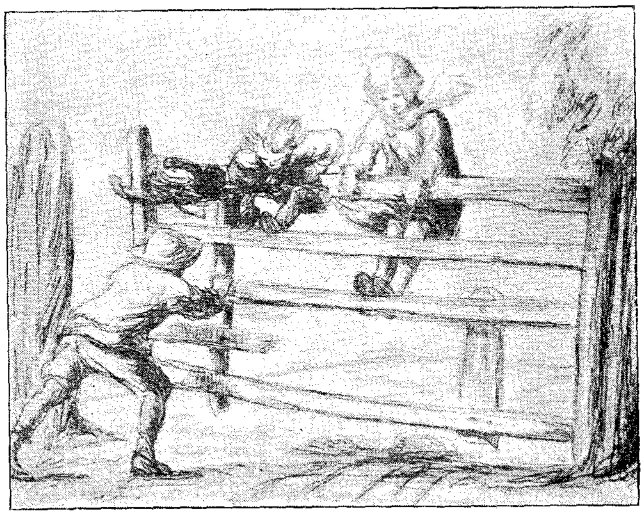
HER "FIRST EFFORT."

Eileen Soper did this etching at the age of thirteen. Experts talk of the "wonderful economy of line."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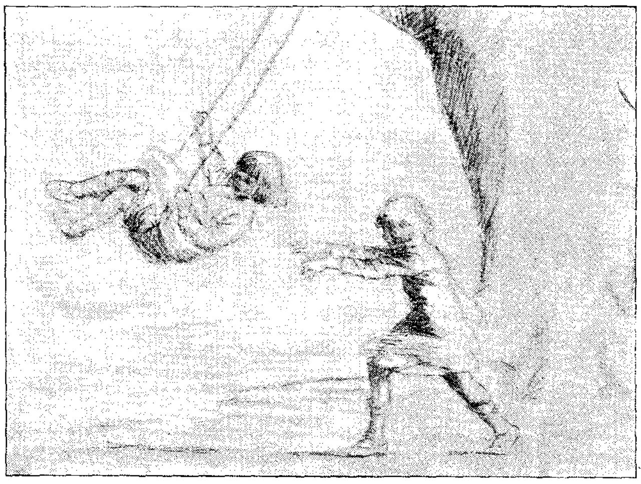
"LA BARRIÈRE CASSÉE."

Miss Eileen Soper, the artist, only fifteen, finds her work accepted by the Royal Academy in open competition with all ages.

DUSE'S RETURN—After ten years' retirement Signora Eleonora Duse returned to the stage in Turin, Italy, and not only the Italian populace greeted her, but writers, critics, and actors from all parts of Italy and France who had journeyed to Turin for the event. The London *Times* recounts the scene, the closing parts of which recall the furor raised in this country over the well-remembered Jenny Lind. It may have been thought that such days of triumph for stage favorites were over. We read:

"Signora Duse, who is sixty, walked on the stage without make-up, white-haired, her classic face full of gray shadows and hard angles, brow knitted, and mouth drawn down at the corners. But in a few minutes the signs of age had vanished, and she rivaled the handsomest and youngest woman in the world.

"She had chosen for her reentry one of her favorite plays, 'The Lady from the Sea,' of Ibsen, and she made of it once more a luminous work of imagery and poetry. At the end there was a pretty scene. While the house was simply frantic, her companions on the stage, actors and actresses, with tears in their eyes, joined in the general applause. Then when she left the theater students took the horses out of her carriage and drew it to the hotel, where she was obliged to appear again on the balcony to acknowledge the greetings of an enthusiastic crowd."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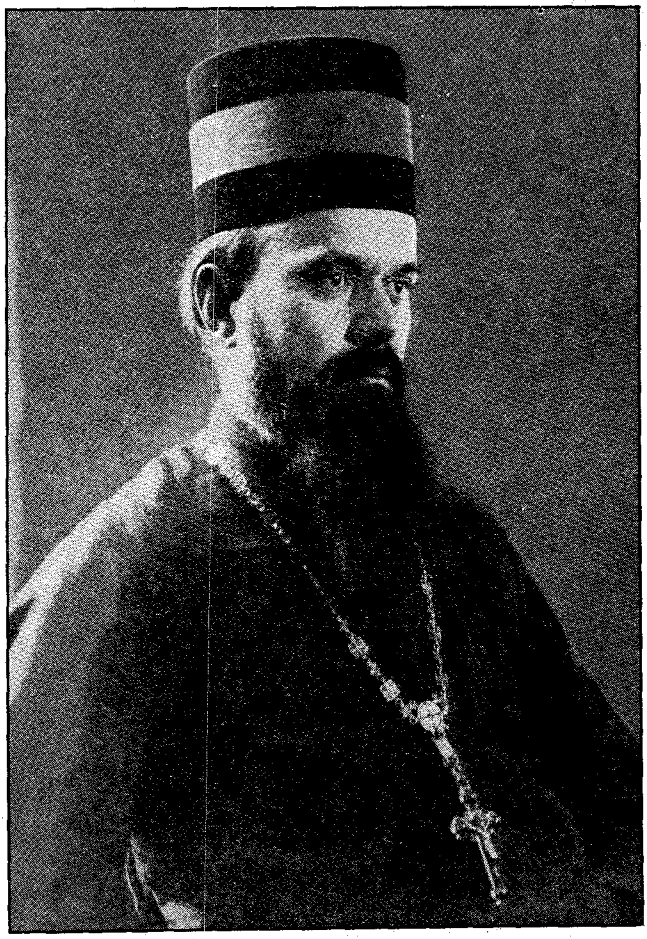
"THE SWING."

One of this year's Academy etchings done by Miss Eileen Soper.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

AMERICA CALLED TO SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP

EUROPE NEEDS AMERICAN DOLLARS less than she needs America's spiritual service to save her from suicide, declares Bishop Nicholai, of the Serbian Orthodox Church, who, after visiting this country for several months and preaching in the pulpits of many of our cities, envisions America, "the last-born child of History," as the savior of "all its brethren from starvation and despair." Unique among European visitors to our shores, the noted Serbian prelate did not come seeking money, but only to plead that America "spend her moral strength to change the moral misery of Europe as she has spent her wealth in helping Europe's physical misery." This attitude wins the praise of the Omaha *World-Herald*, which believes with him that "grievously as Europe is in need of material assistance, such as Americans have so generously given and are still giving, it is far more seriously in need of spiritual assistance; of the inspiration and rebirth born of true spiritual leadership, without which, Bishop Nicholai fears, Europe as we have known it will perish." Tho' Serbia's youngest bishop, Nicholai, of Ochrida, is a recognized leader of the autonomous Serbian Orthodox Church, and in his own country, says the Boston *Transcript*, "there is, perhaps, no one more loved by the people." He has been described by the Archbishop of Canterbury as "the greatest churchman in the world," and acknowledged by British editors to be the foremost interpreter of the spirit of the Orthodox Church, and his views, therefore, deserve serious attention. Europe, the Bishop tells us, is on the way to loss of soul. Corruption continually obtrudes its loathsome head. Unscrupulous selfishness prevails on every hand. Idealism, self-sacrifice, enthusiasm for a common cause are dying. "There is no common vision of great glory." There is wide-spread consciousness of the lack of leadership. "The moral weakness of the Europe of to-day is far more definite than her material weakness." Belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, is losing its hold on the people. There is, in fact, we are told, a saturnalia of sin. "The press has never been so loose, the plays never so indecent, soul-corrupting influences never have been so thrust at the young." The Church is growing away from true religion. "Politics and economics are more common words in Christian churches than are the words which bring us thoughts of deity, self-sacrifice, responsibility, the future life. The churches have become oral newspapers. The exposition of the words of Christianity's God has come to be an unknown art to many Christian clergymen—the most popular and most 'successful.'" It is for such a Europe that Bishop Nicholai asks America's aid, believing that only through spiritual service can she be saved. "America is more than a nation," he says in an article printed in part in the daily press and wholly in a pamphlet issued after his return to Serbia. Technically speaking, America is "pan-human, for all races and nations have a larger or smaller representation of their own blood and soul in this new organism." And "spontaneously, instinctively, providentially, this continent has been developing two main tendencies, Charity and Constructiveness, which are the modern forms of the deepest principles of Christianity." So the Bishop offers America the leadership in a definite plan to put international relations on a truly Christian basis:


OUR WAR BUDGETS CAN SAVE HUMANITY,

If the money is used for "peace and construction" instead of "war and destruction," says this Serbian Bishop, who tells how America can lead the way in the regeneration of the world.

"Why not found a World-Construction Committee in the formation of which America shall take a leading part, but which two or three of the other most rich and powerful nations should be asked to support, each setting aside for that purpose a certain fraction of its present war budgets? Perhaps the first three members might be America, England, and Japan. Let all of them divert an equal part of their war budgets from work of destruction to work of construction. Let their committee send out (as America has by herself sent out, tho on an inadequate scale in view of the immense undertaking), engineers and doctors and financiers and builders to bring water to lands where no water is, to bring health to lands ravaged by disease, to bring financial order to lands disorganized and impoverished, to build up where all has been torn down or where nothing worth building has ever been built. There is hardly a part of the world but has been exploited and crippled and is now reaching a stage of desperation and chronic dissatisfaction—Poland, Albania, Calabria, Armenia, China, Russia, Austria, Persia, Ireland, Senegal, Palestine, and the Kongo, to mention just the first that come to mind. Turn the best thought of the world to the task of curing these festering sore spots, turn its best energies for once to something positive and constructive and practical.

"I would not cut down the war budgets of the nations. I would turn them to better uses. Men must be taxed in order to be taught to give. It is very easy to teach men to be selfish and indolent; it is very hard to teach them to work and to be charitable. Since the world began men have been forced to give to war and destruction. They now should be forced to give to peace and construction."

The scheme the Bishop proposes is based on charity and business, both in equal degree—"on charity, because the world needs help frantically and our civilization will die without it; on business, because thousands of men sent by thousands of firms and vast accumulations of material would go out from this country and the other producing countries to establish prosperity and health and a system of self-supporting work in all the waste places of the world." The war discovered America in a new light. America helped finish a prolonged slaughter; America prohibited drinking; America extended "unprecedented charity indiscriminately to allies and enemies in order to help crippled Europe." Thus she deserves attention from the five continents, and a new definition. This new definition ought to be, thinks the Serbian:

> "A pan-human society of men intoxicated with the constructive and charitable spirit. Those who say 'we are tired of giving' do not speak as real Americans. On the old continent charity has had about the same meaning as tipping, but in America charity has for the first time in history become a seriously organized affair. Are you really tired? Are you tired, then, of being Christians? Your charity to all suffering nations has surpassed the charity of many other countries, but it has not yet surpassed your war-budget. If the expenses of killing human beings are greater than the gifts for saving them, where, then, is charity? What is a penny given to Christ as to a dollar given to Mars? The poor widow in the temple is still punishing empires with shame.
>
> "After an earthquake, when your house catches fire, you can not say: 'I will now rest a little from the shock of the earthquake.' America can not rest, she can not stop, she must go on—one way or the other, she must go on. She is at the crossroads. On one hand lies the way Europe has always gone—the negative, quasi-Christian way; the other is the way of human salvation, with new principles strongly affirmed, the way of charity and energetic constructive effort.
>
> "I am not proposing Utopia. It is not impractical to say that in a time of staggering need men should join together to meet that need. A healthy conception of life must be offered at once to oppose and offset the unhealthy and unnatural internationalism of Moscow. It must not be imagined that Bolshevism is altogether weak and negative. Bolshevism expresses, tho stupidly, two things—the protest of men against the double-faced politics of Europe and the world need for a world policy. That can not be fought by silence, by stunned brains, by a vacuum, but by proposing something better and by struggling and fighting for it continually.
>
> "I talked the other day with Tesla, the great scientist, who is also my countryman, and at the end of it he said: 'I have studied all processes and all religions. The most practical scheme, the most practical religion, is Christianity.' The most practical! There lies the real ignorance of the educated in Europe—they do not know that Christianity is a practical scheme, and have refused ever to try it.
>
> "From what causes have races and civilization gone down except from extreme impoverishment or extreme prosperity? If Europe is in danger of perishing from the first cause, America is in no less danger of perishing from the second. Is she going to care for herself only, to attend to her own interests only, to enrich and strengthen herself still more, and in all these matters to imitate Europe? If so, then the end of the world is not before us, but behind us, and humanity is existing not only in a paradise lost, but in a life lost, too.
>
> "Well, my vision of the future of America is different. America is not going merely to repeat Europe. The main tendency of America throughout her history has been to exceed Europe in every constructive work. In less than the span of a human life America has in this become a super-Europe. She is going to become a super-Asia also. The light of the East and the light of the West will rest at their noon on the continent which lies between East and West. The spirit of the East is of a synthetic and inner tendency; the spirit of the West is of an analytic and external tendency. America will be neither west nor east, but both in unity, a harmony of elevated emotion, intellect, and will-power. The last-born child of history, like Joseph, is going to save all its brethren from starvation and despair. Therein lies America's glory and her own salvation."

THE REPROACH OF THE RUNAWAY GIRL

BECAUSE OF LOOPHOLES IN THE LAW and parental laxity, 65,000 girls in the United States are said to have closed the doors of their homes for the last time during 1920, and in Chicago during the last six months 120 girls left their mothers without a farewell. "Their fate is an unsolved mystery," says *The Central Christian Advocate* (Methodist), and the conditions responsible for this wholesale disappearance form one of the gravest problems confronting society. We are told that the girls in Chicago left home "because Chicago judges allow them to leap-frog from Miss to Mrs. too easily; because there are too many places to drink and toddle; because it is too easy to sign a name in a hotel register; because some parents say 'No' too sternly and 'Yes' too weakly." Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, president of the Juvenile Protective Association, arrived at these conclusions after an exhaustive study, we are told in a news dispatch to the New York *Tribune.* As a preventive she urged that "marriage laws be operated as effectively as child-labor laws," and recommended an amendment to the existing marriage laws, providing for "a period of ten days, or two weeks, between the issuing of the license and the marriage ceremony." The result of this investigation serves to uphold the view of some other responsible authorities that there is no such thing as a "delinquent" type among girls, that the causes of downfall are external rather than innate, which is agreed to be a source of reproach to society and the Church. From an analytic study of 495 girls made by officials of the New York Probation and Protective Association, it appears, according to the New York *Herald*, that the incorrigible girl, the difficult girl, "is just a problem," with a background that has in it "an unattractive, overcrowded home with much nagging and quarreling, a noisy factory where the work is dull, mechanical, and uncreative, and a dance hall with lights and brightness." From such conditions it could not be held unnatural for a girl to wish to escape by any avenue she found open. Of course there are variations of this picture, but they are held to be broadly typical. Mentally, the girl is likely to vary far more than her background. According to *The Herald's* summary of the study,

> "About 53 per cent. are absolutely normal; only 8 per cent. are mentally diseased and 2 per cent. epileptic; less than a third are in any way defective. Sometimes it is their mental advantage which in the absence of guidance causes trouble. The runaway, for instance, often has initiative and push. She aspires to a better home, better education, better work. She has some definite ambition. If she had not she would have stayed at home. Her venture, naturally, leads her into dangerous ground. It is of the first importance, therefore, to find her at once and either win her back to her friends and them to better sympathy and understanding of her, or else extend proper advice, encouragement, and guardianship to her.
>
> "In fact, all the young girls' difficulties and temptations and perils are largely matters of adjustment. Even when a first offense has been committed this is probably true. The girl is not of a type which inevitably drifts to delinquency. If other qualities in the girl's nature can be stimulated, her love for family and friends, her self-respect, regard for public opinion, then she will work out her own salvation like any other person, without institutional treatment.
>
> "The girl on the verge of delinquency is any sort of a girl, with a combination of instincts and feelings like any other girl. The problem is to develop the right ones and let the others fade out, especially to correct outside influences, so that the worse ones will not be morbidly kept on edge. Plainly early intervention and thorough and sympathetic guidance are necessary."

Whether girls are different in this generation from the girls of the past may be debatable, says the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times.* This paper, however, is disposed to think that, relatively speaking, they have not changed, that it is the habits of life of all the people that have been altered, due to the progress which has been made in facilities of industry and enjoyment. If the girls have not been forced to leave the seclusion of home, they have at least been invited into the world, "a place has been made for them in all the activities that interest and engage the males, and they have been welcomed as they have accepted the invitation." It should not be astonishing, therefore, that they have developed mental alertness and enterprise equal to that of their brothers. "There are risks in business and sports, and none who engage in either can avoid some of the hazards." This newspaper thinks that—

> "One difficulty of adjusting ourselves to the female invasion of all affairs is that our attitude toward women and our conceptions of what is not proper for women to do have not kept pace with the larger development. Many things that are not immoral cause glances askance when girls essay them. We do not differentiate what may be impropriety from that which is positively wrong. The girl who oversteps what some consider the proprieties is condemned and readily takes on the aspect of delinquency. When she is viewed simply as a human being and treated as such we will hear less of her 'badness,' which usually is merely high spirits and a desire to enjoy what is enjoyable."

GOATS IN THE SHEEPFOLD

CONVERTS ARE WELCOME in every congregation, but, in their eagerness to win new members, pastors may easily make the mistake of accepting into church membership those whose conversion is spurious or, at best, not well founded. Point to this statement may be found, we are told, in the case of a church in a Mid-Western State which admitted into membership a woman just acquitted of murder and who a little later entered into an engagement with a movie-picture concern "to commercialize her sin and shame for profit." It is true that this is an exceptional case and that the woman received wide publicity because of her crime and its antecedent circumstances. But it affords a striking example of a certain carelessness characteristic of many churches in admitting to membership those who have not passed through a spiritual probation, and serves as a timely warning to all. Such an instance was "tolerable and even possible," says *The Herald of Gospel Liberty*, "only because the Church has been in error in many of its basic practises relating to church membership. It has not differentiated between an invitation into that organization and an invitation to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Master."

> "It has not clearly perceived, or at least it has not made the new convert clearly perceive, the antipodal difference between 'free salvation' and the obligations, monetary and otherwise, of belonging to church. Undertaking to keep the Church in closest and truest harmony with its evangelistic appeal that 'whosoever will may come,' the doors of the Church have been flung freely open to all sorts of men and women and little children, whose desire to come may be founded on the merest whim and whose real conversion and Christian purpose may be of the flimsiest possible sort. The result has been what might have been expected. An appallingly large number have been gathered into the Church who have little or no understanding of the content of the Gospel and who even from their very reception into the Church have never experienced or practised any of the spiritual exercises which are absolutely essential to any life that is to be really Christian. As a consequence there is hardly a church in the land that does not have a large list of inactive members who rarely or never enter its doors and who pay little or no attention to anything for which the Church of Jesus Christ stands. Their membership is not only a burden to the Church, it is an actual detriment to their own selves. Many of them have been turned against Christianity, because they realize that their experience has not been a genuine one and they feel that they have been deceived into placing themselves in a wrong light before both the Church and the community. . . . . . .
>
> "Here it is that the Church has most signally failed. And we are wondering what will be the result of all of the victorious pre-Easter evangelistic campaigns. Thousands of churches received new members by the score, and even by the hundred. Will anything be done, is anything being done, to induct these new converts into the activities of the Church and to help them comprehend the meaning of the vows which they have taken to that organization? We know of no field more needy and more fertile in which a pastor might achieve leadership than in working out some method of meeting this situation. He will not only have done his own church good, but he will have helped the whole cause of Christ in one of its weakest points if he can discover some better plan than any now in general use to handle the matter of church membership for new converts. We commend to our own pastors this worthy ambition."

A "BROWN CHRISTIANITY" IN INDIA

A BROWN CHRISTIANITY entirely cut off from the rest of Christendom is foreseen by some observers as a result of the nationalist movement in India. This, as the London *Church Times* notes, is not altogether undesirable, if it goes no further than the establishment of an Indian Christianity differing in many ways from European Christianity. The wisest missionaries have never attempted to force Indian Christianity into Western molds. Sadhu Sundar Singh, whose fame as a holy man has become world-wide, desires, it is said, a completely Indian Church in the future, tho, for the present, he thinks that white missionaries are still necessary. But the Indianization of Christianity he has in mind, according to one of his biographers, is mainly a matter of externals. So far as fundamentals are concerned, Christianity to the Sadhu is supra-national. It is the religion neither of the East nor of the West, but of humanity. This is good reading, comments the Anglican editor, who thinks that the danger of national churches is always the tendency to be indifferent to catholicism, and that such a tendency needs to be watched. The real interest of the Sadhu's career is his attempt to capture the *sadhu* ideal for Christianity, and it may be that the religious life which once found its expression in the hermits of the desert and, later, in monasticism, will take this form in the churches of the East. But how will the Indian nationalist movement led by Mahatma Gandhi eventually affect Christianity, asks *The Times*. The Sadhu, we are told, cares nothing for politics and has no antipathy to the white man. But this might not be the case with others, should the movement grow in extent and power. Instead,

> "There might easily arise the demand for a brown Christianity, rejecting all relations with Europeans. Wise observers in Africa see the possibility of the same peril there, as the black man is sometimes exceedingly restive to European guidance. Perhaps a recent example of this was the decision of the Uganda Synod to have nothing to do with the contemplated East-African province. India might become the field of the same conflict on a greater scale. We might be faced even by the prospect of more terrible schisms than those which have devastated the past. Color hostility seems to be growing in the world. Nothing but Christianity can destroy it. But should it, on the contrary, invade and capture Christianity, the future would be appalling to contemplate. This is one danger of Indian nationalism.
>
> "But, on the other side, a writer in the quarterly paper of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta points out that there are hidden forces operating in another direction. Christian ideas are gaining ground, even if apart from Christianity. The idea of sacrifice appeals. The call to work for others, and to give instead of getting, is now being listened to. Notwithstanding Mr. Gandhi, there is a movement to get rid of caste. Evidently Indian Christianity is at the crossroads. It may be a golden opportunity for missionaries. Many Indians seem to be hungering for what Christianity alone can give.
>
> "The fatal things would be, either that Christianity should be considered inseparable from British political aims, or that brown Christianity should cut the painter between itself and the rest of Christendom. It is men like the Sadhu who will help to keep things right on the Indian side. For our part we must not assume that the fortunes of Christianity are bound up with the fortunes of the British Empire."

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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THOSE who think jazz and ragtime are all there is of American song and dance may reflect on Ambassador Harvey's recent London utterances to the effect that the real America is to be found in the broad stretch between the Allegheny and the Rockies. In the Joplin *News Herald*, which boasts that it "covers the Ozarks like the dew," we see this picture of present-day America, and it may lead us away from New York cabarets to show us where we really stand:

THE OLD QUADRILLES

BY LUELLA LATHROP HOAGLAND

Golden, Missouri

Far, far away in the Ozark Hills,
The young folks dance the old quadrilles.
Overalls and shirts of blue,
Cowhide boots and jumpers too,
Their swaying bodies all keeping time,
To the fiddler's tune, and caller's rime.

"First couple out, and lead to the right,
Follow the girl with the eyes so bright,
You-all jump up, and never come down,
The holler of your foot
Makes a hole in the ground,
Ala' man all
Around the hall."

Laughing Janie, her eyes full of joy,
Shyly watches the fiddler boy,
Playing, as he never played before,
For her to dance on the puncheon floor.

"Do se do,
Around your beau
Roosters in the center, four hands 'round,
Swing your partner off'en the ground,
Whirl the girl from Arkansaw,
Chaw more tobaccy than yer Paw kin chaw,
Saw more wood than yer Maw kin saw,
Dance with the girl from Arkansaw.
Balance all
Around the hall,"

"Turkey in the Straw," "No More to Roam,"
"Arkansaw Traveler," "Home Sweet Home."
"Git your partners, last set of all,"
Gaily they follow the old-time call.

"Chase that 'possum, chase that squirrel,
Follow that pretty girl 'round the world.
Chase that rabbit, chase that coon,
Follow your honey 'round the moon."

The lanterns flicker, and morning gray
Brings another long working day;
There are cows to milk, and plows to guide,
Down the old trail-ways, side by side
The dancers flit, their laughing calls,
Echoing through the forest halls,
Over the hills to her mountain home
Pretty Janie follows alone.
Through the glade and down the swale,
Past the church, and in the vale,
By the cool swift brook, where willows meet,
Pausing to lave her weary feet.
Over her shoulder her best shoes swing,
Softly, the mocking bird hears her sing,

"Chase that rabbit, chase that coon,
Follow your honey 'round the moon."

The birds are singing of love and joy,
As down the trail the fiddler boy,
Leaps the brook and over the rocks,
He follows on, and never stops,
Until he comes to the pasture gate,
Where happiness and Janie wait;
As he gaily speeds along,
He hums the caller's careless song:

"Chase that 'possum, chase that squirrel,
Follow that pretty girl 'round the world."

THE Dante celebrations are not due till the fall months, but England, for some reason, chooses to be beforehand in her tributes. Already there an exhibition of books on Dante has been opened and the papers, *The Westminster Gazette* among them, are printing verse. From the above we get this:

A SHADOW OF DANTE

BY C. FIELD

So Stromboli retreated in the gloom,
Flinging red flame and molten lava high,
A flaring portent: We, who passed it by,
Carry that lurid memory to the tomb;
Yet round its crater living flowers bloom,
The vine, fig, olive, grow and fructify,
Above it laughs the blue Italian sky,
A paradise upon the verge of doom.
As fiery as that red volcanic blast,
Through years he wrestled with his unseen Foe,
Wailing in pain, "I will not let Thee go,
Until Thou bless me who have held Thee fast,"
And so our Dante from his hell of woe
Arose to paradise and peace at last.

LITTLE Orphant Annie has a younger brother in a contributor to the New York *Evening Post*. We venture to think Whitcomb Riley would have welcomed him into the family who saw "Gobeluns":

THE BOLSHEVIKS'LL GIT YOU

BY REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Mr. Milton Lusk's come to Albany to stay,
An' chew the Bolshevikis up, an chase the "Reds" away,
An' 'vestigate the Socialists, an' squelch 'em when they preach,
An' make some laws, an' write a book, an' censor them that teach;
An' all us other citizens when legislatur's done,
We set around with open mouths an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the bomb-plots 'at Milton talks about,
An' the Bolsheviks'll at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' Mr. Milton Lusk he says, when "Reds" are about,
An' the Rand School's runnin', an' *The Call* speaks out,
An' folks read *The Nation*, an' *The Liberator*, too,
An' every one's allowed to have his own point of view,
You better watch the principals and teachers in the schools,
An' make 'em sign certificates, an' bound 'em round with rules,
An' watch the shows they go to, an' the things they talk about,
Er the Bolsheviks'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

A BREATH out of old Homer is in this poem from *Contemporary Verse* (Philadelphia). The strains of his "bloomin' lyre" were never smitten to better effect than when he created—

NAUSIKAA

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

You will never be old!
The days and the years go by,
And centuries have rolled
Over the Phæacian sky.

But you are a girl and run,
Fresh bathed and warm and sweet,
After the flying ball,
On little, sandaled feet.

And with The Wanderer
We stand for audience,
Pleased with your gaiety,
Charmed by your innocence.

The women we forget
Age and die quietly,
But you are a maiden yet,
Playing beside the sea.

ALSO in *Contemporary Verse* is a possible insinuation that men love for the obvious reasons while missing the real things that move the affections. "I'll not answer that—but say it is my humor."

WAYS OF LOVE

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Men love for such foolish things:
Your firm thin hands that pull the bit
So easily; your scornful wit . . .
I love you for your silver rings.

Men love you as they love the south
As sweet as spice. Your secret soul
They love. I love the little mole
That points the corner of your mouth.

Men love your carelessness of care,
Your passion's fire, your winged escape.
I love you for the little nape
Under the dark rebellious hair.

BY the most strenuous efforts the poets seem to try to recapture a world where the scars of war are unfelt. This one in *The North American Review* invokes the old Latin poet:

THEOCRITUS

BY MARY LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

Not of war nor of tears did he build his song,
For the hills and the fields and the shepherd throng
Are caught in his delicate net of words,
With the dread wood-nymphs and the gray sea-birds.
"Daphnis," he sang. "Daphnis is dying now.
Ye violets bear thorns, ye cattle bow
Your heads and weep for Daphnis." And he sang
Of Polyphemus till the meadows rang.
Of Æchines he sang; then bowed his head
And sang of Amaryllis loved, yet dead.
Then in a gladdened tone he told the tales
Of goatherds' loves in still Sicilian vales.
There the cicada with a noisy note
Chirped in the pine-tree while the poet wrote.
Within his verse he caught the hum of bees
That haunt the flowers underneath the trees.

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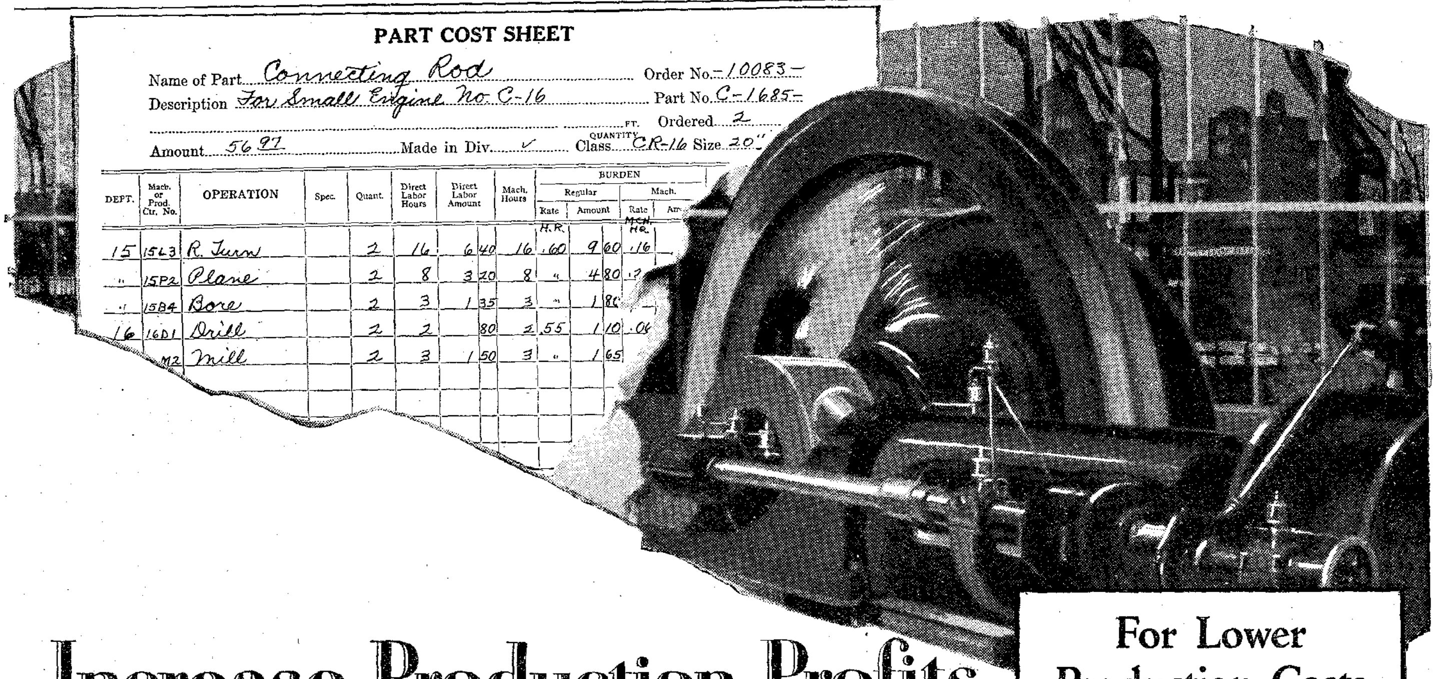

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Increase Production Profits

EVERY thrust, every drive, every turn of your machinery is a power stroke for or against profit.

Slow down your machinery and production lags. Permit your production to lag and manufacturing cost per unit rises.

Literally, no profit-making machine can produce save by the grace of a "film of lubricating oil."

Heretofore, many executives in businesses depending on production have dismissed lubrication as a "trifle."

In cost, the lubricating oil for a plant may be a trifle.

But:

Lubrication is the one tremendous trifle of production.

The right approach to lubrication raises striking questions: What causes stoppages? What makes repairs necessary?

Incorrect lubrication.

As oil saves power, one oil will save more power than another. As power is an important part of production costs, one oil will lower production costs while another oil raises costs.

Power losses come from the incorrect lubrication of prime movers—steam engines, turbines, internal combustion engines, air compressors and pumps.

Power losses come also through incorrect lubrication of machine and shafting bearings.

In either case, production costs go up in consequence.

Oils of superior lubricating quality have for over 50 years been the chief products of the Vacuum Oil Company. The crude oils are chosen primarily for their *lubricating* value. Each succeeding process of manufacture has always before it this fundamental Vacuum Oil Company aim—Correct Lubrication for every industrial need.

We have lubricating oils scientifically correct for every known type of engine and machine. If more profits per unit of production is vital to you now, we suggest that you get in touch with our nearest branch.

For Lower Production Costs

Steam Cylinders

Gargoyle Steam Cylinder Oils minimize power losses and undue wear in steam cylinders the world over. No other steam cylinder oils are so widely endorsed by engine builders.

The well-known Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600 W and several other Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are specially manufactured for cylinder and valve lubrication to meet conditions in all types of Steam Engines, Steam Pumps, Steam-driven Compressors, Locomotives, etc.

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A worry of every turbine operator is sludge. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils are manufactured and especially treated to meet the exacting requirements of turbine lubrication. These oils separate readily from moisture and impurities and thus provide remarkable freedom from sludge.

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The severe lubricating requirements of gas engines, Diesel engines and oil engines are scientifically met by Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils.

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Correct lubrication is of unusual importance in compressor work. Carbon in the air cylinder has sometimes caused explosion. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil Heavy Medium is made especially to minimize carbonization. It is correct for air or gas compressors and vacuum pumps.

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A wide range of Gargoyle Bearing Oils is provided to meet all specific operating conditions of engines and machines involving size, speed, pressure, temperature and lubricating methods.

* * *

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

CARPENTIER, FROM PIT-BOY TO ESTHETE OF THE "BOXE"

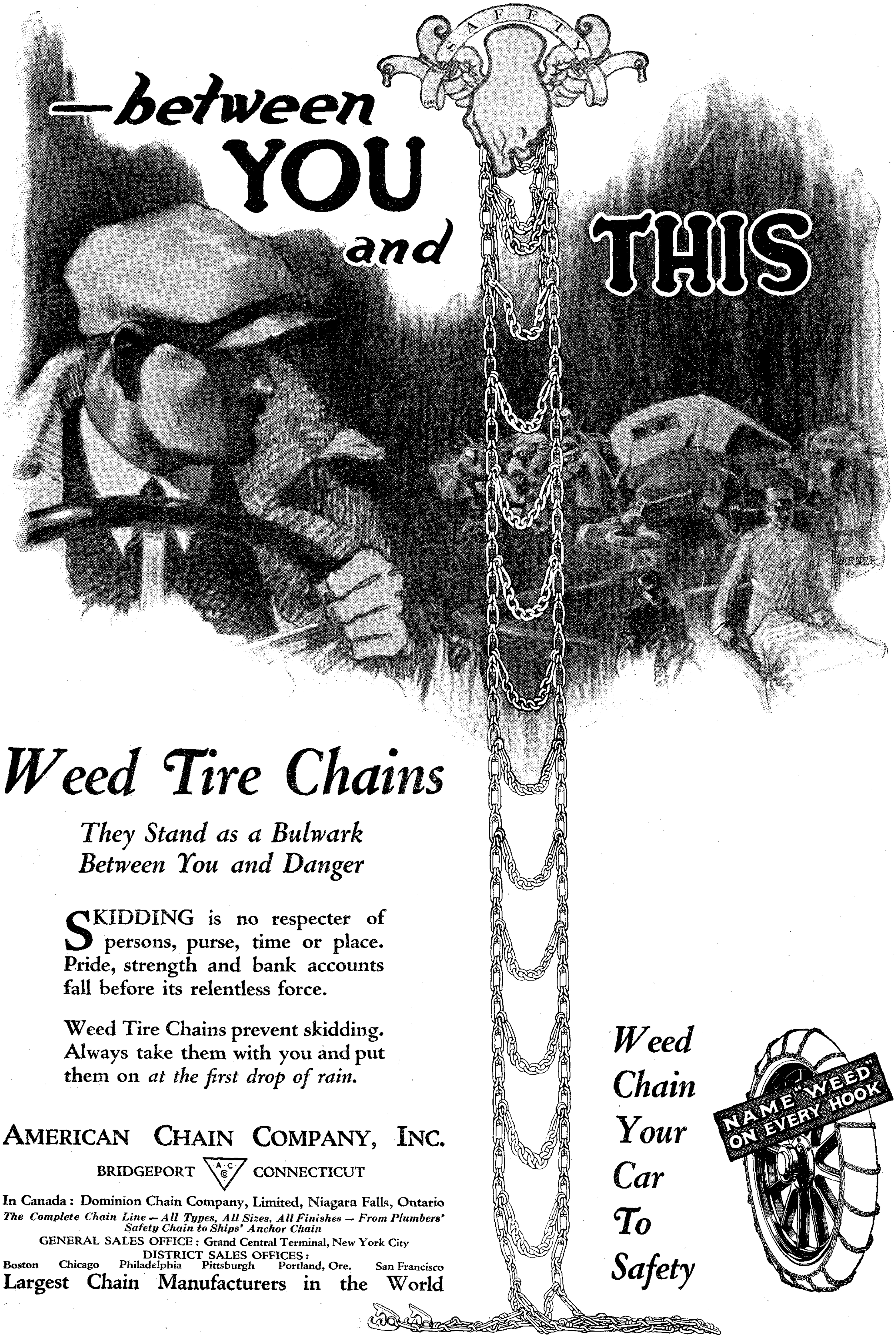
THE TRAINING-CAMP of Georges Carpentier, or "Gorgeous Car-painter," as some stagger at it, who may be the world's champion boxer after July 2, isn't like anything we have ever had before in America. So declare the newspaper correspondents, who find both "dignity" and an amusing fastidiousness in the surrounding and personnel of the French champion's training-quarters at Manhasset, Long Island. The stillness of a Long Island country farm has been maintained. Birds sing and young rabbits scamper through the wooded dales. Only newspaper critics are admitted to the grounds, and even they, it appears from reports, are not allowed to do anything to disturb the general peace and quiet. In the midst of his sylvan retreat, the fastidious Frenchman, who fifteen years ago, at the age of twelve, was a pit-boy in the coal-mines of France, recently began his training with "a course in light rocking in the front-porch rocking-chair," followed by "the next bit of intensive training," which was "a song." These astonishing goings-on in the training-camp of a champion boxer appealed to the literary instincts of a clever correspondent for the New York *Daily News*. Should Carpentier win from Dempsey, it has often been predicted, the whole temper and course of American boxing will receive a tremendous impulse toward development on what may be called "the gentlemanly side," and the writer finds a good deal of amusement in the prospect. He presents a training-headquarters so peaceful that, when a bee banged against a window-pane—

Wide World Photo.

"THE PERFECT ORCHID OF THE BOXER'S PROFESSION"

Watered, judging by the photograph, from "the old oaken bucket" on the Long Island farm where he is in training. Georges Carpentier's fastidious athletic methods have upset a number of American traditions and stimulated the literary imaginations of numerous sporting critics.

> It was a terrible shock.
>
> Every one awoke with a start.
>
> Marcel Descamps, the pugilist's solicitous manager, arose and chased the wicked animal into the outer air.
>
> He was clearly worried for his distinguished principal and addrest some soothing remarks to him. Monsieur Georges, under this verbal ministration, relaxed and resumed training. That, on this first arduous day of the period which is to fit him for combat with Mr. Jack Dempsey, is a course in light rocking in the front-porch rocking-chair.
>
> A reporter opened his mouth—and shut it again suddenly as he caught a warning look from Descamps's eye. A pink boy valet tiptoed into the garden and began to pluck posies for Monsieur Georges's dinner-table. We couldn't have been more decorous if this had been the afternoon nap-hour of a duchess.
>
> Presently Monsieur Descamps elucidated in whispers.
>
> "To-morrow," he volunteered, with a significant gesture, "begins the real work."
>
> Right here we wish to confess that our amateur notions of pugilistic training are somewhat bloodthirsty. We suggested: "He'll beat Joe Jeannette into a porridge."
>
> Monsieur Carpentier gave us an amused looking-over—the first sign of his awareness of our inconsiderable existence. Monsieur Descamps was shocked.
>
> "*Ah, non,*" he protested, "a walk, maybe. Perhaps he run a bit. Perhaps, even, he jump. But fight"—Monsieur Descamps laughed extravagantly at the notion—"*Non, certainement, non.*"
>
> We are naturally bright and got the idea in another hour or so. It seems that here is a delicate organism, the perfect orchid of the heavyweight division.
>
> To begin with, there must be Buddhistic silences, anesthetic calms. These may be interrupted with occasional glasses of milk and rare *conversaziones* on harmless topics. Later there may be rough interludes—shadow-boxing and savage duels with Indian clubs.
>
> When Monsieur Carpentier began to talk the pink valet dropt his flowers and the wind died down.
>
> The subject was gas-engines. We have a suspicion that Monsieur Carpentier, when he breakfasted yesterday morning, found under his plate a note from Marcel Descamps:
>
> "To-day you may speak about gas-engines."
>
> Monsieur Carpentier spoke well, but without undesirable heat, about gas-engines.
>
> "They are marvelous," he asserted. "When you think that it is an entirely new principle—the principle of explosion made to work—well, it's simply marvelous."
>
> Two Latin hired huskies took up the subject dutifully.
>
> One argued: "Well, I dunno about that."
>
> The other demurred: "There's electricity."
>
> But they were no match for the heavyweight thinking of Monsieur Carpentier. He delivered a five-hundred-word ultimatum on the superiority of gas over all known chemical substances. The two hired huskies sought for a sign in Monsieur Descamps's watchful eyes. It was infinitesimal, but it read:
>
> "Shut off the gas," and the hired huskies obeyed in unison.
>
> "Well, I guess you're right," they surrendered. Their job, it may be assumed, is to throw innumerable towels into the ring.
>
> The next bit of intensive training was a song. In a well-



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modulated tenor, Monsieur Carpentier delivered himself of the following melodious sentiment:

"*Ah, les femmes doivent souffrir*
L'Amour des hommes."

Which, translated, means:

"Ah, women must suffer
Of the love of men."

Georges sang this strophe with great feeling, almost vicious emphasis. If you had no French you would have guessed that he sang: "Oh, Jack, must suffer of the caved-in rib."

Monsieur Descamps chose this as the psychological moment to give the reporter his interview with Monsieur Carpentier.

"You see," he expounded, "how the French boxer is a gentleman. Georges has education and appreciation of the arts. That is because the French pugilist comes from a class superior to that which produces the American pugilist. In France a pugilist has the black eye as soon as he misconducts himself. Remark the exemplary behavior of Georges."

We had the temerity to suggest that the song about the suffering women was rather rough. "No American pugilist," we patriotically averred, "would sing such a song."

"*D'autre pays, d'autres mœurs,*" classically riposted Monsieur Descamps. Which, freely translated, means: "We don't shimmy in Paris."

Up to this moment we had not yet been permitted to meet Monsieur Carpentier. We had been given to understand that the experience of shaking our hand would be too much for him on the first day of training. But, persisting, we informed Monsieur Descamps that the idea of an American interview was to talk with the interviewee. While we argued the point, Monsieur Carpentier slipt noiselessy away.

We found him again at the front gate, leaning pensively near a bank of honeysuckle. Dubiously, Monsieur Descamps presented us.

Monsieur Carpentier vouchsafed us his rare smile and his still rarer fist.

"*Au revoir,*" he beamed hospitably and waved us toward the exit.

And so we left Monsieur Georges Carpentier, tenor, gentleman, conversationalist, convalescent, and, perhaps, next heavyweight champion of the world. There was nothing else to do.

Carpentier's career from the days when he was a pit-boy in a coal-mine in Lens is traced in a brief series of articles written by Hal Cochran for the Newspaper Enterprise Association; he was born of poor parents, says the writer, and, naturally:

As soon as he was old enough, joined his father, a miner, in daily trips to the insides of the earth. The youth's weekly earnings went to help keep the wolf from the Carpentier door.

In those days Georges was a timid-appearing, fair-haired youth with an appearance far from that of a lad who would indulge in anything that required muscle and brawn. He was generally looked upon as a fireside mother's boy.

Working in darkness all day long, away from sunshine and open air, didn't appeal to Georges. He wanted to do something else. With that thought ever on his mind, he occasionally went, after working-hours, to a boxing-school that had been opened in the town by a Prof. François Descamps.

Like many other youngsters, Georges just hung around and watched fighters work. Finally he became well known as one of the youngsters in the town, and was now and then allowed to slip on a pair of gloves himself and mix in the sparring and battling.

One night he gave a much bigger fellow a good drubbing. Descamps witnessed the bout and was much imprest with the fair-haired kid's showing. Georges was encouraged to come to the school more regularly. Eventually the professor had a hunch there was something that goes to make real battlers in the kid—at least a lot of nerve.

Descamps took the matter up with Carpentier's parents. He wanted to take their son under his wing and train him. At first there was much objection, but Descamps's persistency won out and Georges left his pit-boy task for all time.

From then on the youngster was at the gym almost day and night. Rough edges were trained off him and he was stacked up against the best fighters in Descamps's lot in short notice. Madam Vanhilbroucq, Descamps's mother-in-law, took an interest in the boy from the start.

Outside battles, with a money angle to them, however, were few and far between. And money talked mighty loud with Descamps and his youthful pupil.

Hence they went on little tours and Carpentier staged exhibition bouts in cafés at night. Let Georges tell you about it himself:

"First we staged a fight; then followed with an acrobatic turn. As a grand *finale* I allowed myself to be sent into a trance by Descamps and did 'thought-reading.'"

And then Carpentier smiles and says:

"*L'hypnotisme? C'est la blague!*"

Which, in plain English, means—hypnotism? Bunkum!

But bunkum or no bunkum, the money rolled in, and this, to say the least, was pleasing to master and pupil.

Finally Carpentier's first real bout came with Bourgeois the latter part of 1907. Georges trimmed him in four rounds and followed shortly with another four-round win over Wetinck.

Carpentier was battling as a flyweight, being just in his thirteenth year and still far from developed. His third bout saw him get a drubbing from Mazoir, a much-touted battler, in four rounds.

This beating, however, didn't faze Georges. He had picked up some pointers, and that's what the youth was after.

The year 1908 took him into the ring with men who had gained real reputations.

He developed a "flashy, dancing style" of boxing, records his biographer, that brought him success. One factor, we are told, was the watchful care of an elderly woman: "Through all the training for his many fights, Madam Vanhilbroucq, manager Descamps's mother-in-law, had been Carpentier's guardian angel. She watched over him, and always in Georges's younger days saw that her handsome 'son' was not bothered by the young girls."

"I do not blame the girls," she says. "Georges is so handsome, clever, and famous. But I scare them off."

There has been a good deal of talk, throughout Carpentier's fighting career, of Descamps and Georges working the "hypnotic eye on opponents." The writer comments:

It traced back to the early days when the two played master and pupil in "thought-reading" performances.

In connection with this Georges says:

"Descamps takes away from me, by his very influence, all my cares and troubles when I am scheduled to fight, leaving me to enter the ring with only a fighting mind.

"He subtly convinces me that he is actually fighting at the same time I am, and fighting for me."

So much for the "hypnotic eye." It was Carpentier's wallops that were carrying him to victories.

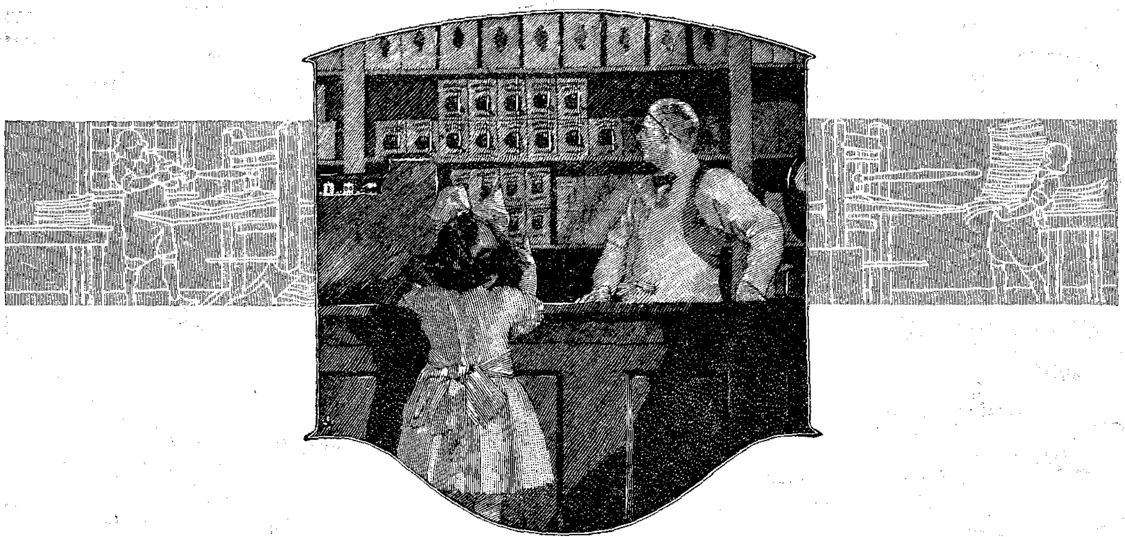
When France went to war with Germany, continues the writer, Georges enlisted in the aviation branch. He was twice decorated. During the fighting days he gave many boxing exhibitions for American troops in France.

The fighting game had piled up a fortune for Carpentier. He had even purchased an interest in the mines at Lens in which he worked as a boy. This fortune of a million francs was lost through the war, and Georges reentered the ring, after peace came, to rebuild it. R. L. Goldberg, a correspondent of the New York *Evening Mail*, reports that the French boxer has "cleaned up" $100,000 during the past four months, giving boxing exhibitions on the Continent. Goldberg gives these impressions of the man whom he calls "the pet of France":

The thing that impresses you most about Carpentier is his quiet grace. He slides around the room like a panther. The upper part of his body is so well knit and compact, and the coordination of his muscles is so perfect that his well-shaped legs seem to be hanging from his waist instead of holding up the rest of his body. He has a pale, pasty complexion, accentuated by his slick blond hair. His smile is more the smile of embarrassment than boyish exultation. He has a sort of a weary look in his eyes that seems to say to the questioner: "I wish they'd let me alone. I just want to be natural and do the things that other people do."

I asked him if he missed the wife and baby he left on the other side. He answered: "No, not yet. It is too soon." He at least is on the level about it. If he were an American fighter or a movie actor he would have answered: "My love for the little woman and the child is the most sacred thing in my life. My heart is torn asunder by the great gap that separates us. But their images are engraved upon my heart, and all that I am doing now is for their sake. I live only in the hope of returning to them." Carpentier's manager may have very much of the circus instinct about him, but the French fighter himself does not seem to think too much about the gallery.

This to the ladies—Georges is a wonderful toddler. He danced with the only female in the party and every lounge lizard she ever met is now only a memory. Georges tosses a



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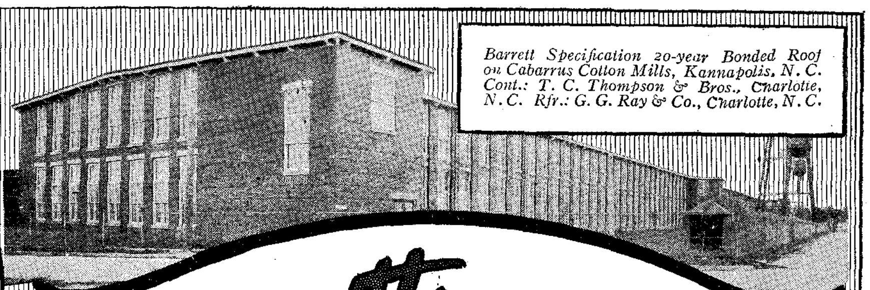

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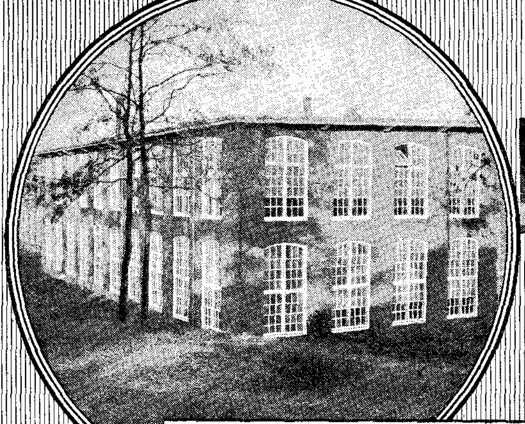

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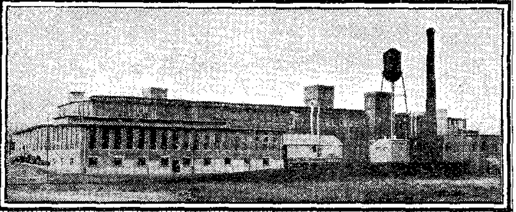

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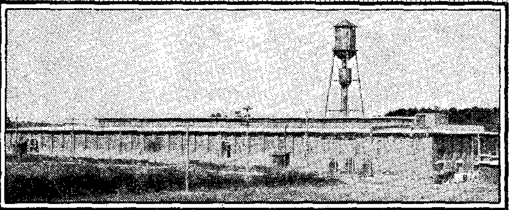

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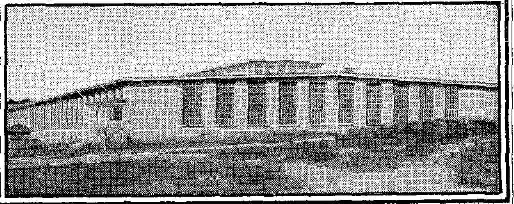

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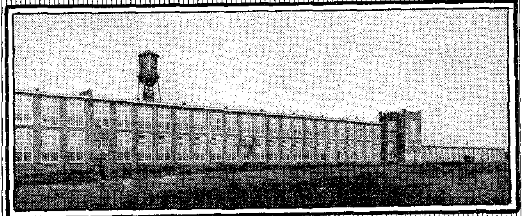
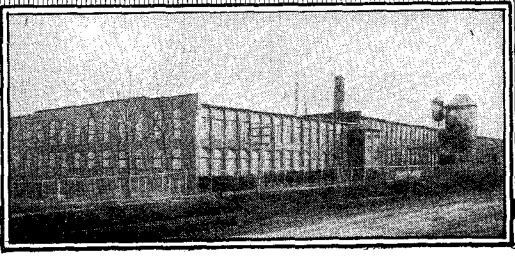
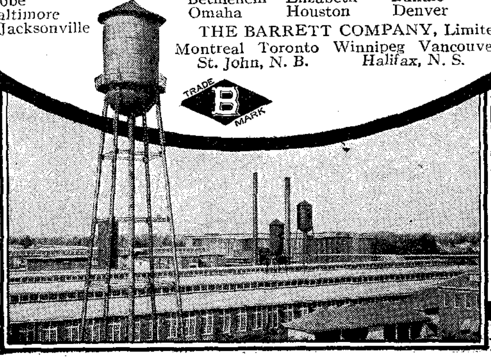


Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Groves Knitting Mill, Gastonia, N. C. Eng.: Mayes Eng. Co., Charlotte. Cont.: J. D. Grandy, Charlotte. Rfr.: A. Y. Bond, Inc., Greensboro, N. C.



Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Henderson Cotton Mills, Henderson, N. C. Roofer: Budd-Piper Roofing Co., Durham.



Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roofing on Cannon Mfg. Co., Spinning and Cotton Mills, Kannapolis, N. C. Cont.: T. C. Thompson & Bros., Charlotte. Rfr.: G. G. Ray & Co., Charlotte, N. C.

terrific toe. You know that stuff of bobbing up and down and clicking heels together and everything else that goes with it? Well, that French boy just murders it outright. I for one after seeing him perform will never dance again. It would be a sin to defame the beautiful art.

The interest which the American public is taking in the coming contest between the French champion and Mr. Dempsey moves an editorial writer in the New York *Tribune* to seek explanations. He calls attention to the fact that, with a thousand newspaper correspondents present, "there will probably be 990 more reporters at the battle of Jersey City than there were at the second battle of the Marne, where the fate of civilization or some other purely academic question was settled by a couple of million soldiers." He proceeds:

While the accounts of the second battle of the Marne were confined to sketchy and meager official bulletins, there will be a thousand typewriters clicking at the ringside at Jersey City and a thousand telegraph instruments will follow every motion in order that the waiting world may not be kept too long in suspense.

This is no new thing. Overhaul your Old Testament, according to the advice of Captain Cuttle. You will find that the big battles of the ancient Hebrews are described with a disappointing paucity of detail. But when you reach the contest between the gladiators David and Goliath, you will find a comparatively elaborate description of the combat. The knockout is graphically described.

The represt and overcivilized reader of to-day is not greatly changed from the original reader of the First Book of Samuel. He wants to know how the gladiators looked and acted before the contest and how the knockout was delivered. A few thousand years from now it will not matter much as to who will have won the battle of Jersey City, but now it seems to be a burning issue. When the gladiators enter they must have the center of the stage.

QUIET LORD CARNOCK, "THE MAN WHO MADE THE WAR"

A VERY QUIET SORT OF ENGLISHMAN, "a most amiable and cultivated person," whose name is little known outside of diplomatic circles even in England, and perhaps has not crossed the Atlantic twice in the last decade—these are mentioned as some of the characteristics of the man who, among Englishmen versed in foreign affairs, is said to be credited with "making" the war. He is one of the figures treated in that collection of anonymous character studies called "The Mirrors of Downing Street" (Putnams, New York), which was a literary sensation in England and has gone into four printings in this country. The writer, who signs himself "The Gentleman with a Duster," and delights in comparing the "statesman of the old school" with the "noisy politicians of these latter days," finds the character of Lord Carnock, "The Man Who Made the War," one of the few worthy of praise. As the situation is explained by the writer, Lord Carnock appears not so much "the man who made the war" as "the man who made the war"—possible. It was Lord Carnock, we are told, who, inspired by "a moral principle," so worked during his time as British Ambassador in Petrograd that Russia could, and would, fight. "The Gentleman with a Duster" writes of him:

No one could be less like the popular politician of our very noisy days than this slight and gentle person, whose refinement of mind reveals itself in a face almost ascetic; whose intelligence is of a wide, comprehensive, and reflecting order; and whose manner is certainly the last thing in the world that would recommend itself to the mind of an advertising agent. But there is no living politician who watched so intelligently the long beginnings of the war, or knew so certainly in the days of tension that war had come, as this modest and gracious gentleman, whose devotion to principle and whose quiet faith in the power of simple honor had outwitted the chaotic policy and the makeshift diplomacy of the German long before the autumn of 1914.

This much of the story may be told, "The Gentleman with a Duster" goes on, "without revealing any state secrets or breaking any private confidences":

As Sir Arthur Nicolson, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord Carnock won for England, as no other man had done before him, the love of Russia. The rulers of Russia trusted him. He was their friend in a darkness which had begun to alarm them, a darkness which made them conscious of their country's weakness, and which brought to their ears again and again the rumbles of approaching storm. Lord Carnock, sincerely loving these people, received their confidence as one friend receives the confidence of another. His advice was honorable advice. He counseled these friends to set their house in order and to stand firm in the conviction of their strength. Their finances were a chaos, their army was disorganized; let them begin in those quarters; let them bring order into their finances and let them reorganize their army.

While he was at St. Petersburg, after a wide experience in other countries, he twice saw Russia humiliated by Germany. Twice he witnessed the agony of his Russian friends in having to bow before the threats of Prussia. Remember that the rulers of Russia in those days were the most charming and cultivated people in the world, whereas the Prussian as a diplomatist was the same Prussian whom, even as an ally of ours in 1815, Croker found "very insolent, and hardly less offensive to the English than to the French." The Russians felt those humiliations as a gentleman would feel the bullying of an upstart.

Lord Carnock was at the Foreign Office in July, 1914. He alone knew that Russia would fight. For the rest of mankind, certainly for the German Kaiser, it was to be another bloodless humiliation of the Russian Bear. Admiral von Tirpitz wanted war; Bethmann-Hollweg did not. The great majority of the German people, in whom a genuine fear of Russia had increased under the astute propaganda of the war party, hoped that the sword had only to be flashed in Russia's face for the vast barbarian to cower once again. Few statesmen in Europe thought otherwise. Sir Edward Grey, I have good reasons to think, did not consider that Russia would fight. He erred with that great number of educated Germans who thought the sword had only to be rattled a little more loudly in the scabbard for Russia to weaken, and for Germany to gain, without cost, the supreme object of her policy—*an increasing ascendency in the Balkans*. But this time Russia was ready, and this time Lord Carnock knew Russia would fight. I am not sure that Lord Carnock was not the only statesman in Europe who possessed this knowledge—the knowledge on which everything hung.

It is easy for thoughtless people, either in their hatred or love of Bolshevism, to forget that the old Russia saved France from destruction and made a greater sacrifice of her noblest life than any other nation in the great struggle. The first Russian armies, composed of the very flower of her manhood, fought with a matchless heroism, and, so fighting, delivered France from an instant defeat.

Lord Carnock may justly be said to have prepared Russia for this ordeal—for a true friend helps as well as gives good advice. But it would be a total misjudgment of his character which saw in this great work a clever stroke of diplomatic skill.

Lord Carnock was inspired by a moral principle. He saw that Russia was tempting the worst passions of Germany by her weakness. He felt this weakness to be unworthy of a country whose intellectual achievements were so great as Russia's. He had no enmity at all against the Germans. He saw their difficulties, but regretted the spirit in which they were attempting to deal with those difficulties—a spirit hateful to a nature so gentle and a mind so honorable.

He had studied for many years the Balkan problem. He knew that as Austria weakened Germany would, more and more, feel the menace of Russia. He saw, over and over again, the diplomacy of the Germans thrusting Austria forward to a paramount position in the Balkans, and with his own eyes he saw the Germans in Bulgaria and Turkey fastening their hold upon those important countries. If Russia weakened Germany would be master of the world. A strong Russia might alarm Germany and precipitate a conflict, but it was the world's chief fortress against Prussian domination.

For the sake of Russia he worked for Russia, loving her people and yet seeing the dangers of the Russian character; hoping that a self-respecting Russia might save mankind from the horrors of war, and, if war came, the worse horrors of a German world-conquest. This work of his, which helped so materially to save the world, was done with clean hands. It was never the work of a war-monger. No foreigner ever exercised so great an influence in Russia, and this influence had its power in his moral nature. I had this from Mr. Sazonoff himself.

Such a man as Lord Carnock could not make any headway in English political life. It is worth our while to reflect that the intelligence of such men is lost to us in our home government. They have no taste for the platform, the very spirit of the political game is repellent to them, and they recoil from the self-assertion which appears to be necessary to political advancement in the House of Commons.

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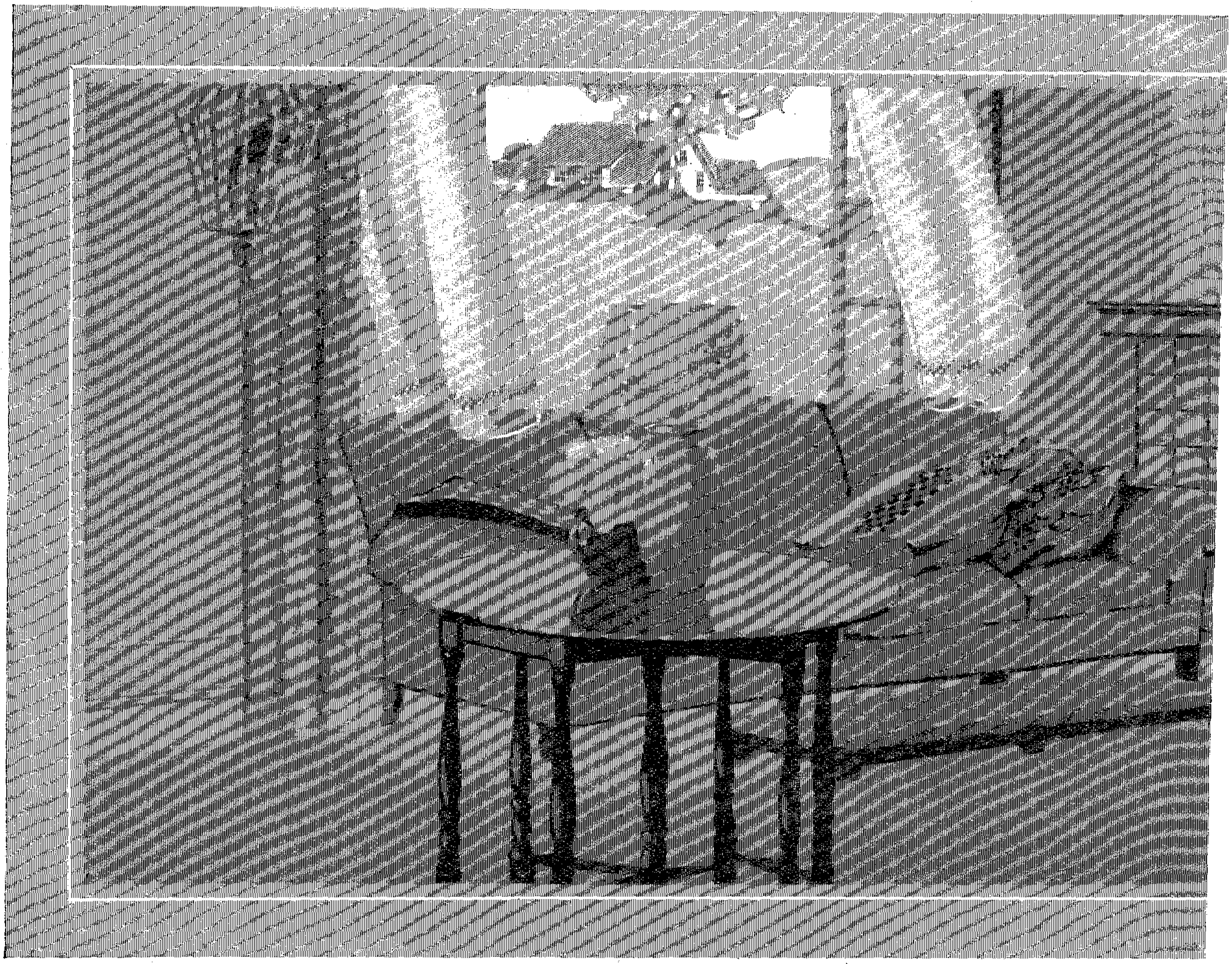

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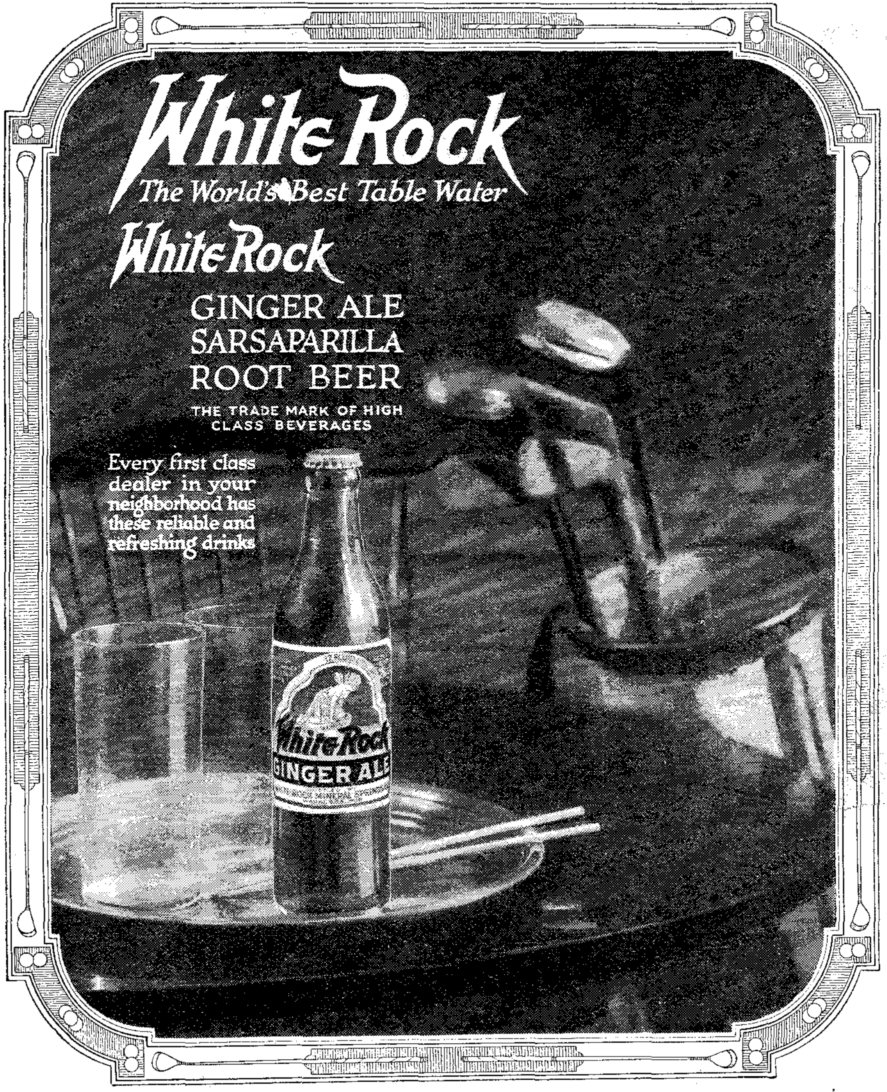

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Thus screams a pallid messenger speeding through a sleepy little English village. Immediately, writes Hayden Church from London to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, terror-stricken cottagers rush out of their homes in night attire; a deafening roar of engines disrupts the stillness; white, red, and green fire floods the darkness. After two ghastly minutes the unearthly radiance flickers, then dies. And then, in a courteous speech of apology and thanks, the enterprising movie-producer explains that he now has completed the village panic scene for his new six-reel thriller, "The Red Terror in England." All this may sound like nothing but the originality and "pep" of an American maker of film dramas, but the fact is, Mr. Church informs us, the American movie in England, generally made in Los Angeles even when it purports to depict English life and scenes, is up against a new and serious sort of competition. The European movie-makers, following the lead of an enterprising Frenchman, have started a "back-to-nature movement." Episodes of the village-panic sort, as described above, will be apt to brighten the dull lives of country folk and the drab ones of town-dwellers, too, Mr. Church goes on—

If success continues to attend the new method of film drama-making explained to me by Louis Mercanton, the distinguished and original French producer who has been paying a short visit to London and has been acclaimed by the French and English press as "the only producer in any country who can compete with Griffith."

"Only real life rings true on the screen," he told me very earnestly. "As far as possible we must abandon all imitations, whether in acting or in settings. Within five years the elaborate cinema studios where artificial scenes now are erected at enormous cost will largely be disused.

"Films will be produced not only amid real out-of-doors scenery, but in real houses, and professional players for all but leading rôles will not be needed." Mercanton went on. "By staking a story in the town or district where the plot is laid, with the conscious or unconscious cooperation of the inhabitants, can be obtained an atmosphere of actuality, a quality of authenticity, that no imitation can equal."

To enable him to put his theories into practise, Mercanton built what he calls a "mobile studio."

This consists of four five-ton motor-lorries and two trailers, which carry eighty powerful photographic lamps of all types, with the necessary generating apparatus, besides every accessory of production, from cameras, costumes, and properties to make-up.

Trundling round the world with this cinema-pantechnicon—claimed as the first of its kind—he can create plays by the wayside, in any land, by day or by night, as he travels. His lamps and dynamos, he told me, are capable of lighting up any scene to the distance of a quarter of a mile.

This wandering picture-maker's adventures in southern Europe have already been as romantic as the exploits of any serious swashbuckler.

Sun-scorched Sicilian villages and the volcanic rocks of one of the world's greatest volcanoes, Etna, formed the theater in which he produced his striking version of one of Robert Hichens's passionate romances recently released here.

A bull-ring and an impromptu stampede of angry bulls were two of the sure-enough stage settings for the production of his picturization of one of Jean Richepin's stories (done in southern France on the borders of Spain and the Pyrenees).

The underground-passage scenes in one of Anthony Hope's romances filmed by him were taken near Gras in a natural grotto, which consisted of a wonderful series of caverns 300 feet below the earth's surface.

"As no important saint day coincided with our visit to Sicily," said Mercanton, "I decided to present the village with a special festa in order to film the love-making scenes described in the Hichens story.

"The mayor of the town consented and a public holiday was announced. I provided prizes and entertainments at a cost of about 5,000 lire, and, in the evening, an elaborate fireworks display, which is incorporated in the story.

"All day long, while the Sicilian merry-makers danced, sang, and paraded, the camera 'shot' busily, while our artists played their scenes among the throng."

Filming a congregation by stealth is called "a still more astonishing feat" achieved by the French director. He wished to take a little French village church, at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mermar, during the annual ceremony of lowering the relics of the saints. It was in this picture the great French actress Réjane acted for the last time before her death, and in which Jean Richepin, the famous French author who wrote the story, played another of the characters. With the permission of the parish priest, according to the writer:

> A "sunlight arc" and other lamps were erected in the organ-loft of the centuries-old church, two cameras being concealed in the gallery.
>
> As the climax of the service approached the producer signaled to his electrician outside. Instantly streams of golden radiance poured down from every cranny of the ancient building upon the sacred relics. Believing that a miracle had been performed, the peasant worshipers fell upon their knees with cries of wonderment.
>
> "But the excessive zeal of the village carpenter in charge of the reliquary nearly spoiled our picture," said Mercanton, with a reminiscent chuckle.
>
> "Knowing our plans, he took half an hour to lower the heavy box instead of the normal two minutes—with the excellent intention, as he afterward explained, of giving us 'full value.' Unfortunately, he failed to understand that we wanted the briefest possible scene."
>
> Short, stocky, restless, clean-shaven, Mercanton is French by birth but was brought up and educated in England, and for some time was stage-manager to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Then he fought

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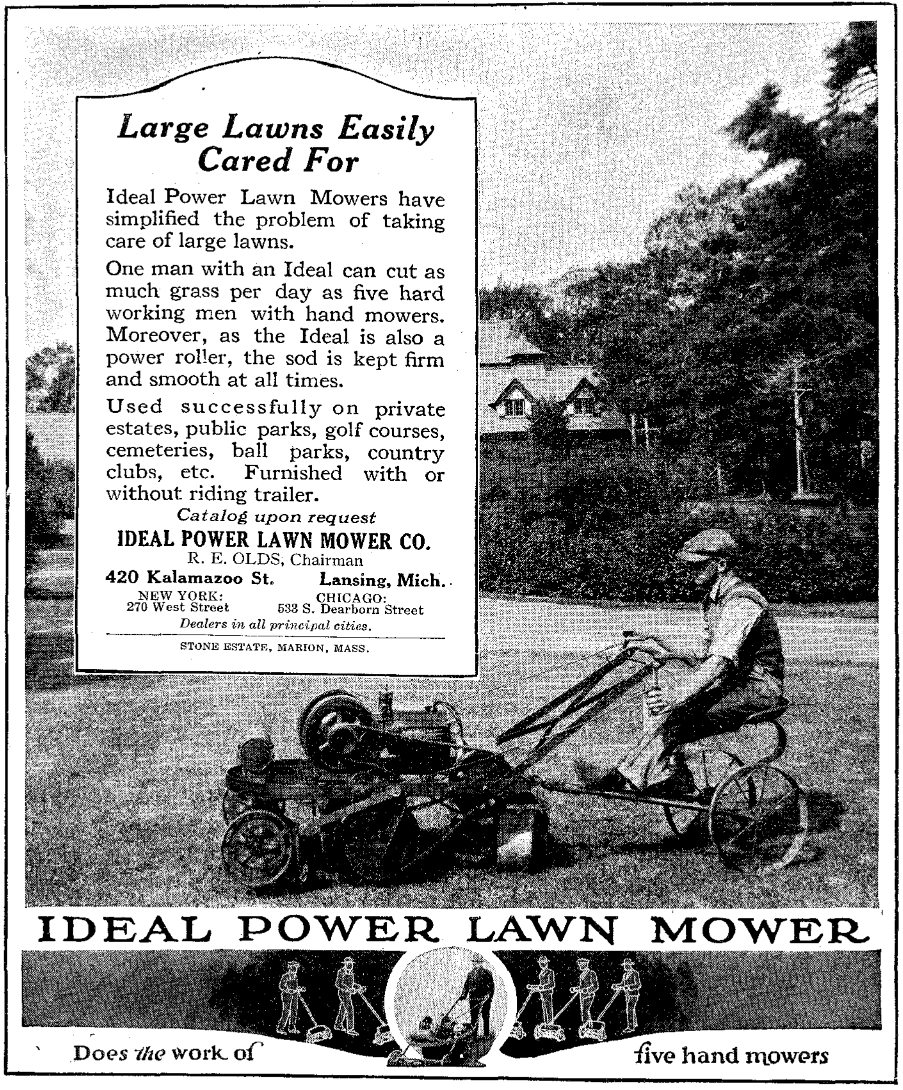

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in the Boer War in the capacity of a high private in the British Army.

In 1903 he returned to Paris as manager to Bernhardt. Later he turned to film work and was responsible for her screen début (she is one of the shareholders in his company) and for those of Gaby Deslys, Réjane, Jean Richepin, M. le Bargy, and Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

Some of his recent "casts" must have been among the most cosmopolitan on record. For example, well-known actors of nine different nationalities took part in his production of "Phroso."

Ivor Novello, Mercanton's latest screen "find," is the young English composer who jumped into fame by writing the music for that tremendously popular war-ditty, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Since then he has been responsible for the scores of several successful musical comedies as well as for other ballads that have been sung, whistled, and ground out on barrel-organs all over this country.

The engagement of Novello, who is distinctly romantic-looking, but never even had thought of acting, was typical of Mercanton's method of finding his people.

"Mercanton had been looking for quite a time for exactly the type of man he wanted," said Novello. "One day he saw a photograph of me. 'Get me that boy!' he said to his first lieutenant.

"His assistant burst out laughing. 'Why, he's a musical composer!' he gasped.

"'I don't care what he is,' snapped Mercanton, 'get him for me. He can be induced to play for the films. Anybody can.'

"The prompt result was that I started for Paris by the first airplane after signing my contract."

Many of the scenes in Mercanton's production of Anthony Hope's story were taken on the Island of Saint Margaret's, which is about three miles off Cannes.

To get his "mobile studio" across to the island, Mercanton had to charter four steam-tugs at a cost of 12,000 francs. This was the first time that a motor-vehicle ever had been seen on the island, which is about seven or eight miles in diameter and inhabited only by the guardian of the Citadel and a few fishermen.

Among the out-of-the-common scenes in another of Mercanton's films are those of the bull-fights at Saintes-Maries, a tiny village about fifty miles west of Marseilles.

"The Marquis de Baroncelli," said Mercanton, "a charming little man who bred the bulls, invited me to the selection. This done, twenty of the elect were driven up to the bull-shed near the ring, but on the way six bulls broke loose and stampeded through the streets to the open country.

"Immediately a number of the men and girls, the latter clad in brown breeches, red shirts, and sombreros, armed themselves with spears or goads, mounted horses, and galloped away to recapture the truants, which presently, amid shouts of laughter, they drove triumphantly through hastily deserted streets back to the bull-ring.

"There was nothing pretentious about this bull-ring. It abutted the church, the northern wall of which formed a part of a 'square ring.' The other sides were made up of sundry private houses, and the gaps between were bridged across in each place with three heavy wooden beams. The bulls were quite at liberty to batter in such front doors as there were within the ring. The spectators perched on the tops of ox-wagons and the houses."

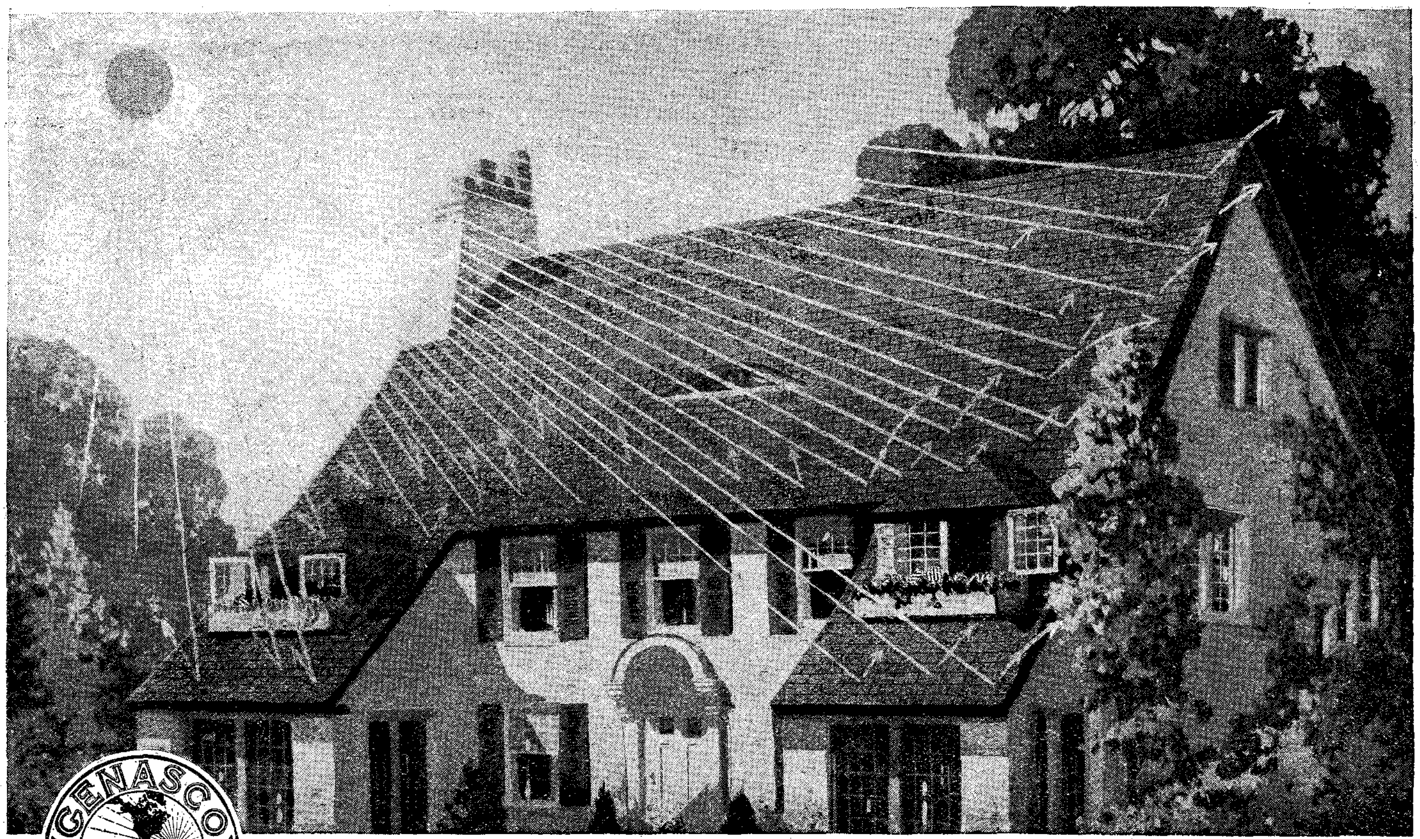
NEW TOWNS CLASH WITH OLD HUMAN NATURE IN FRANCE

MODEL cities and villages will soon be springing up in the war districts of France—provided the inhabitants can be convinced that what was good enough for their grandfathers is not good enough for them. There is the rub. The civic idealists, many of them Americans, who set out with a vision of model towns rising from the old ruins are running up against the same quirks of human nature encountered by Sir Christopher Wren, when he tried to rebuild a London beautiful after the great fire of 1666. The Londoners told the great architect that what was good enough for their ancestors was good enough for them, and that is why Ludgate Hill is not a broad thoroughfare leading up to St. Paul's Cathedral. Some of the French who were driven from their homes by the great invasion are like those early Londoners. If left to themselves, Jean and Jeanne would rebuild their homes and shops exactly as they were before German artillery reduced them to dust and tender memories. A shopkeeper fears that his customers will not find his shop unless it is the replica of its predecessor. And madam would like to have her spinning-wheel set as it was when she stopped spinning in the summer of 1914. The habits of centuries are strong among the *poilus*. Nevertheless, the reconstructionists are hopeful. Outlines of plans for model towns to replace those destroyed have been appearing off and on in French and other periodicals for some time, says T. R. Ybarra, in the New York *Times*, and one of the latest projects will be tried out, as an experiment, with the financial backing of an American committee. This plan was prepared under the auspices of the French organization known as La Renaissance des Cités, which is seeking to have spring up on the ruins of northern France communities which shall combine modernity with the charm that is so striking a characteristic of French towns many centuries old. Concerning its work, the writer says:

> La Renaissance des Cités has already helped over 200 towns in northern France to prepare reconstruction plans. In addition, it is doing educational work of various kinds in the rest of the communities in the devastated lands — aggregating about 2,400.
>
> In order to further the work of reconstruction, La Renaissance des Cités decided to create a model village. After studying over 1,500 towns and villages throughout the devastated areas, it finally selected the village of Pinon, on account of its having a population typical of northern France, both from the farming and industrial points of view, and also on account of its being near Paris on direct rail and road routes, which will make it easy of access both to Frenchmen and foreign visitors.
>
> Pinon was completely destroyed in the war. At least one member of practically every family that lived there before the war has returned, to live in some sort of hastily built shack, waiting for the old homes to be rebuilt. At first most of the natives did not favor the idea of having Pinon used as a model village, but after long discussions they decided to let La Renaissance des Cités create one for them. The general plans were drawn up by Charles Abella, a winner of the much-coveted Prix de Rome in architecture. An American committee has been formed to get funds from the United States to be expended in the reconstruction of Pinon. This committee has representatives in many large American cities. The committee plans to turn over to the French organization an amount sufficient not only to rebuild one devastated town, but to provide a number of homeless war victims with permanent shelter.

The planners continue with their work, but some of the old natives are reluctant to take up these "newfangled fads." Among communities showing this sentiment, the writer says:

> A typical instance is Bapaume, before the war one of the most beautiful towns of northern France, now utterly ruined as a result of the terrible experiences through which it passed while Allies and Germans were locked in their deadly struggle. As soon as the armistice was signed, Mr. Gaston Stenne, mayor of Bapaume, said to his fellow citizens:
>
> "Our city has been completely destroyed. We must rebuild it in its entirety. Our old town, so dear to our hearts, had its blemishes. Let us profit from the opportunity which is presented to us; let us rebuild a new town, with wide avenues, well-lighted houses; a city abundantly provided with water and light."
>
> The mayor then suggested that Bapaume be rebuilt on a site 500 meters from the old. He advocated having, in the center of this new town, a great hexagonal space around which were to be grouped the City Hall, post-office, schools, etc., and toward which all the principal avenues were to converge.
>
> "No more crooked streets!" he said. "No more unhealthy lodgings! Bapaume must be a model town."
>
> Some received this idea with enthusiasm; others, however, began to grumble. It would mean wasting a lot of good land, they said; it would upset the habits formed by centuries.
>
> So the mayor compromised by suggesting the rebuilding of Bapaume on its old site, but in such a way as to do away with the defects of the old town—narrow, tortuous streets, insanitary houses, and the rest. But here, too, he ran against the rock of prejudice. His scheme of widening streets and squares naturally entailed encroachment upon abutting property. Again the conservatives of Bapaume grumbled.
>
> "Am I to understand, M. le Maire, the site of my old shop is to be swallowed up by these improvements?" inquired one merchant.
>
> "Yes," said the mayor, "but you can set up your shop elsewhere. Think of the good of the whole community!"
>
> The merchant shook his head.
>
> "Can't see it," he growled. "It won't be the same thing. You might give me premises four times as large somewhere else, yet I might not do such a good business as I did at my little corner store before the war." And others took up the refrain.
>
> It is the same in other towns of northern France.
>
> "The day you come here to tear down this shack," some have remarked, "I'll get my gun, and— Well, let the first man who touches this house of mine look out for himself!"



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HOW SHOULD A UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR LIVE?

AS a nation, we are now "in society," and have been, estimating conservatively, for the past two decades. Therefore the manner in which a diplomatic representative of the country abroad lives is in importance secondary only to the manner in which he comports himself. Incidentally, the new ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Col. George B. McClellan Harvey, has been quoted as saying that during his tenure of office he is going to live and comport himself "dry." That was not exactly the idea of our first and most efficient diplomatic representative abroad, Benjamin Franklin, who had no noticeable puritanism. He courted the women's influence of the time in another way, making himself highly agreeable, using ladies' society for his own entertainment and his nation's welfare. The very simplicity of his attire and abode was studied. His appearance corresponded with the Parisian ideal of an apostle of freedom and democracy. He charmed the French with his wit, giving them something to repeat and something to anticipate. In working for practical aid he emphasized the idea of French chivalry. Then Adams, just as good a man and patriot as Franklin, was sent over to help, but, being insular and puritanical, and incapable of grasping mental processes, he harped on the opportunity of injuring England and came uncomfortably close to upsetting all of Franklin's work. But that was a matter of nearly a century and a half ago. Franklin's woolen stockings and thick shoes might not be so effective now. We are no longer a novelty to Europe.

With the early life of the Republic we are inclined to associate the idea of Jeffersonian simplicity in all forms, yet in 1817 the accepted uniform of the American diplomatic service was as follows: Blue coat lined with white silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single-breasted, straight or round buttonholes, slightly embroidered; buttons plain, or, if they can be had, with the artillerist's eagle stamped upon them, *i.e.*, an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons; cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cashmere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings and gold or gilt shoe-buckles. A three-cornered *chapeau bras*, not so large as those worn by the French nor so small as those worn by the English. A black cockade to which, lately, an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding. Then Andrew Jackson became President, and the uniform was modified for economy and to be better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions," and finally, in 1853, there went forth the recommendation to ministers to confine themselves to the "simple dress of an American citizen," a recommendation which, we are told, produced "a terrible uproar in Europe."

But although the matter of dress has been settled, there has always remained the matter of style and expense of living to stir up periodic controversy. That has been especially the case where it has been a matter of our representative in England. The ambassadorial salary of $17,500 a year does not go very far nowadays. With the ambassadorship of Whitelaw Reid, which began in 1905, under President Roosevelt's second administration, our representative was, practically for the first time in the history of the Republic, housed in a manner to place him on a par, if not a little above, the representatives of the other Great Powers. On the recommendation of John Hay, Mr. Reid leased Dorchester House as a residence, and if he did not pay more rent than twice the sum total of his salary, the owner, Major Holford, did not receive three per cent. on the value of the property. As might have been expected, there was in the United States considerable criticism. What President Roosevelt thought of this criticism is set forth in the following characteristic letter, to be found in Royal Cortissoz's recent "Life of Whitelaw Reid" (Scribners).

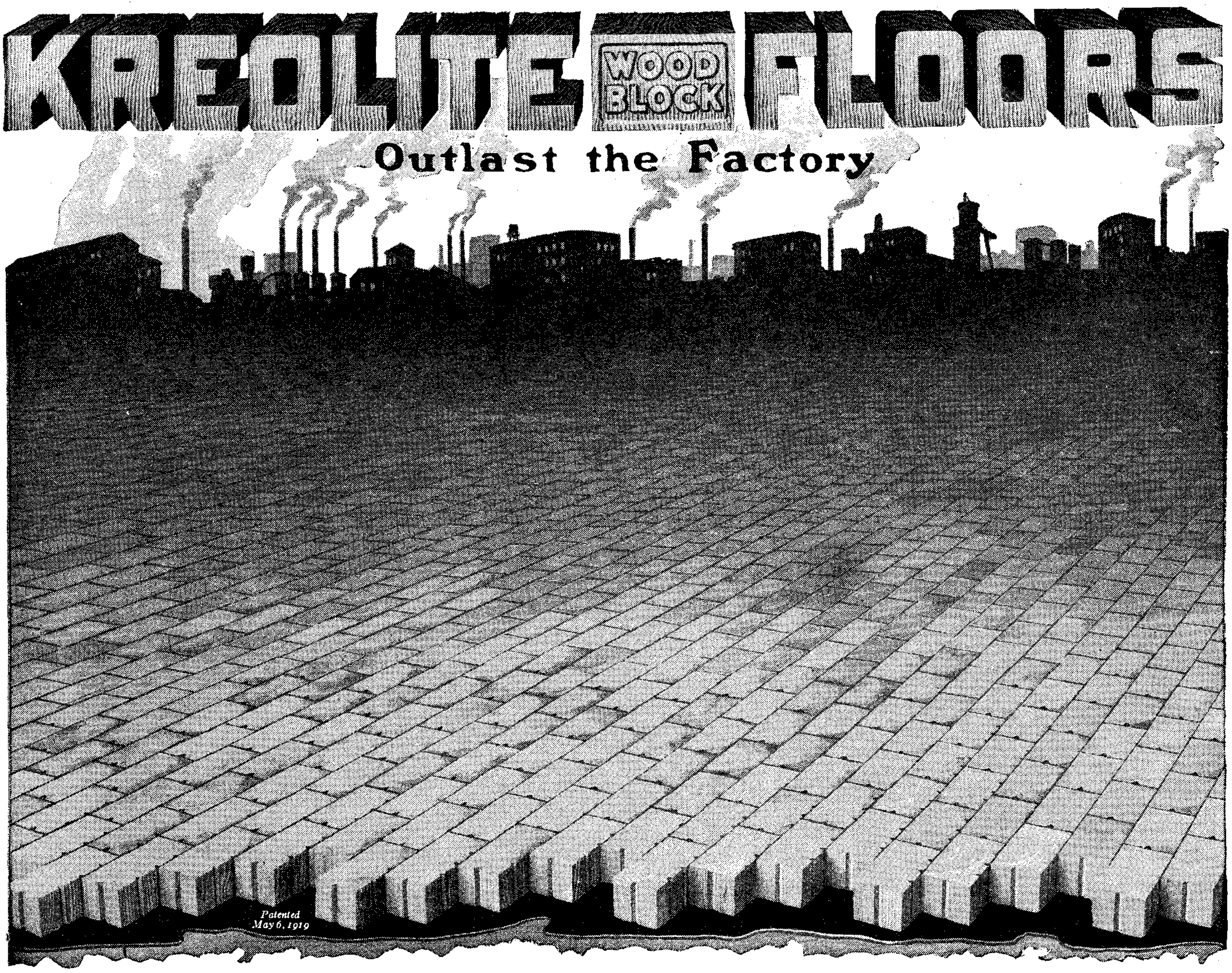
November 13, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

As for those criticisms of your method of life—all I hope is that they bother you as little as they bother me. I think a man should live in such a position as he has been accustomed to live. It is as it is with my Cabinet here. If I found just the right man for a Cabinet position and he happened to be a poor man, I should not in the least object to his living in the hall bedroom of a boarding-house. On the contrary, I should be rather pleased at it. On the other hand, as Root can afford a big house and can afford to entertain, I think it would be rather shabby, rather mean, if he lived in a way that would be quite proper for others—that would, for instance, be quite proper for me if I were in the Cabinet. I never feel in the least embarrassed because at Sagamore Hill, at my house, we have a maid to wait on the table, and open the door, instead of having a butler. I should feel nothing but scornful amusement for any man who felt that such method of living was improper for a President or Cabinet officer; but I should have exactly the same feeling for the critic who objected to a rich man who was doing his full duty living as he had the right to live.

This is simply an application of the doctrine that I am trying to preach to my countrymen every day, and which is the direct reverse of the doctrine preached by fool revolutionists like Maxim Gorki. Ophir Hill is as different from Sagamore Hill as Sagamore Hill is different from the house of Captain Joe-Bill Underhill, the bayman, and a brother member of mine in Matinecock Lodge of Masons. My creed is that it would be quite as criminal for the owner of the big house to look down upon the owner of the middle-sized house as for the latter to look down upon the owner of the small house; and on the other hand exactly as criminal to feel jealousy on the ascending scale as arrogance on the descending scale; while it would be a piece of utter demagogic silliness for you to live as I live or for me to live as Captain Joe-Bill lives. And no man has the spirit of Americanism in him who would be guilty of such silliness.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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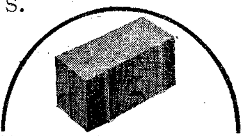

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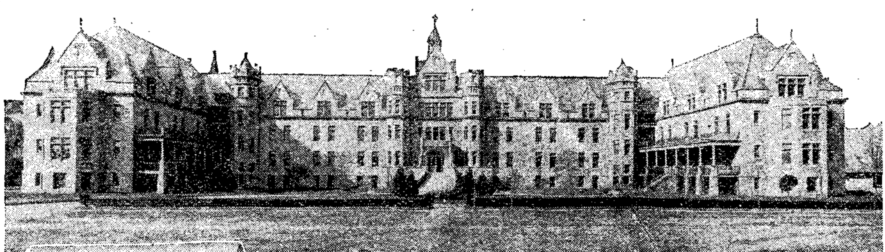

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The practical features are under the guidance of engineers—trained men whose code is *efficiency*. As to thoroughness in supervising the work, we quote a typical letter from a client—"You displayed a deep and conscientious attention to every detail of construction from the beginning until the completion of the building."

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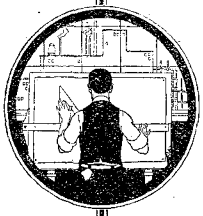

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

OUT OF THE WAR'S TURMOIL

"SOMETIMES it was ugly, sometimes beautiful, but always the city was powerful, significant, important. It was a vast melting-pot. Through its gates came alike the hopeful and the hopeless, the dreamers and those who would destroy those dreams. From all over the world there came men who sought a chance to labor. They came in groups, anxious and dumb, carrying with them their pathetic bundles and shepherded by men with cunning eyes.

"Raw material, for the crucible of the city, as potentially powerful as the iron ore which entered the city by the same gate.

"The city took them in, gave them sanctuary, and forgot them. But the shepherds with the cunning eyes remembered."

. . . .

It was in this city that Lily Cardew, returning from work at an army camp, watched such a line of men pass by, with a newly developed interest in people. She was twenty, and until her year at camp, when she had matured greatly, had been kept in ignorance of the big things of life.

There are many characters in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "A Poor Wise Man" (Doran, New York) whose lives are linked with that of Lily Cardew, "the last of the Cardews." There is old Anthony Cardew, her grandfather, a great power in the steel industry, "an aristocrat, an autocrat, and a survival. . . . He had one fetish, power. And one pride, his line." There is her father, Howard, not a bright man, but of great, quiet strength, and her mother, Grace, with "years of ironing the wrinkles out of life, of smoothing the difficulties between old Anthony and Howard, and now a third generation to contend with." There is Pink Denslow—"A pleasant cumberer of the earth, he had wrapt his talents in a napkin and buried them by the wayside, and promptly forgotten where they were. He was to find them later on, however, not particularly rusty, and he increased them rather considerably before he got through." Lily had to keep him from proposing to her. And there is Willy Cameron, a friend of Lily's camp days, who has left his country home and is working in the Eagle Pharmacy, making many friends.

"The Eagle Pharmacy had always been the neighborhood club, but with the advent of Willy Cameron it was attaining a new popularity. The roundsman on the beat dropt in, the political boss of the ward, named Hendricks, Doctor Smalley, the young physician who lived across the street, and others. . . . . .

"'Going to watch this boy,' Hendricks confided to Doctor Smalley a night or two after Lily's return, meeting him outside. 'He sure can talk.'

"Doctor Smalley grinned.

"'He can read my writing, too, which is more than I can do myself. What do *you* mean, watch him?'

"But whatever his purposes Mr. Hendricks kept them to himself. A big, burly man with a fund of practical good sense and a keen knowledge of men, he had gained a small but loyal political following. He was a retired master plumber with a small income from careful investments, and he had a curious, almost fanatic, love for the city."

On Lily's first day home, she was thinking of those delightful days in the Red Cross hut where she and Willy worked, for Willy couldn't get in the Army—he was slightly lame.

"'I am a rising young man' (he had said one day), 'and my voice may some day be heard in the land. Sometimes I feel the elements of greatness in me, sweet child. You haven't happened to notice it yourself, have you?'

"He had gazed at her with solemn anxiety through the smoke of his pipe, and had grinned when she remained silent.

"Lily drew a long breath. All that delightful fooling was over; the hard work was over. . . . Gone, too, were the hours when Willy sank into the lowest abyss of depression over his failure to be a fighting man.

"'But you are doing your best for your country,' she would say.

"'I'm not fighting for it or getting smashed up for it. I don't want to be a hero, but I'd like to have had one good bang at them before I quit.'

"Once she had found him in the hut, with his head on a table. He said he had a toothache.

"Well, that was all over. She was back in her grandfather's house, and—"

The next day she made a forbidden visit to her Aunt Elinor. Elinor had run away and married the avowed Socialist, but secret "Red," Jim Doyle, who had a lifelong grudge for old Anthony. Anthony had received two notes from Doyle. One, after his imprisonment, said: "There are worse things than death." The other, after Elinor's marriage: "I always pay my debts." It was revenge, for tho Doyle was not kind or true to her, Elinor loved him and was faithful to him.

At Elinor's house, Lily met Louis Akers.

Akers at first tried to interest Lily simply because she was a woman, and young, and a possible recruit. One day, while driving her home, he suddenly stopt the car and kissed her roughly and violently, again and again. At first he refused to apologize, but later—

"They were halted by the traffic, and it gave him a chance to say something he had been ingeniously formulating in his mind. 'I've known lots of girls. I'm no saint. But you are different. You're a good woman. You could do anything you wanted with me, if you cared to.'

"And because she was young and lovely, and because he was always the slave of youth and beauty, he meant what he said. It was a lie, but he was lying to himself also, and his voice held unmistakable sincerity. But even then he was watching her, weighing the effect of his words on her. He saw that she was touched."

Willy Cameron, too, was in love with Lily. He had not intended telling her, but one night, when she jokingly threatened to marry him, she was startled by the look on his face.

"'You see, I happen to care.'

"'Willy!'

"'It won't hurt you to know, altho I hadn't meant to tell you. And of course, you know, I am not asking you to marry me. Only I'd like you to feel that you can count on me, always. The one person a woman can count on is the man who loves her.'

"And after a little silence:

"'You see, I know you are not in love with me. I cared from the beginning, but I always knew that.'

"'I wish I did.' She was rather close to tears. She had not felt at all like that with Pink. But, altho she knew he was

MONROE

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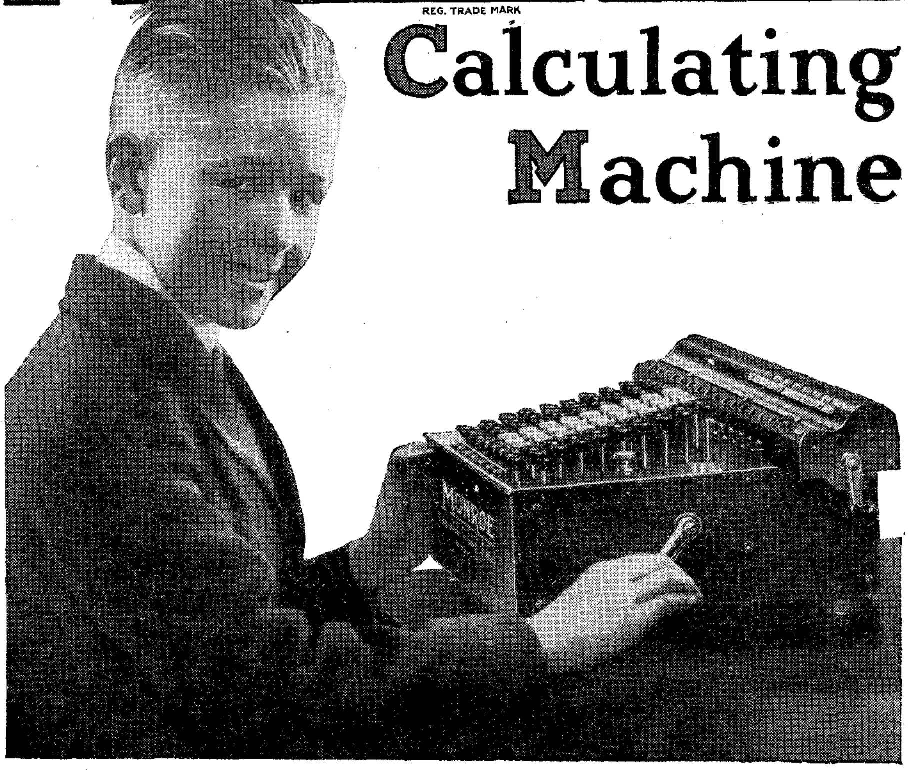

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Member of the National Association of Office Appliance Manufacturers

A. STEIN & CO. (manufacturers of Paris Garters) write: "By using the Monroe, a few turns forward with the crank for multiplication and addition, and a backward turn or two for division and subtraction, and the answer is obtained—no setting of levers, no complicated operations, nor the worry that you have made a mental slip in pressing the keys. The entire load is placed upon the machine."

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ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Clean White Teeth

Clean white teeth add much to the charm of men, women and children.

The use of soft foods, rapid eating and imperfect mastication, by checking the flow of saliva, are depriving the teeth of nature's cleanser.

The use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and before retiring, by stimulating the flow of saliva, will help to preserve the beauty and strength of the teeth.

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CHICLE

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

suffering, his quietness deceived her. . . . Perhaps, had he shown more hurt, he would have made it seem more real to her. But he was frightfully anxious not to cause her pain.'"

Meanwhile, events of importance were taking place in the city. The time was approaching for the election of a new mayor. Howard Cardew was running, with small chance of winning. Louis Akers had announced his candidacy, and organize labor was behind him to an alarming extent. And to combat this, Hendricks with Willy Cameron, and the forces he represented. Willy was making speeches every night.

"'Sometimes,' he said, 'I am asked what it is that we want, we men who are standing behind Hendricks as an independent candidate. . . . I answer that want honest government, law and ord an end to this conviction that the country is owned by the unions and the capitalists, a fair deal for the plain people, which is you and I, my friends. But I answer still further, we want one thing more, a greater thing, and that thing we shall have. All through this great country to-night are groups of men hoping and planning for an incredible thing. They are not great in numbers; they are, however, organized, competent, intelligent, and deadly. They plow the land with discord to sow the seeds of sedition. And the thing they want is civil war.

"'And against them, what? The people like you and me; the men with homes they love; the men with little businesses they have fought and labored to secure; the clerks, the preachers, the doctors, the honest laborers, the God-fearing rich. I te you, we are the people, and it is time knew our power.

"'And this is the thing we want, we the people; the greater thing, the thing we shall have; that this government, this count which we love, which has three times bee saved at such cost of blood, shall survive.'"

The strike that had so long been expected had come at last. Not all the mills had closed, but the great Cardew organization was completely shut down. On the whole, the strike proceeded quietly, but at the plants at Baxter and Friendship there was some rioting. Jim Doyle and his Bolshevik agents were waiting for "the day"—a typically Prussian phrase—when the men's savings should be used up, and then they were ready to call for a general strike—and anarchy.

"Openly, and yet with infinite caution, was spread the doctrine of no God, of no government, and of no church; of the confiscation of private property; of strikes and unrest; of revolution, rape, arson, and pillage."

Pink Denslow and Willy Cameron had by this time formed a firm friendship. Sometimes Willy spent an evening at Pink's club, where he found a group of young men eager, loyal, and struggling with the new problems of the day. It was there that Willy broached the subject of a secret Vigilance Committee, and when it was formed, found himself the exalted and humble head.

"Then and there, in twenty words, Willy Cameron wrote the now historic oath of the new Vigilance Committee on the back of an old envelop. It was a promise, an agreement, rather than an oath. There was a little hush as the paper passed from hand to hand. Not a man there but felt a certain solemnity in the occasion. To preserve the Union and the flag, to fight all sedition, to love their country and to support it; the very simplicity of the words was impressive. And the mere putting of it into visible form crystallized their hitherto vague anxieties, pointed to a real enemy and a real danger. Yet, as Willy Cameron pointed out, they might never be needed."

Lily continued to go to Elinor Doyle's house and to see Louis Akers. In anger, her grandfather refused her home if she would not give them up. So she went to live with Elinor, and it was then that she became engaged to Akers. He fascinated yet repelled her. When he promised to "cut the whole outfit," Doyle and the others, and go over to the other side, he gave her "a sense of power over him and over evil. She felt suddenly an enormous responsibility, that of a human soul waiting to be uplifted and led aright."

Cameron had found out that Akers was responsible for the condition of a girl in whom he was interested. He sought Akers out at his apartment, and—

"Some time later Mr. William Wallace Cameron descended to the street. He wore his coat-collar turned up to conceal the absence of certain articles of wearing apparel which he had mysteriously lost. And he wore, too, a somewhat distorted, grim, and entirely complacent smile."

That night the forces of evil broke loose, even before the signal by the leaders. They bombed the Denslow Bank and the City Club. When Lily understood, she left the Doyle house. In the paper she read of an attack on Akers "by two masked men," and went to him. Akers insisted upon her marrying him at once, and in their own suite at a hotel in the city the ceremony was performed.

When Willy learned, later that evening, that she had left Doyle's house and had not returned home, he found her and told her the truth. And then, disillusioned, she returned home, to realize that Akers would always shut off certain things from her life.

. . . .

Elinor Doyle no longer loved her husband. For many months she had been waiting, waiting for a chance to escape from her house with the information she had of the coming revolution. Then, the night Hendricks was elected mayor, Doyle taunted her with the exact date of the uprising. That night she escaped, at great cost to herself, and turned over the information she had to Cameron.

The general strike occurred two days later, at midday. At first it seemed that it would not succeed. The municipal employees remained faithful, and the city had light. But in the night a concerted movement started out in the country, moving toward the city limits. In the fighting that followed, old Anthony Cardew was killed. And Akers, from what motive no one knew, came over to the side of the defense, but while Willy was taking him to the mayor's office, "the sharp crack of a revolver rang out, and he whirled, in time to see Louis Akers fall forward on his face and lie still."

"By eleven o'clock the revolution was over. Sodden groups of men, thoroughly cowed and frightened, were on their way by back roads to the places they had left a few hours before. They had no longer dreams of empire. . . . They had failed."

. . . .

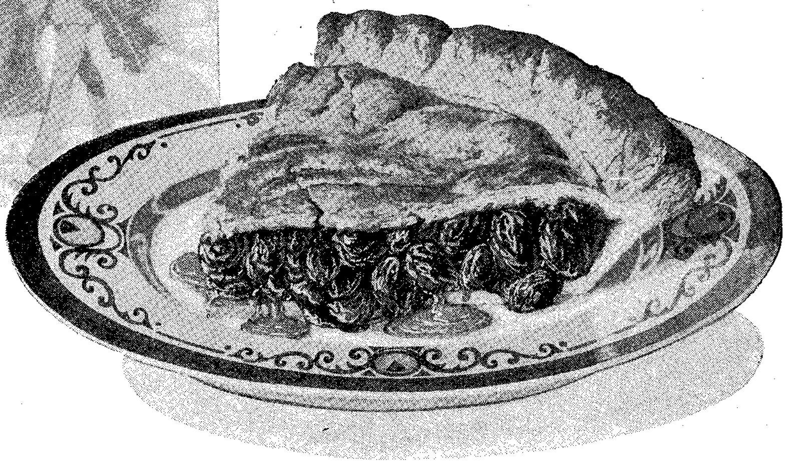
It fell to Willy to tell Lily of Akers's death, and a little later he had his reward, and "gathered her close in his arms."

"On the evening of Thanksgiving day

Raisins—a "Beauty Food"

It is iron in the blood—a tiny supply of it daily—that helps to bring the bloom of youth to women's and children's cheeks.

Raisins, rich in immediately assimilable iron, therefore may be called a "beauty food." Eat raisins daily and be sure that you get all the iron you need.



The Luscious "Energy Dessert"

Serve to tired men at dinner

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups cold water
4 tablespoons corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Cover raisins with one cup water and bring slowly to boiling point. Mix corn starch, salt and sugar with remaining cup water and add to boiling raisins, stirring constantly. Allow to boil ten minutes. Add lemon juice and rind and pour into pastry-lined pie pan. Cover with pastry. Put into very hot oven, decreasing the heat after ten minutes of baking. Bake until brown.

Pie Crust

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour and salt together; add shortening, rub in very lightly with tips of fingers; add a little very cold water, just enough to hold together. The less you handle the dough the better the crust will be, and if made as the recipe tells, it will be a very dry crust.

Try a raisin pie tonight—made according to the recipe at the left.

See how delighted your men folks will be. And note how it "sets them up" in spirit and in strength after a hard day's work.

They'll be surprised to feel the energy and new vigor which are almost immediately imparted through the raisins.

Raisins are nature's own confection in a pie—sweet, tender and delicious. The juice forms a luscious pie sauce. It's an epicurean dessert.

Try it now. Learn what *real* raisin pie is like. Every first-class baker has this pie.

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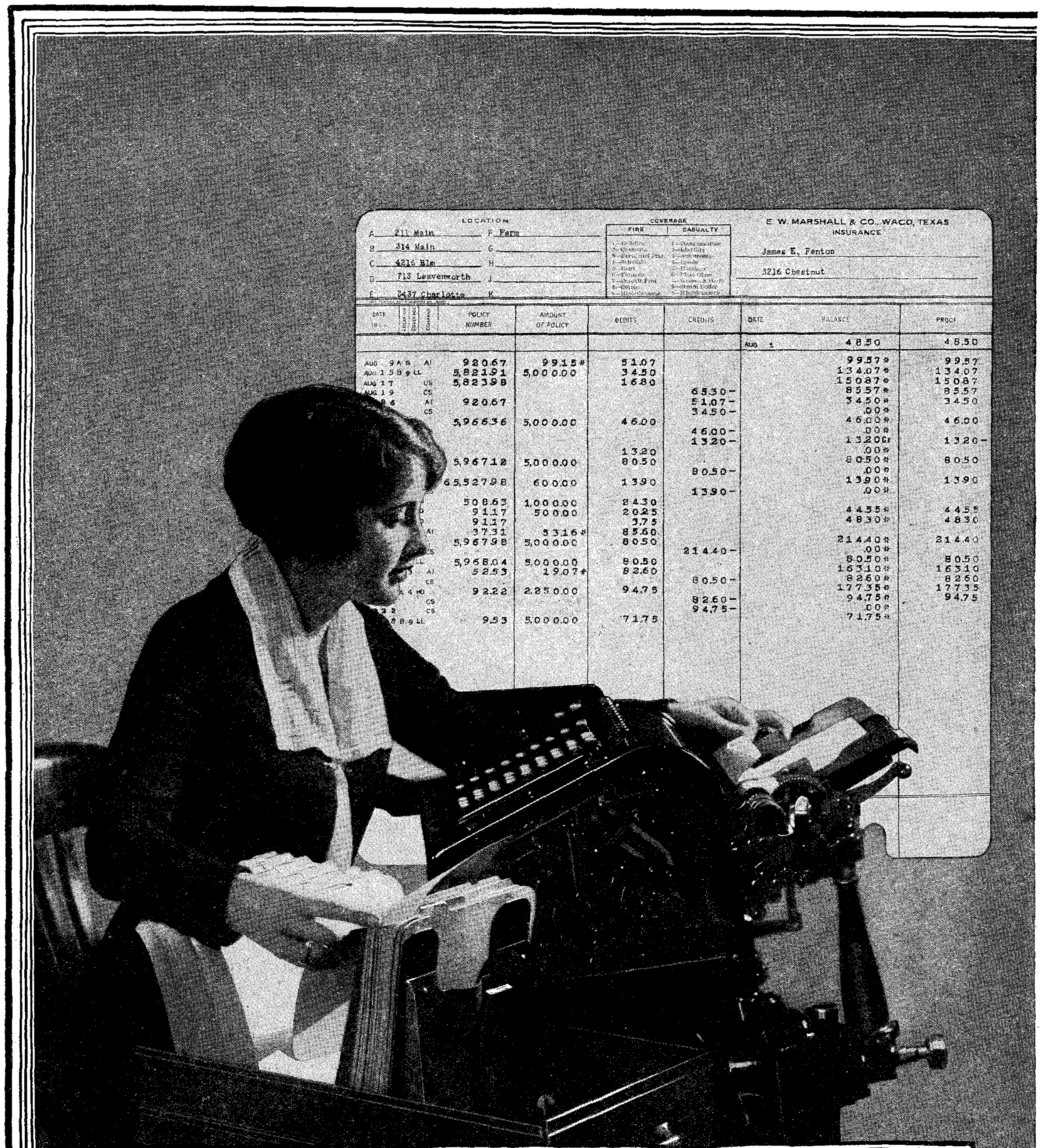
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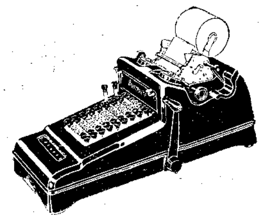

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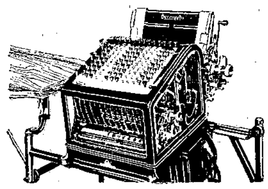

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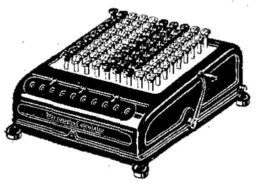

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Burroughs

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

Bookkeeping by Symbols

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To E. W. Marshall the line printed above says as plainly as if written out in full:

"On August 15th, we billed James E. Fenton $34.50 premium for $5,000 fire insurance, miscellaneous coverage on property located at 314 Main St., Waco, Texas, policy number 582191 of the London, Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company. Mr. Fenton's account in full to date shows that he owes $134.07."

GET THE POINT? Big saving of time by using symbols and a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine instead of writing out entries in full on the ledger.

You don't have to be in the insurance business to make use of these short cuts. In virtually every line of business Burroughs users have found the machine method the quickest, most economical and most satisfactory way to post ledgers and statements. Symbols and codes serve to make every entry clear and understandable.

On the opposite page is a reproduction of the ledger page devoted to James E. Fenton's account. The heading of the page carries a code, keying location and coverage. A single letter indicates the location of property. This is entered in the first column to the right of date. The "9" shows that the coverage is "Miscellaneous," the "LL" stands for London, Liverpool and Globe Ins. Co., and the fact that it is in this column instead of the next shows that it is Fire instead of Casualty insurance.

A similar code is printed on bill heads and statements so that it is perfectly simple for customers to read them. The Burroughs machine is supplied with the necessary special characters.

Before the machine was purchased Mr. Marshall had not been able to get a trial balance for four months and for several years statements were not mailed until after the fifth of each month.

Now *one bookkeeper* does the work that *three* did formerly; each account is balanced automatically as fast as entries are made. It takes only one day to prepare 800 statements and they are always out on the first. An entire month's posting is done with the Burroughs in about six days.

"It has reduced our bookkeeping expense $275.00 a month," Mr. Marshall writes, "and if we were forced to return to the old method now it would cost us $500.00 to get the work done."

Miss Johnson who operates the Burroughs Machine also adds a good word: "I could not do without it. The machine system has made my work 100 per cent easier and it is so simple any member of the office force can determine the status of any account as readily as I can myself."

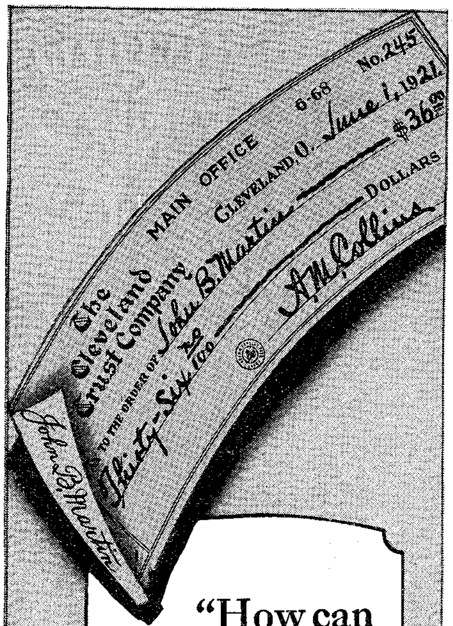
Call in a Burroughs man and let him look over your books with you. Perhaps some such system will save you work and worry.

The A B C of Business

Besides Bookkeeping Machines, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company manufactures Adding and Calculating Machines in many styles and sizes among which can be found a machine that will fit the needs of any business, large or small. Talk it over with your banker (who knows the value of figure records) or call up a Burroughs representative and let him help you with your accounting problems.

Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines


The Cleveland Trust Company
MAIN OFFICE
6-68
No. 245
Cleveland, O. June 1, 1921
Pay to the order of John B. Martin
$36 50
Thirty-Six 50/100
DOLLARS
A.M. Collins
John B. Martin

"How can I protect my checks against alteration?"

That question has been answered for you by the best authorities—by the thousands of banks and trust companies which print their checks on

National Safety Paper

The chemical qualities of this paper make it impossible for anyone to alter the writing with acid, eraser or knife—a glaring white stain betrays the change. All of the writing on both sides of the check is protected—amount, payee's name, date and endorsements.

Your bank will furnish checks on National Safety Paper, if you ask for them. If you buy your own checks, specify it to your printer. You can identify National Safety Paper by the distinctive wave lines shown in the border of this advertisement.

Write for our book "The Protection of Checks"

George La Monte & Son
61 Broadway, New York
Founded 1871

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

there was an air of represt excitement about the Cardew house. . . . The organist sat at the great organ behind the staircase, waiting. He was playing very softly, with his eyes turned up. He had played the same music many times before, and always felt very solemn, as one who makes history.

. . . .

"Willy Cameron stood at the foot of the staircase, looking up."

A LEGACY OF THE BORGIAS

RARELY will you meet a pleasanter company than had gathered at the charming old place, Chadlands, in Suffolk, to enjoy the shooting and each other's company for a few days in the early autumn a year after the ending of the Great War. There was the host himself, fine type of the English baronet, Sir Walter Lennox, loving his land, generous to his tenants, honest, manly, and attractive, unspoiled by his great wealth; there was his nephew, Henry Lennox, tall, big of shoulder, blond, a youngster of fire and imagination, who had come through the war without winning any distinction, but with a record of long and dreary duty faithfully done, illness borne as cheerfully as might be—and the loss of the one love of his life, his cousin Mary, Sir Walter's daughter, who, herself a Red-Cross nurse during the years of fighting, had fallen in love with, and was now married to, a naval officer, Captain Tom May, who had been severely wounded at Jutland. These two, lovers still, were also of the house party, Mary a girl of a simple and direct character, with much charm and a face so pleasant that it seemed lovely, though not truly a beautiful one. May was a true sailor, hot-tempered, gay, fine, quick of spirit, best of friends, and an ardent lover, with a brown beard that well became his tanned face, lighted by brilliant black eyes. A strong man, incapable of fear, full of fun and love of life, a most likable man. He and Lennox had become friends, in spite of the fact that Mary had chosen May against the wooing of her cousin. No hard feeling stained the spirit of the younger man, for he was able to be glad of Mary's happiness and to conceal his own suffering. With these, there were perhaps a half dozen more of men and women, each well off in this world's possessions, each well-bred, pleasant, each one known to the others, each feeling the joy of the release from war's anxiety or service, as the case might be.

A jolly, unaffected company, to whom nothing unusual had ever happened, modest and home-loving people to whom the world had been a kind place for generations, and who had never stood in the spotlight or been remarked upon in the papers. Yet, within twelve hours, all this was to be changed. As the story tells us, "they were destined to endure an occurrence so astounding and unparalleled that, for once in their lives they would find themselves interesting to the wider world . . . and for their friends a nine days' wonder."

The thing had a trivial beginning. Round the fire, at night, over whisky and sodas, after the talk of the day's sport, some one spoke of ghosts. And Tom May asked his father-in-law to tell the story of the ghost at Chadlands. Some of the company announce their belief in ghosts, others laugh at the notion. One of them proves to be a spiritualist in an amateur way. He wants the story told, of course. Sir Walter is one of the believers. But he has no use for spiritualism. As for the ghost of Chadlands—well, he isn't sure that there is a ghost. But there is a room that has suffered from a bad reputation, and which was never used now except as a sort of store-room for old furniture. It was known as the Gray Room.

What was the matter with the room?

Well, there had been two unexplained deaths in the chamber, one in Sir Walter's father's time, one in his own. These deaths were baffling. In each case the victim was a woman, there was no mark, no apparent cause, nothing to explain decease. No others had occurred, but no one save these two had ever, during the period covered, slept in the Gray Room.

Of course every one is interested. Tom wants to be shown the room, so do all the rest. "Mary showed it to me the first time I came here, and I thought it about the jolliest spot in the house," asserts the sailor. Sir Walter agrees, and cousin Henry, too, who thinks it should be called the Rose Room, not the gray one. And thereupon Sir Walter procures the key, and the whole company go up to view the mysterious chamber.

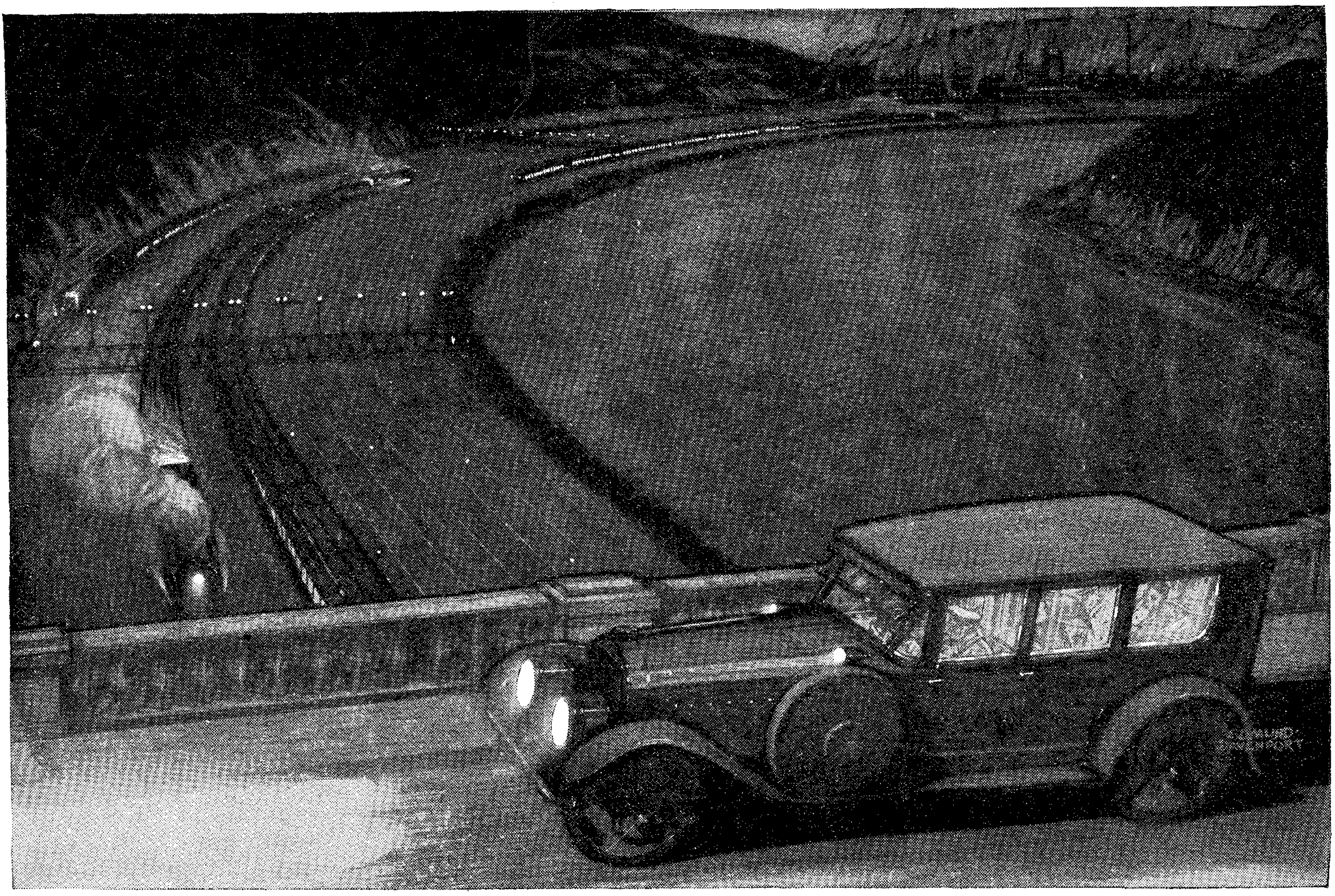
It was a large, lofty chamber "with ceiling of elaborate plaster work and silver-gray walls, the paper on which was somewhat tarnished. A pattern of dim pink roses as large as cabbages ran riot over it. A great oriel window looked east, while a smaller one opened to the south. Round the curve of the oriel ran a cushioned seat, . . . while on the western side of the room was a modern fireplace with a white Adams mantel . . . some old carved chairs . . . two large chests of drawers . . . a very beautiful washstand occupied places round the room, and against the inner wall rose a single four-poster bed of Spanish chestnut, also carved. . . . The apartment was bright and cheerful of aspect . . . with no suggestion of the sinister."

The little group of interested guests exclaims in admiration over the beauty of the room, and especially over the furniture, magnificent antiques, collected, it appears, by a grandfather of Sir Walter. And then Tom May speaks up. He thinks it a shame to give so lovely a room a bad name, asserts that Mary, his wife, loves the chamber, and that the thing to do is to break the ridiculous superstition. He offers to spend the night there and prove to every one that no spook haunts the place.

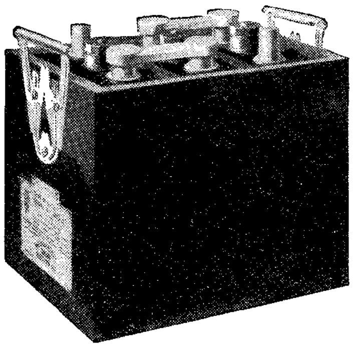
But Sir Walter will not hear of it.

He and the rest of the company, all except May and cousin Henry Lennox, go to bed. These two continue the debate on the room. May still insists he will sleep there. But Lennox wants to sleep there himself. He says that after all it is his job, as inheritor of Chadlands, to see the ghost, if there is one. May claims that the idea was his. After coming close to a quarrel on the matter, Lennox is obliged to yield to May. The latter finally wins his point. But by now Lennox is really anxious, and from laughing at the superstition, he begins to fear for his friend. This only annoys May, who, taking a pistol with him, his dressing-gown and a blanket, bids Lennox good night and enters the fatal room with his lighted candle. The night is still and dark. He composes himself on the bed, with the rolled-up dressing-gown for pillow—then, rising, goes to throw open the oriel window.

In the morning May, still kneeling on the cushioned seat of the window, is found



Answering the needs of Transportation



WHEN travel by steam and electricity grew hazardous, Westinghouse invented the air brake. Safety entered. Then came the development of automatic railway signals. Again Westinghouse pointed the way. The story of Westinghouse is the history of transportation. The building of an automobile battery by Westinghouse was logical—a step to be expected and appreciated.

When the Westinghouse Battery was introduced thousands of motorists bought it on faith. The name Westinghouse was known. This confidence has been justified by both experience and results.

Associated with this battery is a new idea in service—Westinghouse Attention. It is for all makes of batteries. The Westinghouse policy is to extend the life of your present battery and to recommend the purchase of a Westinghouse only when economy dictates. Westinghouse now serves the motorist with a battery and a battery service as it has served the world through its other achievements.

In the Westinghouse Battery, motorists have another Westinghouse triumph. In principle, workmanship and technical parts it is made to give results—best measured by the standards of Westinghouse.

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A Soothing Shave

Plus 4 things more

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

We wanted to give men the benefits of palm and olive oils in shaving.

We knew these softening, soothing oils were the best for the face—for 3,000 years that had been known. But our problem was to apply their balmy blend to a shaving cream.

It was not easy—though we certainly knew soap making well. Our creation of the finest toilet soap known had proved that.

We made up and tested scientifically 130 different kinds of shaving cream. We tested all other known creams, too. We found their virtues and their faults. And step by step, and month by month, we improved our formulas until we seemed to reach perfection in each quality desired.

Formula No. 130 was right

In this formula we found we had at last attained the ideal shaving cream. It proved superior on these tests:

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Just one-half gram—a bit of cream—proves plenty for a luxurious shave.

The oil coating on the beard is removed almost instantly. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water—enough to soften the stubbornest beard. Such quick efficiency is astonishing.

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Millions have already adopted Palmolive Shaving Cream because of these superiorities.

The coupon will bring you a trial tube without cost. You will be delighted with what we accomplish for you.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

stone dead, with not a mark to show how death came. The room smiles in the sunshine of a lovely day; but to the company at Chadlands comes horror and grief. Mary is prostrated, her father frantic. The guests leave as soon as may be. And May's father, a clergyman of a somewhat fanatical type, comes to see his son's body, to conduct the funeral, to try to discover the cause of his death.

He believes that it is an evil spirit, or some soul seeking release, who has thus manifested itself, and that it is for him, a minister of the Lord, to spend the night in prayer in the Gray Room, and to exorcise the thing, be it what it may. But he can not win permission. The rest of the family insist that there is a physical reason for the unexplained death, and get a famous detective from London, a man who had won an international reputation through work with spies during the war, to come down to study the case.

Naturally the detective has no patience with any supernatural theory, nor does he believe the various deaths, long separated as to time, to be connected. He thinks he will find the cause of May's decease outside rather than in the room. Nevertheless, he wishes to give it a thorough examination, and, as he has an hour before luncheon, is left in the room to make his observations by himself. The day is bright and warm, the window open. He proceeds to his work with that thoroughness which marks him.

Luncheon arrives, and young Lennox goes up to summon the eminent professional. He enters the room to find Hardcastle lying on the floor, face down, his arms extended. "Lennox stooped, supported, and turned him over. He was still warm and relaxed in every limb, but quite unconscious and apparently dead. An expression of surprise marked his face, and the corner of each open eye had not yet lost its luster, but the pupil was much dilated."

The complications arising from this second death cause young Lennox to go to London with the body of Hardcastle. Left alone with Mary and her father, the clergyman again insists upon his right to spend the night in the room, and prevails at last upon Sir Walter, who is broken by the tragedies. Mary opposes, but can not affect the result, and old Mr. May is allowed to make his arrangements. He takes his Bible, puts on his ministerial robes, and enters the room, first making the sign of the cross before him. An electric light has been put into the apartment and shone brightly. The clergyman, saying aloud, "Be of good faith," shut the door. The others, who had accompanied him thus far, immediately heard his voice uplifted in prayer. Without, a wild storm raged and beat against the closed windows.

Twice during the night Mary, and Masters, the old servant, visited the door, to hear the steady voice rolling on, to see the light shining under the door. An hour before dawn it was still to be heard.

In the morning, however, the Reverend Septimus May is dead. He lay in a huddled heap, but his countenance was calm, without any expression upon it other than one of peace.

This climax made the Gray Room known all over England. Detectives came in companies, and four of them spent the night in the room, seated in the four carved chairs, pistols in hand. Nothing occurred. Nothing was discovered. The mystery remained a mystery. No one could tell how young May, in the joyous height of his manhood, how the shrewd master detective or the devoted clergyman had died. But dead they were. And the Gray Room was closed while the desolate Mary and her father leave Chadlands for a stay on the Continent.

There is an explanation, of course. It is a wonderful one, but it is complete, satisfactory, and picturesque. It links hands with the remote past, and if it was not a ghost who killed in the Gray Room, yet certainly it was the hand of a dead man who committed the murders. To tell it, however, would spoil the book for intending readers, and out of deference to them we withhold the secret, and others may invent it for themselves.

"The Grey Room." By Eden Phillpotts. The MacMillan Co.)

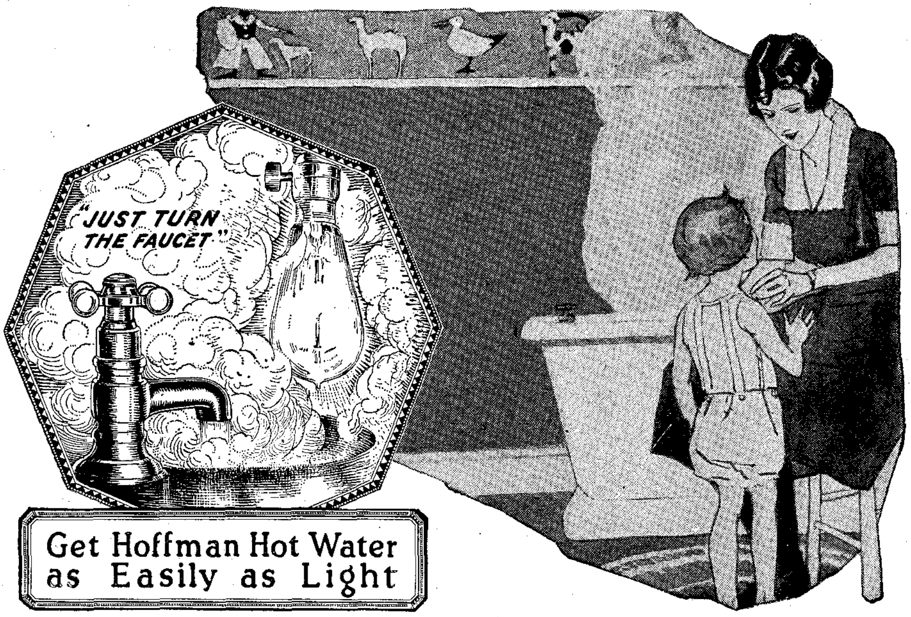
THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T

DO you think that nothing ever happens in a New-England village? That the dramatic issues of life are confined to large cities? Step with me into the little Vermont town of Ashley and follow the life of Marise Crittenden, chief figure in Dorothy Canfield Fisher's latest novel, "The Brimming Cup" (Harcourt & Brace), and learn your mistake.

The story opens on a March afternoon that happens to be a sort of milestone in Mrs. Neale Crittenden's tranquil existence, for on that day her youngest child has gone to school for the first time with his older brother and sister, his babyhood ended, his boyhood begun. On this pleasant afternoon two men are calling on Mrs. Crittenden, waiting for her to come down, and Vincent Marsh, the younger of the two, is frankly expressing his surprise at the evidences of good taste shown in the furniture and prints of the unpretending little parlor. The elder of the two men, Mr. Ormsbee Welles, has been pensioned by the business firm he has served so long and so faithfully; the little house next the Crittendens has been bought for him, and he, a real lover of country life, is looking forward with delight to his own house and garden. Marsh, tho a much younger man, has been his friend for a long time, and has come to help Welles settle in his new home, and both are agreeably surprised to find an intelligent, cultivated woman like Mrs. Crittenden established as a neighbor.

Neale Crittenden has inherited from an uncle a small wood-working mill in the village of Ashley, an industry which affords steady work to a number of men so limited that he is able to know each and all of them. The farmers in the neighborhood are an intelligent set, and so, tho there is no society to be found there in the common acceptation of the word, there is plenty of human interest, and Marise finds people to like and things to do outside of her home. For one thing, she is an accomplished musician, and has established a sort of choral society that is a great resource in the winter. Her husband is a man of force and integrity who wields an influence for good in public matters; her children are clever and affectionate; her lines seem to be laid in pleasant places.

Years before, just after they were engaged, Neale and Marise had had an earnest conversation in which Marise, who had seen marital unhappiness in the case of her own father and mother, had urged upon her lover the necessity of their always being true to the best there was in them. In the face of such love as theirs it seemed almost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Hot Water! Instantly!

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Hot water in unlimited quantities, pure and clear. Water that is heated *but once*, at the time you use it. No mounting charges for gas to heat unused water. No waiting, no annoyances of any kind.

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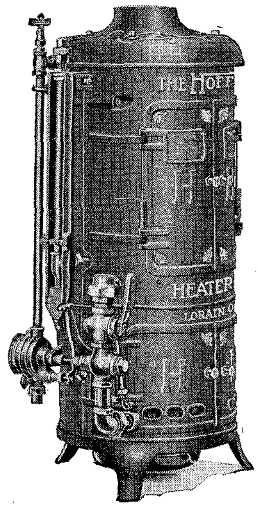

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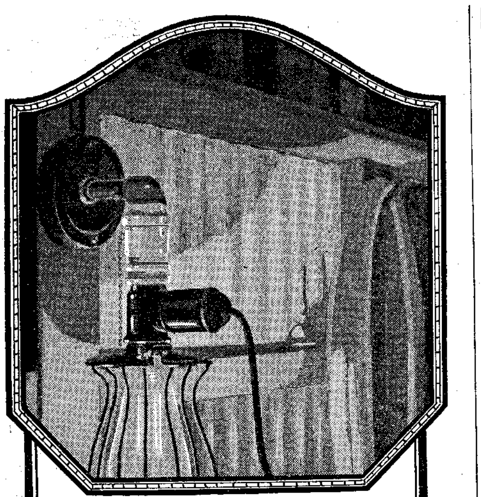

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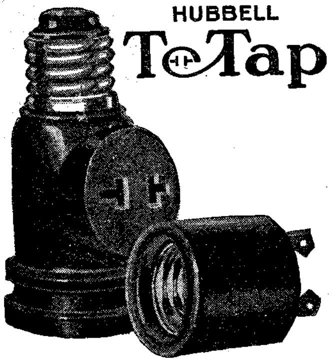

Your dealer can show you this and 9 other devices in the Hubbell Te-Tap-Ten. Each will make your present electrical equipment so much easier to use. Write Dept. A for a copy of "What is the Hubbell Te-Tap-Ten?"

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All Standard Plugs-Caps Fit HUBBELL Te-Taps

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absurd to think there could ever be any great divergence of spirit between them, but Marise had seen the happiness of a home wrecked and knew the dangers life held. To her the only safety lay in absolute fidelity to truth and integrity, and this she impressed upon Neale with all the force of conviction.

And so they were married and came to this quiet New-England village, where Neale's business lay, and where, at the opening of the story, they had lived for eleven years. It is a critical moment in Marise's life though she is unaware of it. She is at the height of her mental powers and at the maturity of her physical charm. Her children no longer need the constant care of infancy, and she has more leisure for her books and music. Just at this moment fate throws Vincent Marsh in her way, a clever man, traveled, cultivated, and agreeable, but a consummate egoist, and possest of an absolute selfishness which is masked by his pleasant manners. Marsh is strongly attracted by Marise and she by him. His intelligence, appreciation, and brilliant powers of conversation all charm the woman who for some years has been cut off from everything of the sort. Her life at the moment seems a little empty, her husband is more or less absorbed in his business, and to add to her danger circumstances throw a slight doubt upon his entire integrity. Marsh's admiration becomes more marked, and finally culminates in a scene where he begs her to come away with him, promising her a life free from care, in which she will have opportunity to develop her powers to their utmost, to live free from any drudgery, to see and experience only what is beautiful.

The moment has its temptations, more those of the fancy than the heart, but not in vain has Marise cultivated during the past few years the habit of looking at things as they are and striving always for the truth. Facing the situation with searching analysis, she sees that what Marsh can do for her is to give her back passion, something she thought she had left behind her. "She could have it again; with a grown woman's strength and depth of feeling, she could have the inheritance of youth." And then little flaws in Marsh's reasoning present themselves. Was it really growth and expansion of the soul that he was offering her? No, it was not. Were the people who led these care-free lives more beautiful in character than those of whom circumstances demanded service? Emphatically, no! And so, through further self-examination, Marise comes to a decision, not the one Marsh had hoped for. "Neale had opened the door so that she could go away from him if that was what she needed, or go back to stand at his side; and through the open door had come the flood of sunlight which had shown her that she could not go back to stand by his side because she had been there all the time."

While the chief interest of the story lies in the situation in which Marsh and Marise are placed, there is much besides. The author is a skilled delineator of New-England rural life and character, and her scenes and people are well drawn and lifelike. A delightful chapter describing a dance at one of the farmhouses with one of the young men "calling off" will stir the recollections of many of New-England blood; the true tragic note is struck in a dark story of jealousy and hate, culminating in murder.

SHIFTING SANDS

DR. BRIAR QUENTIN is a failure as a general practitioner. The fact that he is an ardent scientist, well versed in his profession and especially equipped in psychoanalysis, is outweighed by an irritable intellectual honesty which prevents him from sympathizing with his wealthy woman patients. In spite of himself he can not avoid telling a stout, fussy woman that what she really needs is less food and more exercise. It is a fact, and Dr. Quentin has a passion for "facts." He loves the sand-dunes of Lake Michigan, in which the scene of "The Sand Doctor," by Arnold Mulder (Houghton Mifflin Company), is laid, and his rambles among them cause his fellow townsmen to term him a queer case and go elsewhere for their healing. Even Briar's wife, Hallie, does not understand why her husband pursues a hobby on which it is impossible to "cash in." This, and his lack of worldly success, lead to an estrangement between them which neither will admit.

There is a rich young man in the town who presents a striking case of "double personality." Part of the time he is Barry, Sr., a man of twenty-five; at others, Barry, Jr., with the mind of a boy of seventeen. Hallie develops a half-sentimental interest in Barry, Jr., after her estrangement from her husband, and Barry, Jr., falls madly in love with her. The doctor believes his wife is in love with the boy.

Madly jealous, he is too much of a scientist to refuse to undertake the cure, and operates on Barry's brain, tempted by the thought that he can kill his patient while operating without fear of punishment. The operation is successful. On his way home through a storm the doctor is pinned to a dune by a falling bridge-rail, and the moving sand begins to drift around him. His wife rescues him from this terrible death, the operation has made him famous, and the book ends with a rosy future before the reconciled wife and husband.

WAR'S WHIRLIGIG WITH HEARTS

LORD TABORLEY is discharged after four years in the trenches to find that his war-sweetheart, who had promised to marry him when he demobilized, is not sure of her love for him, is older and more experienced than the girl he remembers, and is either in love or in the grip of a powerful infatuation for his former valet. But during the war sheer merit and natural ability have made the valet General Graithwaite, "Steely Jack," who never lost an inch of trench and who does not intend to give up his newly won social position.

Lord Taborley has it in his power to break off the General's engagement with his sweetheart, but does not consider that it would be either just or manly to divulge the General's servile antecedents. In addition, "Tabs" is asked to rescue a friend from the clutches of a designing woman, Maisie Pollock-Gervis-Lockwood, who has married three soldier-husbands in four years, and buried them all. He finds that Maisie is neither mercenary nor light, but rather a woman who requires affection. "They hung up their hats in my hall and stayed to marry me. They were so lonely," she says.

The interview between Maisie and Taborley is masterly. Instead of simply stating that Maisie is fascinating, clever, seductive, and appealing, Mr. Dawson makes her say and do things which prove this is the case, which is the height of good storytelling. We see exactly why and how

Steel Protects ~ Wood Kindles

STEEL PROTECTION AT THE PRICE OF WOOD

Order one and test our guarantee that this is the best value ever offered in any letter file, steel or wood

Freight differentials are added to the price west of the Mississippi and south of the Mason-Dixon Line

Art Metal
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK
World's largest makers of steel office equipment

Nearing the Noon of Life

She who would stay the hands of Time must guard her health. For health is a natural preservative of beauty.

This means health of the mouth, as well as of the body. It concerns the condition of both *gums* and teeth, as has been proved by scientific research.

Normal gums are snug to the teeth. They are firm and of the natural pink color that shows a free and healthy circulation in the gum-tissue.

Gums that are not normal may indicate Pyorrhea, especially in older people.

Men and women who know about Pyorrhea watch their gums carefully. You should do this, also. And visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

As additional prevention—use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums is a dentifrice which, if used in time and used consistently, will keep the gums firm and healthy. It will also keep the teeth white and clean; yet it is without harsh or irritating ingredients.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

Maisie is so charming and irresistible, and why "Tabs," although unable to avoid falling in love with her, is able to persuade her that those who wait, hope, and keep their ideals high will eventually achieve the worth-while things of life pictured in "The Kingdom Round the Corner," by Coningsby Dawson (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation).

Lord Taborley and his valet are rivals, but in the end each marries the one woman in the world for him. Maisie stops deceiving herself with little temporary loves by finding the one big one. Terry, the young girl, learns wisdom and happiness.

There are books, rare ones, which make life richer and give their readers a deeper sympathy for it. This is a simple, straightforward, well-written tale of manly and womanly people who have their share of troubles, but have also the moral courage to face difficult circumstances without bitterness and to triumph over them without smugness. The characters are noble, and also very humanly weak, and the plot shows remarkable sympathy and insight into postwar civilian psychology.

LIFE OF A TRAGIC BRIDE

IN few lands would it be possible to find such a combination of beauty, ignorance, and charm as are embodied in Gabrielle Hewish, daughter of a dissipated, hard-riding baronet, the last member of a run-to-seed family, whose estate of Roscarna lies in the wild and desolate country twenty miles from Galway.

Jocelyn Hewish's history is, perhaps, that of many an Irish country squire who lived far enough from any of his social equals to be free from the restraint due to public opinion, and so followed his own inclinations, which in this case led him to a life devoted out-of-doors to sport and indoors to an irregular establishment with one of the village women and the diversion of hard drinking. Then the unexpected happened, for he pulled up, kept sober for six days in the week, repaired his house, and gradually restored Roscarna to its old position as a good sporting property. He next step was marriage with a woman of somewhat lower social position than his own, with a little money and a great deal of sense. Under her firm hand Jocelyn Hewish became once more a decent member of society, and then, after eleven years of married life, she died in giving birth to a daughter, Gabrielle, whose history forms the theme of Francis Brett Young's novel, "The Tragic Bride" (Dutton).

One can easily imagine the life led by this girl in her father's house, with no woman to talk to but Biddy Joyce, who had presided over her father's bachelor household, and no one of her own rank of life near her but Mr. Considine, the Protestant clergyman, who undertook her education.

And so time goes on and Gabrielle develops into a girl of great beauty, when her father, desirous of giving her a treat, takes her to Dublin for the Horse Show. Here they encounter the Halbertons, distant connections, who invite them to dinner, and Gabrielle has her first experience of any society. Lady Halberton and her daughters are thoroughly conventional, and Gabrielle can make but little of them, but one of the guests is a young naval officer named Radway, and here things are different. They are strongly attracted each to the other, and as Jocelyn sees fit the next day to indulge in a drinking bout of some length, the two young people have many opportunities of meeting, and when they do part it is with the expectation of Radway's turning up later at Roscarna. This he does; Jocelyn is not an efficient chaperon, the young people are much in love, and Gabrielle at least considers things as settled when an accident occurs: Radway falls on the slippery hillside where they are walking, his loaded gun goes off, and he is instantly killed.

After the inquest is over and Radway's relatives have come and gone, Gabrielle collapses, and as time goes on and she fails to recover her balance her father turns her over to Biddy Joyce's care, who, after her own experience of the consequences of unwatched love-making, draws her own conclusions as to the reason for Gabrielle's depression, communicates them to her father, and they agree that the only way out is for Gabrielle to marry. He consults Considine, with the result that three weeks later Gabrielle, rapt and passive, is married to the Rev. Marmaduke Considine.

Time goes on. Gabrielle's baby is born dead, and soon after her father dies, leaving his affairs in terrible confusion. But Considine is a good man of business, and he deals with the situation so well that the Halbertons offer him a living near them in Devonshire, whither he and Gabrielle betake themselves. But the parish is small and offers little to a man of Considine's energy, so his next step is to take a larger house and advertise for pupils, with special attention given to backward or difficult cases.

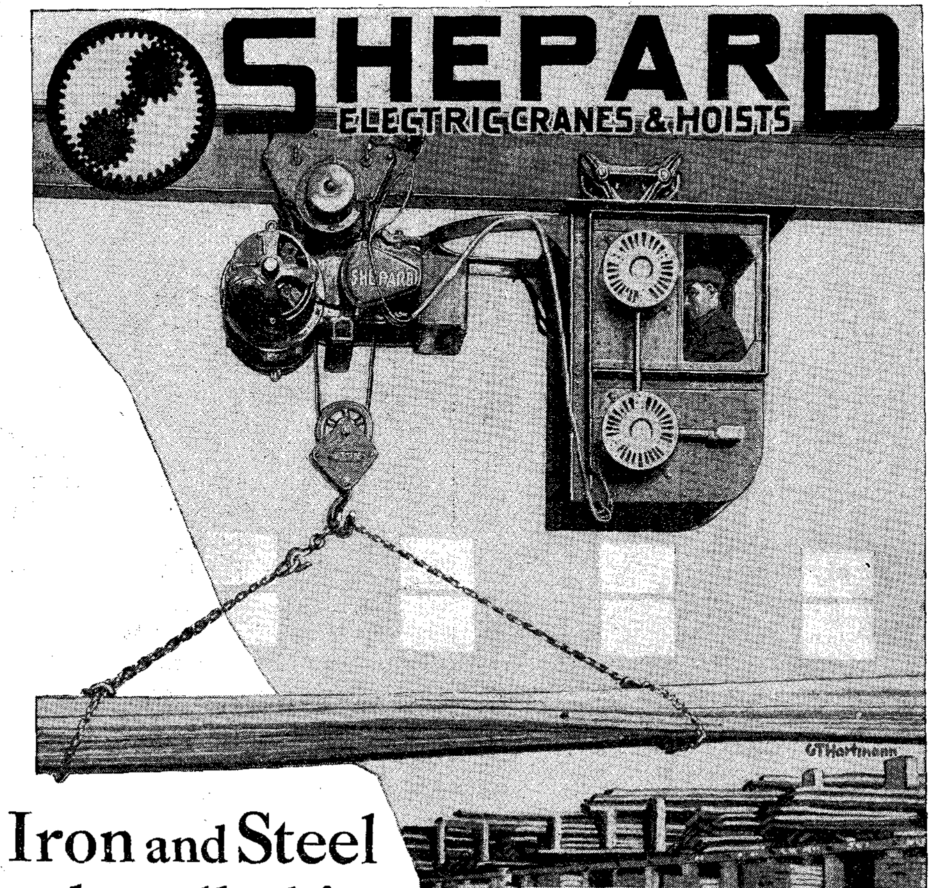
This advertisement meets the eye of a Mrs. Payne, a widow living near the Cotswold Hills. Arthur Payne is at this time a lad of seventeen whose singular character is causing his mother great uneasiness. Of great physical beauty and charm of manner, his intelligence is a little below the average, and any moral sense is entirely lacking. He is cruel, given to lying, and devoid of anything to which appeal can be made. Mrs. Payne has consulted schoolmasters and physicians, and the only chance held out to her is that as the boy develops into manhood a change for the better may come, but she is warned against hoping unduly. This is the boy who enters the Considine household, shocking Mrs. Considine, to whom Mrs. Payne has told her story, by cheating at cards, torturing animals, and still more by his inability to understand why she should have any feeling on the subject.

And then the unexpected happens. Slowly Arthur becomes a normal being, his conscience develops, he begins to work hard at his lessons. Considine regards the change with complacency and flatters himself that it is the result of his own sagacious educational system. Alas! It is something much more common; Arthur has fallen in love with Gabrielle and she with him. "The growth of an ideal love became his soul's salvation."

Mrs. Payne rejoices in her son's improvement without knowing to what it is due. When she discovers the truth the situation resolves itself into a struggle with Gabrielle for the possession of her son, for she knows that nothing can come of such an attachment but disaster.

Shown by the Evidence.—"Maud says she puts her very heart into her cooking."

"She must have been heavy-hearted when she made this cake."—*Boston Transcript.*



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A Shepard Electric Hoist, and Shepard Electric Transfer Crane in the warehouses of D. H. Smith & Sons, Iron and Steel Merchants, Brooklyn, have reduced to 9½ cents a ton the labor cost of handling iron and steel. One man, the operator, controls the entire operation of lifting, carrying, and putting down; another man on the floor secures hoisting cable to load.

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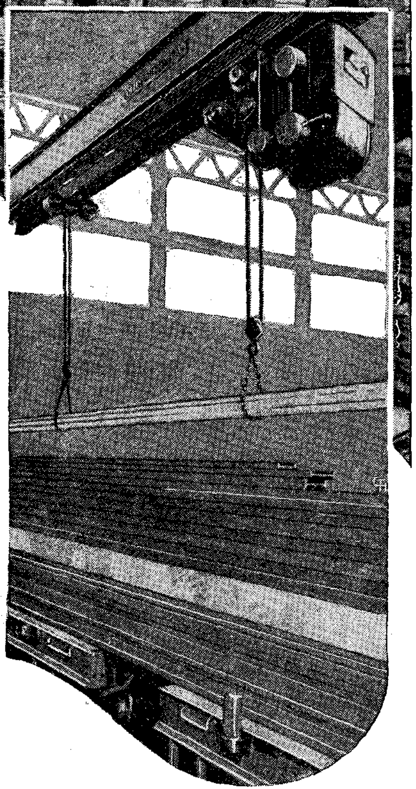

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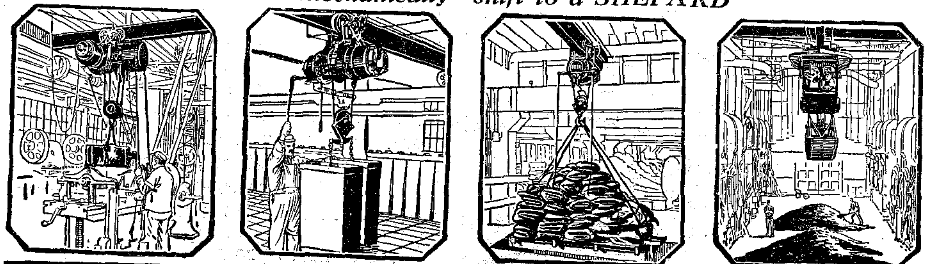

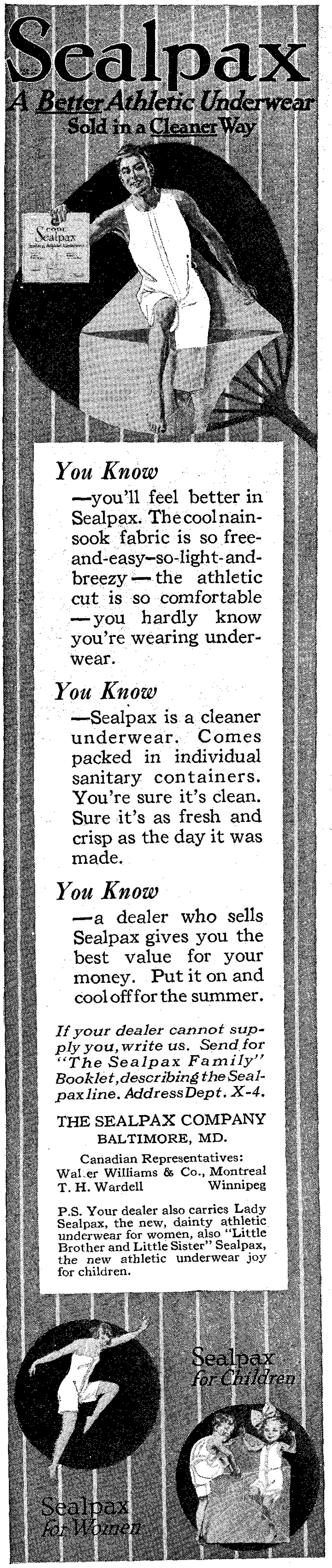

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ARRESTED INVENTIONS

DOZENS of the great inventions of civilization were nearly perfected years before they really came to fruition. They needed only some little thing—some simple idea, device, or method—but they needed it so badly that they wouldn't work without it, and their day came only when some fortunate investigator supplied it. This finder of the final key usually ranks as the "inventor." All he did was to fit into place the last piece in the puzzle, but he doubtless deserves the title and the honors, for his part of the work, small enough perhaps, is what put the whole machine into useful motion. Herbert W. Horwill, who writes under the above title in *Discovery* (London), reminds us at the outset that the most sensational of recent triumphs of invention—the conquest of the air—was long overdue. He goes on:

"*One* might almost say there has been more disappointment at earlier failures than astonishment at the successes recently achieved. It is not in this section only of the wide field of invention that each stage in the process has been curiously hampered by a difficulty about the next step. 'A little more and how much it is.' Again and again a promising advance has been brought to a halt by an obstacle that, in the retrospect, seems almost trivial. It may be that generations or even centuries pass before there flashes into some one's mind the illuminating idea that enables this hindrance to be surmounted.

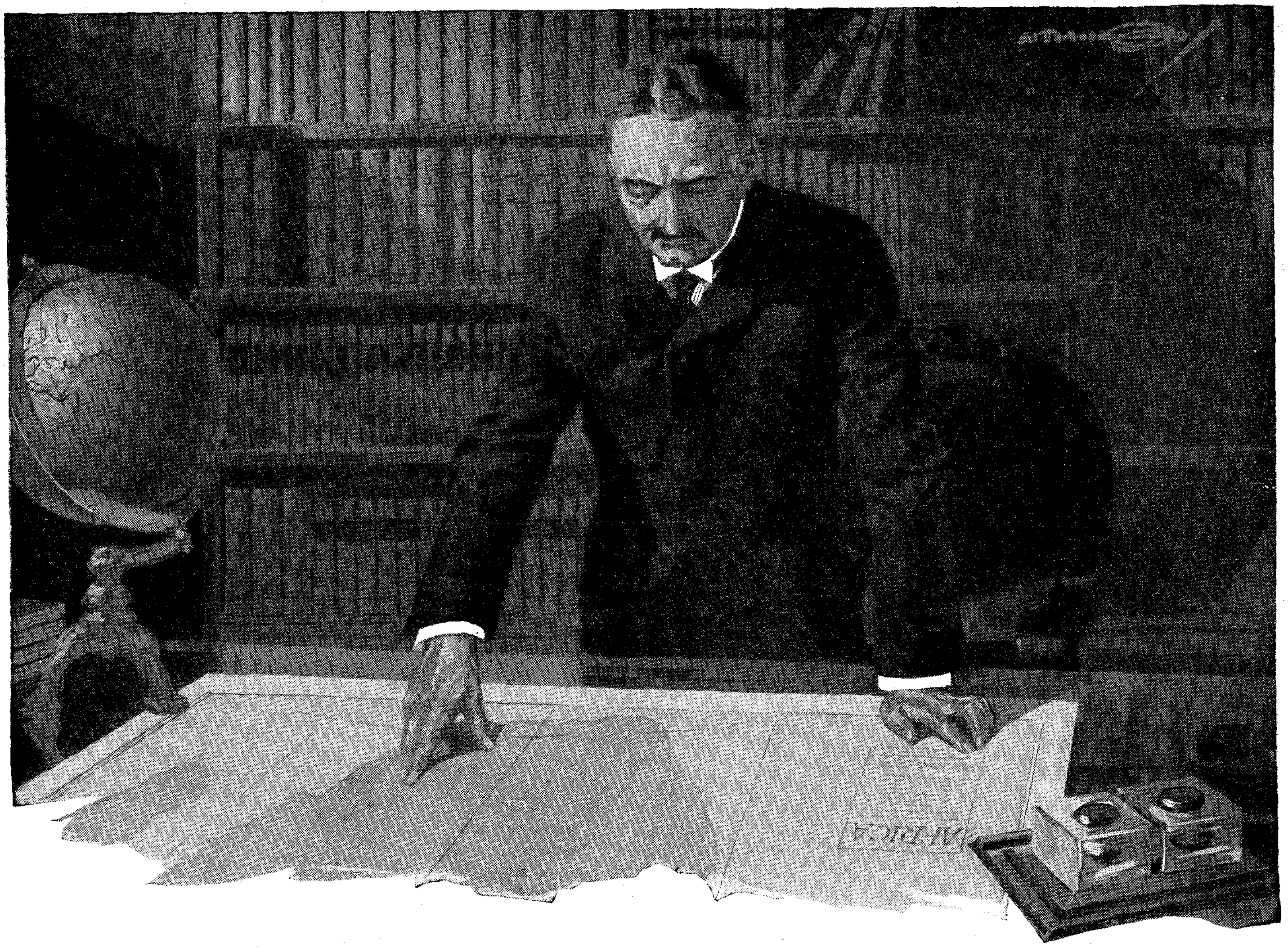
"This arrest of invention has been abundantly illustrated in the history of transit by land as well as by air. In view of the part that steam has played in modern methods of transport, as well as in industry generally, one is amazed to learn that its use was anticipated early in the Christian era. In a treatise written about A.D. 130, Hero of Alexandria describes a hollow spherical vessel turning on an axis, which vessel was supplied with steam and driven by the reaction from escaping jets. Yet the belief that there could be any mechanical value in the expansive power of steam seems to have slumbered through the ages, not to awaken until the seventeenth century, when there began the series of experiments culminating in Watt's famous invention of 1769. A crude anticipation of the modern railway existed near Newcastle-on-Tyne as long ago as 1676, when coals were conveyed from the mines to the river along parallel rails of timber. The story of the various contrivances that prepared the way for George Stephenson's railway engine is familiar to all students of our industrial history. The motor-car of our own time certainly appears to be one of those inventions that should have come earlier, when one remembers the road locomotives of Oliver Evans in America and of Trevithick in Wales more than a century ago. Perhaps even the development of steam navigation might have been expected sooner, inasmuch as the ship's paddle is only an application of the familiar water-wheel and the screw-propeller an extension of the vanes of the windmill."

Still more remarkable, Mr. Horwill continues, are the instances of long delay in the discovery of improvements in the arts that have to do with reading and writing. Centuries of literary activity passed before anything corresponding to our "running hand" was thought of. He wonders also that no Greek or Roman writer of the fourth century should have seen what an advantage it would be to separate words by spaces, as had been done on inscriptions in earlier times. He goes on:

"Tho the European world had to wait until the fifteenth century for the invention of printing as we know it, many of the most important elements of this art were familiar long before. In the time of Vergil brands with letters were used for marking the owner's name on cattle, and articles of merchandise were stamped by a similar process. The Chinese printed from wooden blocks in the tenth century of our era. The development of the art is often supposed to have been arrested in their case by a failure to take the next step of separating characters in the form of movable types, but it has lately become known that they were actually doing this four hundred years before Gutenberg set up his press at Mainz. One of the most important later developments of printing has been, in a sense, a reversion to the earliest methods of all, for, when you print from a stereotype plate whose component letters can not be 'distributed' and used another time, you are once more printing from a solid block. The typewriter, again, is an invention that has passed through a long apprenticeship, for as long ago as 1714 a patent was taken out in this country by Henry Mill for a 'machine for impressing letters singly and progressively, as in writing, whereby all writings may be engrossed in paper, so exact as not to be distinguished from print.' The next step was not taken until more than a hundred years later, when the 'typographer' was patented by an American, W. A. Burt. The card catalog—that convenience of the modern library—first suggested itself to the ingenious mind of a French *abbé* of the Revolution period. He wrote the titles of his books on playing-cards, and arranged them endwise in alphabetical order on a tray. But the first general application of the idea was made by an American librarian in the middle of the last century."

Photography several times seemed on the verge of being discovered. A camera obscura was exhibited by Porta in the sixteenth century. Thomas Wedgwood succeeded at the beginning of the nineteenth century in making profiles by the action of light upon silver. Other inventions—including the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the sewing-machine—have a history that it would be interesting to trace. But of all the examples of arrested development in mechanical methods there is none more peculiar, Mr. Horwill thinks, than one revealed by an incident which occurred in a British colony. He says:

"About 1842 the area under wheat cul-



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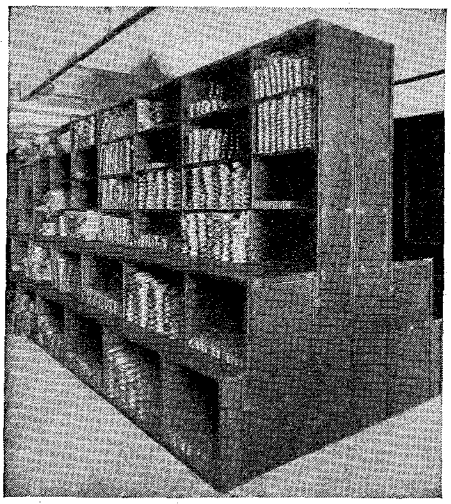

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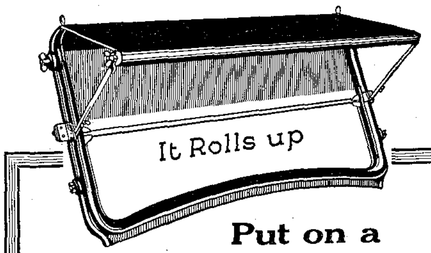

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

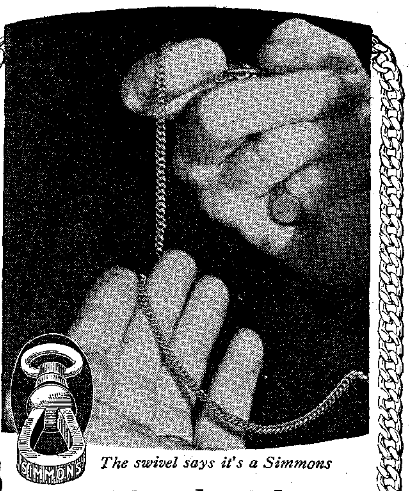
tivation in South Australia had increased far beyond the capacity of the working population to reap the harvest. Thereupon a local miller named Ridley devised a labor-saving machine called the 'stripper,' which, while it was being drawn through the corn by a pair of horses, pulled the heads off the straw and threshed them. Now, the odd thing is that Mr. Ridley derived his 'happy thought' from an article in an old encyclopedia about a reaping-machine worked by oxen on the extensive plains of ancient Gaul, and described by the Latin writers on agriculture.

"It is tempting to speculate on the causes which have at one time and another prevented the rapid development of the germs of invention. Sometimes the peculiarities of national temperament seem in large measure accountable. It can not be by a mere accident that China provides so many examples of arrested growth, while her neighbor, Japan, with less power of origination, has borrowed so many Chinese contrivances, in the fine arts as well as in mechanics, and has improved on them. Much depends also upon social environment. Among the Romans the existence of large resources of slave labor discouraged the exercise of ingenuity. What stimulus was there toward inventing means of rapid reproduction of documents when slave copyists were at hand? Account must also be taken of the fact, noted by the late Professor Bain, that as a rule it is only in modern times that the perception of similarities has been a force making for invention, as in the case of the 'governor balls' of Watt. And, of course, we must never forget what mechanical progress owes to the enunciation of Bacon's great maxim that we can not conquer Nature save by obeying her laws."

ODD REMEDIES IN ANCIENT EGYPT

THE embalming of bodies by the Egyptians enables us to see to-day the actual substance of men and women who lived thousands of years ago, and incidentally to form some idea of the diseases to which they were subject and of their skill in treating these. According to a paper read by Prof. Elliot Smith before the Royal Society of Medicine in London, noticed in *The British Medical Journal* (London), the ancient Egyptians believed that all disease was due to deficiency of vital substance, and their usual method of treatment was to supply more of this substance. Their conceptions of vitality and its embodiment were sometimes peculiar. Mice were particularly vital and were hence frequently administered to the dying, especially to children. Blood, butter, and certain plants were used in the same way. Professor Smith asserts that some plants are used in medicine to-day merely because we inherit them from this ancient practise and not because of any actual curative powers. Says the reporter:

"In the whole of its history, he said, medicine had been drawing upon knowledge not primarily acquired for the diagnosis



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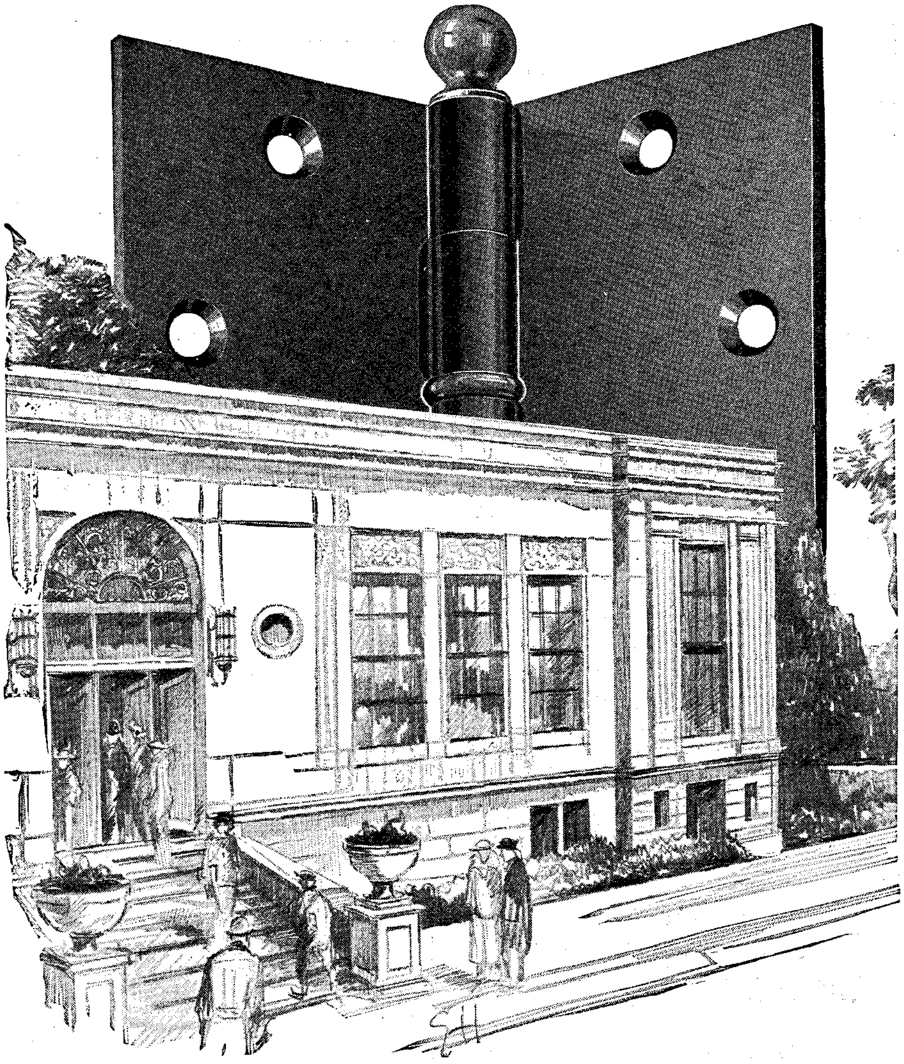
and treatment of disease; and the further back into history inquiry was pushed, the more striking did this fact appear. Egypt occupied an important place in the beginnings of medicine. The elaborate methods followed for the preservation of bodies made it possible to ascertain the nature of some of the disorders from which the individuals had suffered during life. The practise of mummification itself had a far-reaching effect in acquainting men with the nature of materials that would preserve the body, and certain of these materials, such as balsams, were used later on as therapeutic agents. Among the numerous photographs exhibited was one of a fractured jaw revealing a bloodstain after twenty centuries. So wonderful was the preservation of the bodies that even the contents of the alimentary canal could be examined. In the stomachs of small children the remains of a mouse were often found. The custom of giving a mouse as a remedy to children *in extremis* was mentioned by Pliny, and had its echo in our own time when, in some parts of the country, the mouse was thought to have healing properties—a striking instance of the persistence of custom through long ages. The idea of the mouse as a life-giver was probably associated with the fact that after the inundations of the Nile mice appeared in great numbers, and it was a belief firmly maintained by the Egyptians that they were formed of Nile mud, the substance of the life-giving god. The fundamental principle underlying the practise of medicine in Egypt was that illness was due to deficiency of vital substance, and that, therefore, the rational method was to give to the patient an additional dose of such substance. Blood was regarded as the substance of life, and if blood was not given in illness, red ochre or some red-colored substance was substituted. Butter, which was often found in the mouths of mummies, was supposed to perpetuate existence by drawing upon the life-giving properties of the cow. Lotus flowers and other plants were used in the same way, and altho the great majority possest no therapeutic properties, some came to be used as drugs, and their use continued even into modern times."

Professor Smith next showed photographs of splints of the pyramid age, and remarked that the same type existed in Abyssinia to-day. Sculptures had been discovered showing that the operation of circumcision or some simpler form of incision was practised in the earliest beginnings of Egyptian history. Other sculptures showed that patients were massaged, tho with what object was not clear. He went on:

"The Egyptians never put the knowledge of dissection acquired by embalming to any practical use in medicine, but they made it possible for the Greek physicians of about 300 B.C. to practise dissection in Alexandria, a practise forbidden by popular prejudice in Greece itself. In the bodies of many persons of over thirty years of age found in predynastic cemeteries there was evidence of arthritis in various stages. Several photographs showing extensive mastoid disease were exhibited. Another series showed tuberculous disease of the spine with unmistakable evidence of psoas abscess. At the time he began his investigations in Egypt certain French observers had exprest the view that the appearances seen in bones from some pre-



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

dynastic bodies were due to syphilis. His own examination of the specimens, however, showed that the damage to the bones had been inflicted by beetles after death. Altogether, with his collaborators, he had examined some 40,000 bodies in every part of the Nile valley belonging to every period of Egyptian history; in no single case was evidence of syphilis detected. He had found no evidence that trephining was practised in ancient Egypt, altho the operation was performed in other parts of North Africa. The point was illustrated by a photograph showing a depressed fracture in the process of healing, which had erroneously been supposed to be an example of trephining. Skulls from the period when heavy, full-bottomed wigs were worn showed characteristic thinning symmetrically disposed on the parietal bones. In the early Christian period one example of leprosy and one of gout had been found among aliens from Syria, but none of either disease at earlier dates. In concluding his lecture, Prof. Elliot Smith recalled that Herodotus had stated that the bodies of women were not mummified immediately, as in the case of men, but were kept for a few days. This statement was confirmed by finding flies and larvæ embedded in the resinous material used in the process of preservation."

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE

A SYMPTOM is discerned by the patient—a sign by his expert medical adviser. This distinction is drawn by Dr. George Dock, professor of medicine in Washington University, St. Louis, in a lecture on "Health and Disease," reported in *The Globe-Democrat* of that city. No sharp lines, he says, can be drawn between symptoms and signs. As an example he cites the headache due to inflammation of a sinus. This is a symptom. The pus or polyp observed on examination of the sinuses by an expert is a sign. From the symptoms and signs the physician works up the complete picture of the disease, that is, the diagnosis. He continues:

"The value of different symptoms and signs varies according to the certainty with which they can be referred to the underlying condition, and very few of them are plain and unequivocal. Some examples may make this clearer: To return to headache; pain of the same character may occur from such dissimilar things as an acute infectious disease, like influenza, smallpox, etc.; from a disease of the eye or ear; from meningitis, brain tumor, kidney disease, chronic digestive disturbance, nervous exhaustion, and anemia. Toothache is familiar to many. Here the pain is due to inflammation of the small nerves in the teeth. But very often the pain the subject refers so confidently to a certain tooth is really caused by another tooth in the other jaw. Here I may refer to the practise of taking x-ray pictures of the teeth. Most people know of abscesses about teeth and so-called gum-boils. It has long been known that in many cases there are abscesses at the roots of teeth without pain or a feeling of the tooth being too high. It became known later that these small foci of infection can cause other diseases, such as chronic joint diseases, serious blood diseases, and diseases of the eyes and sinuses. By x-ray picture we can often show the existence of the symptomless processes, and then carry out appropriate treatment. Similar focal infections, as they are called, can occur in many other parts of the body and must be searched for in many cases.

"Patients with pneumonia often have pain, sometimes of an excruciating kind. This is very remarkable when we know that the healthy lung is almost insensible to pain. As pneumonia patients often have pleurisy, it might be supposed that the pneumonia pain arises in the pleura. The pleura can be shown to be sensitive in certain areas, and especially when inflamed, but the pain in pneumonia is not always the same, and it seems as if there was a difference between pain due to the pneumonia lung and the pain due to the inflamed pleura. The pain from the lung of pleura is transmitted through the intercostal nerves, or the nerves that run between the ribs, and send out filaments to the skin over the chest. The inflamed intercostal nerve may also give a pain stimulating that of pleurisy. A particular form of intercostal neuritis is associated with a very spectacular disease known as shingles. This can occur in any part of the body, but when it appears on the chest is preceded by a pain that is very often taken for that of pneumonia or pleurisy. The pain of pneumonia is by no means always felt over the chest, but may be referred very distinctly to the appendix region."

Some old but erroneous ideas about certain pains are hard to eradicate, Dr. Dock tells us—for instance, the belief that pain in the back means kidney disease. As a matter of fact, he says, by far the greater number of patients with kidney disease have no pain in the back, and most pains in the back have nothing to do with kidney disease. He proceeds:

"A very significant point about pain as a symptom is that, altho much has been learned by physiologists and physicians, practically nothing has been added to our knowledge by the numerous and busy healers whose practise is largely devoted to diseases in which pain is the prevailing feature.

"Many other disturbances of sensation occur as symptoms, and, like pain, are misleading, and especially to the victim. In health the heart-beat is not noticed, unless when overworking from exertion. But in not a few people the heart can be felt to miss a beat or give a very strong beat, or seem to flop or turn over. It does not turn over, no matter how real the sensation is. The sufferer is always alarmed at these sensations, but in many cases the underlying condition is not serious. On the other hand, in severe forms of heart-disease there may be symptoms in the heart region, but only such indirect ones as shortness of breath or cough, or swelling of ankles, or a change of color.

"All I have said seems quite contrary to the confident assertions made so extensively in almost every newspaper and many magazines. Are the remedies so highly lauded of no value? It would be too sweeping to say they are all worthless or all dangerous, tho no loss would follow if those beliefs were acted upon. Let me point out some definite objections. Headache remedies are conspicuous. Most of them, and all that relieve the pain, contain drugs that are habit-forming or else dangerously affect

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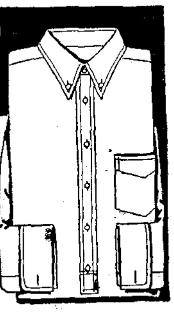

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

the heart. If a brief treatment will relieve a headache and repeated use is not necessary except at long intervals, no harm may be done. But even then it should be remembered that the headache may be due to a dangerous inflammation behind the eyes, to a brain tumor, an error of refraction needing glasses, a disease of the kidneys, of the blood-vessels, and many other things. If the headache is severe or repeated anything else than a thorough examination is a serious mistake.

"Many advertised remedies are dangerous because they cause deferring the proper steps until valuable time is lost. If a ready-made medicine will stop a cold in two minutes, why go to bed? Yet innumerable examples prove that in such conditions rest and simple treatment are more valuable than any drug so far known, and indispensable even with the most promising serum or vaccine.

"The same sort of harm occurs in all the dyspepsia cures. The relief that seems so magical could in most cases be gained without the 'sure cures,' from a few swallows of milk, toast, or cracker, but even then the thorough examination is essential to real success, and putting this off on account of stimulated relief may make all the difference between real recovery and a painful fatal illness.

THE MENACE OF INFECTED HORSEHAIR

OCCASIONAL reports of death from anthrax, or malignant pustule, contracted from shaving-brushes made of infected hair, have called attention to a danger that is more wide-spread than these occurrences, taken by themselves, would indicate. The hair of animals subject to anthrax, especially horsehair, is used in enormous quantities in the arts and industries and is intimately handled by large bodies of workers who are generally ignorant of the dangers involved. Anthrax is widely prevalent in the Orient, whence much of the hair comes, and is by no means unknown in the United States. Government regulations to guard against infection are not severe enough, we are told by Dr. Henry Field Smith, assistant professor of industrial hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, writing in *The Journal of Industrial Hygiene.* The question of infection from handling hides, wool, and hair is one of increasing importance in this country, thinks Professor Smith, and the study of reports appearing from time to time in medical literature seems to indicate a growing menace in this respect, at least from the handling of hides and hair. He goes on:

"That anthrax is well established in this country as a rural disease is shown by a study of the Census Bureau mortality statistics from 1911–18, which show a gradual increase in the yearly total of fatal cases of anthrax in rural districts. In the ten years from 1910–19 there occurred 102 deaths from anthrax in the rural districts of twenty-six States, an area extending from

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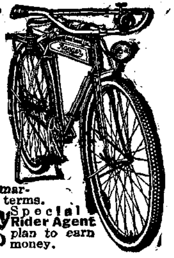

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Maine to California and from Washington and Montana to Texas and Louisiana. This being the case, are we justified any longer in assuming that domestic hides and hair are not liable to infection, as is done by the Department of Agriculture in its regulations requiring disinfection of suspected materials? Many of the States, it is true, have laws requiring the prompt burning or burying of the unopened carcasses of stock dying of anthrax, but that this is not always done is shown by a study of the histories of many of the cases reported in the Bureau of Labor Statistics bulletin.

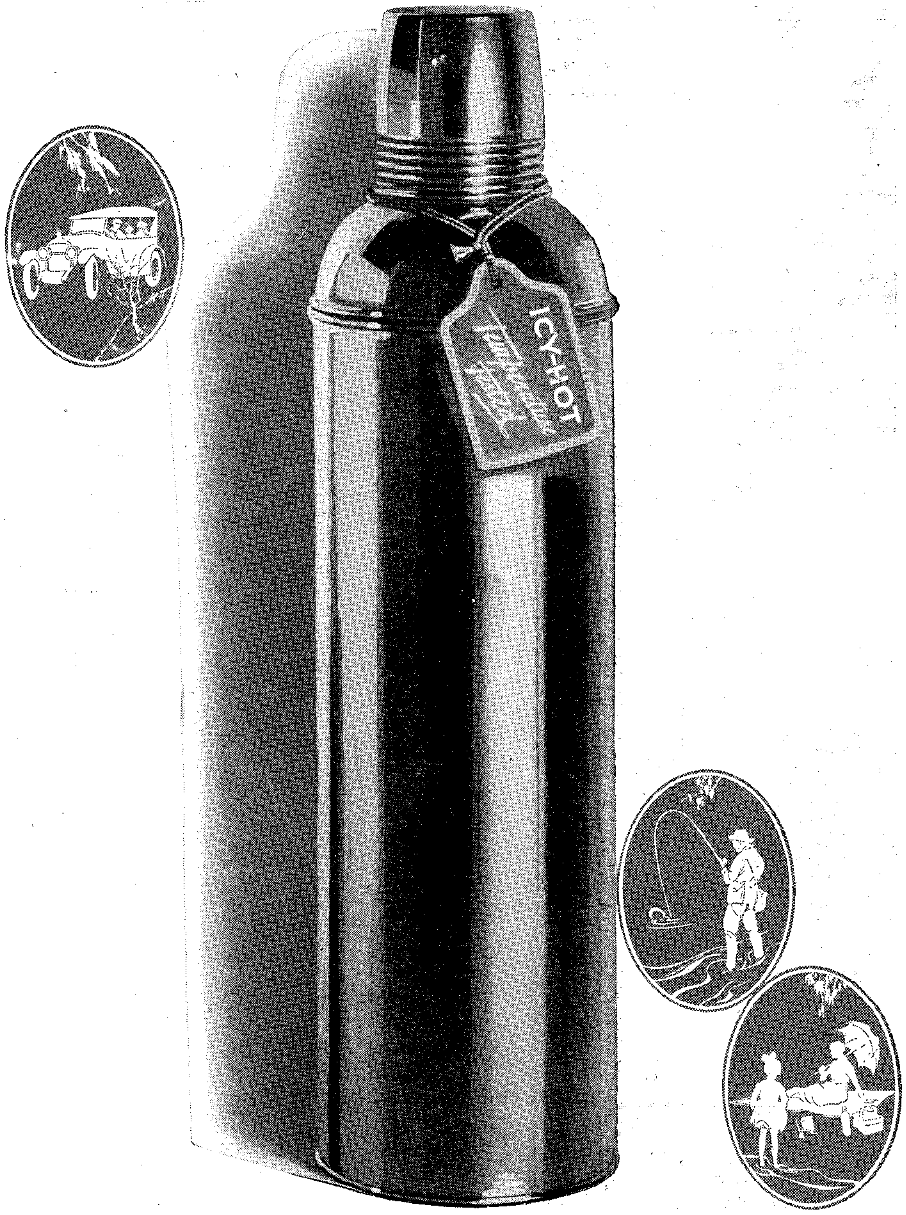
"Materials may be imported provided they are disinfected as soon as they are opened up at the factory where they are to be used. This offers no protection to the stevedore or freight-handler, and cases of anthrax among such men are not unusual. The Department of Agriculture provisions for disinfection of hair seem wofully inadequate to any one who has done much laboratory work with anthrax spores. Virulent anthrax has been cultivated from drest hair imported from China, obtained in a hair-dressing factory in Philadelphia. The New York City health authorities state that they found anthrax in 75 per cent. of such drest-hair shipments from China, and there were recently five deaths from anthrax in Chicago in a curled-hair factory, presumably from handling Siberian hair. The numerous cases of facial anthrax traceable to infection from horsehair shaving-brushes are further evidence of this fact, as many of these brushes have been made from Chinese hair.

"In view of the above facts, and at the request of the hair-dressers' union, the Pennsylvania State Department of Labor has conducted an investigation of the horsehair industry in Philadelphia, the center of hair-dressing in this country. Samples of hair were collected in numbered sterile test-tubes and taken to the laboratory for bacteriological examination. There were collected 53 samples of undrest domestic hair, 9 samples of Canadian hair, and 20 of Canadian combings, all undrest, and 22 of undrest foreign hair—4 from Australia, 6 from Argentina, and 12 from Siberia. In all, 104 samples of undrest hair were examined and 13 samples of drest hair from China. Of the undrest hair, 54 samples had not yet been washed and 50 had been washed. There was no record as to the washing of the Chinese hair, but presumably it had been washed in some way before dressing.

"When summed up, the results showed virulent anthrax in one sample from one of three shipments of Chinese hair and possibly a virulent anthrax in three other samples of the same shipment, and possibly a virulent anthrax in one sample of Canadian and one of domestic hair.

"Following the collection and culturing of samples of hair, a series of tests were carried out on the disinfection of horsehair impregnated with anthrax spores. Abundant anthrax developed after fifteen-minute, thirty-minute, and one- and two-hour exposures, but no colonies of any type after twenty-four- and forty-eight-hour exposures to 200° F., showing the efficiency of the Department of Agriculture temperature requirements, provided the hair is loosely matted and the exposure continued for twenty-four hours, but, as was to be expected, the absolute inefficiency of fifteen-minute exposure."

In England, Dr. Smith goes on to say, industrial anthrax has been a serious problem for some years. The dressing of imported hair is a much larger industry there than with us, and they have been endeav-



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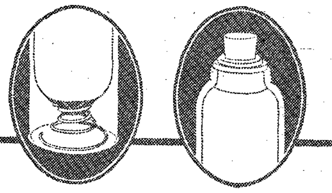

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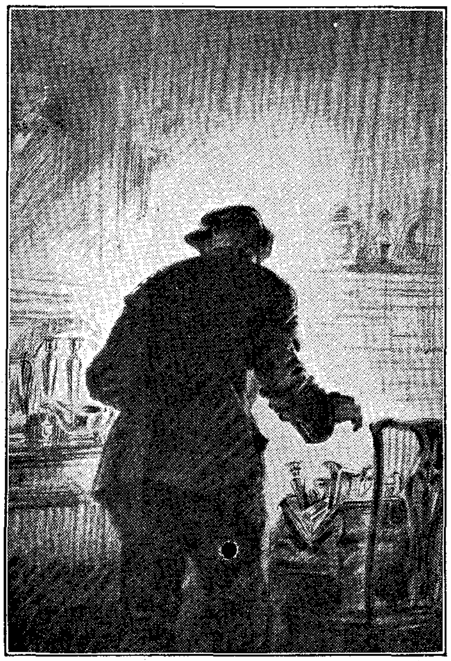

"*You make an easy target, stranger,*" *I said.*

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

oring since 1905 to cope with the problem of rendering horsehair safe for the workers. The most valuable portion of the whole English method of handling the problem, he thinks, is the insistence on disinfection at the port of entry, in a government institution, of all materials from suspected countries, the cost being of a charge against the product. This absolutely protects the worker and the consumer. In conclusion, he offers the following recommendations or suggestions:

"Absolute insistence on the sterilization of all imported hair from countries where anthrax is prevalent.

"Prohibition of the dressing of any unwashed hair whether foreign or domestic.

"Separate storage for all unwashed hair apart from washed hair.

"Disinfection of rooms in which unwashed imported hair from anthrax-infected countries has been stored as soon as the hair is removed for disinfection.

"Lime-washing or painting of all work- or store-rooms at least once a year.

"Wet sweeping of all work or store-rooms at least once a week, preferably daily.

"Removal of all loose-hair litter from benches and store-rooms at the close of each day.

"Informing workers, especially hair-washers, of the danger of anthrax infection, the importance of washing well after handling unwashed hair and the importance of prompt attention to all skin wounds."

WHY WE ARE TALL OR SHORT

THE things that make us grow run in families; also those that make us stop growing. The latter, thinks a writer in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.), are really more remarkable than the former. We are not surprized that an eight-year-old boy who eats plenty of meat, bread, and potatoes should add to his height and weight; the wonder is that when he gets to be twenty-five an even more hearty consumption of food produces no such effect at all. The force or substance that made him grow has been turned off or counteracted in some way. Whatever may make us grow and stop us from keeping on, however, is certainly inheritable, the author thinks. From a recent study of stature in over 2,000 persons, he gives us some very interesting facts—among them the tendency to marry a person of similar stature, the greater variability of the children of short parents, and the possibility of controlling the height of our descendants by suitable marriages. But will men and women ever marry because they desire such and such qualities to be present in their descendants? We know not. Says the writer:

"Can a man by taking thought add a cubit to his stature? Probably not, for a cubit is a foot and a half. There have been instances, however, where a man who fell slightly below a required height has through certain forms of exercise brought his stature up to the standard. It is known that lack of certain food elements inhibits growth; but the surprizing thing is, not why we grow, but why, having started, we ever stop growing. Food conditions affect the rate and extent of growth to a limited degree, but by far the greatest factor in growth is the amount of secretion of various ductless glands.

"The thyroid gland is one of these. Insufficient secretion from the thyroid during childhood results in stunted growth known as cretinism. This condition can in some measure be remedied by the giving of thyroid extract, especially if this is done at an early age. The pituitary body and the pineal body both have a close relation to growth and development. An abnormal condition of these bodies during the growth period results in excessive growth, the patient sometimes assuming truly gigantic proportions. Variations in the secretions of all these glands are common and in many cases have been found to run in families as well as to characterize certain races.

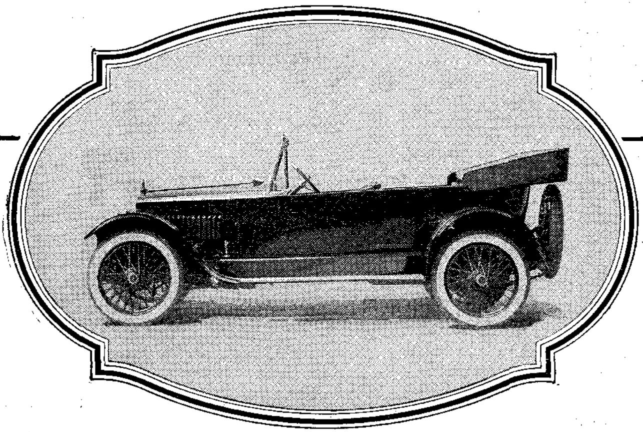
"Of tall families, the Howard family has been instanced by Davenport as of particular interest. In this family, the father measured 76 inches, the mother, 72.5 inches. She had twelve brothers and sisters over 6 feet tall. Of the children of this couple, Thomas measured 76, James, 78; John, 83½; Matthew, 78; Eli, 78.5; Sarah, 74; Mary, 74, and Daniel, 75 inches. In 1856 there were several grandchildren over 6½ feet tall, and present-day descendants are keeping up the record for tallness.

"The MacQueens, of Queensdale, North Carolina, are another example of a strikingly tall family. The first MacQueen to come to this country was Col. James MacQueen, born on the Island of Skye, Scotland, about 1760, 'a man of superb physique and noble presence.' He married Ann McRae, 'above the medium height,' and had eleven tall children who grew to maturity. At least two of these, John and Katharine, married very tall persons, and their descendants to the third and fourth generation show the same characteristic.

"The foregoing illustrations, with those of unusually tall or short families which will occur to every reader, would indicate that the factor of heredity can not well be neglected in our search for the determination of stature. While growth is largely dependent on secretions, which in their turn may be modified by a number of external conditions, it must not be overlooked that the degree to which the functioning of these glands may be disturbed by external conditions is to some extent dependent on factors that are hereditary. Furthermore, it seems to be the case that interference with the functioning of such glands does not wholly check the eventual working out of the individual's potentialities as regards growth. Accordingly, it was thought worth while to analyze stature into its various factors and to see how far heredity is the determining factor.

"The most comprehensive study of the kind has been made by Davenport, assisted by a large corps of workers, who measured hundreds of individuals in different parts of the country. Additional data were also obtained concerning 2,354 children, and their parents, which had been placed on file in the Eugenics Record Office."

In the course of this work, the writer goes on to tell us, a study was also made of marriage selection with reference to



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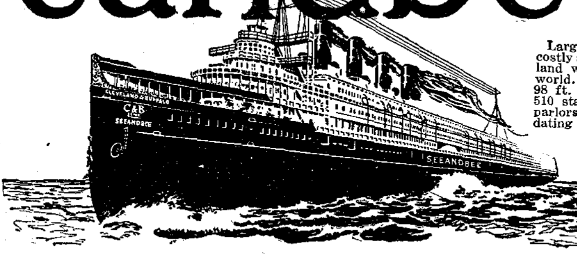

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

height, with the conclusion that persons of similar stature tend to marry each other, and that extremely tall or short persons are more particular to do so than are those of medium stature. Among the conclusions reached in the analysis of a vast accumulation of measurements, those that follow are of general interest:

"While hereditary 'growth-as-a-whole' factors are present, yet there is a large degree of independence in the variability of the four segments of stature considered; that is, the head-and-neck length, the body length, the thigh-to-knee and the knee-to-sole lengths.

"The offspring of two tall parents are less variable in stature than the offspring of two short parents.

"When both parents are tall or very tall, and of tall stock, practically all the children are tall or very tall.

"When both parents are short or very short, and of short stock, practically all the children are short or very short.

"Medium stature may appear in the progeny of a tall by a short mating, but the majority of persons of medium stature in this country belong to a line which runs to mediocrity as regards stature.

"One reason why the children of two tall parents are sometimes shorter than the parents is because of the chance of union of the short factors for the different segments from opposite sides of the house. Thus one parent may give certain factors for shortness of head and body, the other for shortness of leg length, then the summation of these factors will result in relative shortness in all segments in the child.

"It is probable that in all forms of dwarfing there are multiple dominant inhibiting factors, while in giantism resulting from two tall parents, we have a case of recessiveness due to the absence of inhibitions to prolonged growth.

"The general conclusion is, that, having once started to grow as the result of the chemical mix-up that comes with the fusion of two germ-cells, we keep on at a rate determined by certain positive factors behaving in heredity as dominants, and we stop growing by the further operation of certain heritable factors. These factors, too, are inherited as dominants. Tall families and races have relatively few of these factors, causing them to slow up growth, while short families have relatively many such factors. Most short people wish they were tall, while very few tall people want to be shorter. If this interest could be extended to the coming generation, and result in marriages according to the principle here set forth, we might have some striking examples of the molding of the races-to-be along physical lines. Who shall now say that by 'taking thought' of the stature of the woman he marries and of the family to which she belongs, man may not add, if not 'a cubit,' at least several inches to the stature of his children?"

HICCUP AND SLEEPING SICKNESS—The occurrence of an epidemic of hiccup in Winnipeg, Canada, just preceding one of lethargic brain fever, leads a physician of that city to suggest that the two were due to the same poison, acting in one case on the phrenic nerve and in the other on the brain itself. Says an editorial writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London):

"A contribution of considerable value in regard to the association of epidemic hiccup with encephalitis lethargica was made by Dr. William Boyd, professor of pathology in the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. Encephalitis lethargica reached Winnipeg in the last week of October, 1919, and gave rise to a somewhat extensive epidemic. Professor Boyd comes to the conclusion that the relation of encephalitis to influenza is more apparent than real, as twelve months separated the outbreak of the former from the latter, and most of the patients who suffered from encephalitis had never had influenza; similarly, his opinion is that the condition is quite distinct from infantile paralysis. There was a most remarkable epidemic of persistent hiccup in Winnipeg and the neighboring towns in the early part of November, 1919—at a time, Dr. Boyd states, when it had not been reported from any other cities, and a few days after the first cases of encephalitis had appeared in the city. A very large number of cases occurred. The patients included several doctors, one of whom kept hiccuping continuously at intervals of about a minute for five days; the usual duration of an attack was from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. If the two epidemics bore no relation to each other, Dr. Boyd suggests that the coincidence is at any rate remarkable. The contractions of the abdominal muscles observed in encephalitis and the contraction of the diaphragm in hiccup were very much alike. Could it be, he asks, that the virus of the disease might spare the brain in mild cases but irritate the cervical origin of the phrenic nerve?"

Breaking the Speed Laws.—Uncle Alec Wilson was jogging slowly into town behind old Susie. Susie isn't geared to do more than four miles an hour. Anything more than that makes her sweat under the breast-band. Uncle Alec noticed a sign along the road which said: "CITY LIMITS. Speed 15 Miles Per Hour."

"They can make their fool laws if they want to," exclaimed Alec, "but so fer as I'm concerned I pay no attention to that. Why, old Susie could never make that speed, and I'll be durned if I try to urge her to, even if th' law DOES require it."—*Hay Rake.*

Ambition.—"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman to whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

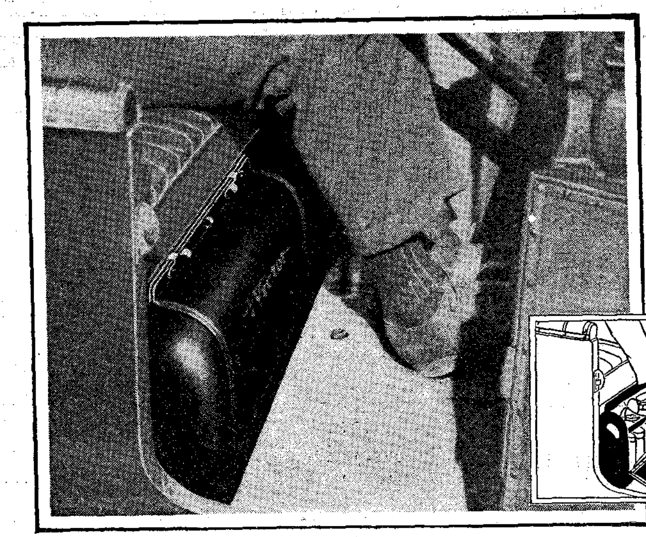
"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Very Serious.—THE CHARWOMAN'S HUSBAND (at door)—"The missis is very ill, ma'am, and won't be able to come this week."

LADY—"Oh, I am sorry, George. Nothing very serious, I hope?"

THE CHARWOMAN'S HUSBAND—"Well, ma'am, she was so bad last night I 'ad to go to the pictures by myself."—*Punch.*

Our Specialties.—America leads the world in wealth, in charity, and inaction.—*Baltimore Sun.*



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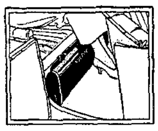

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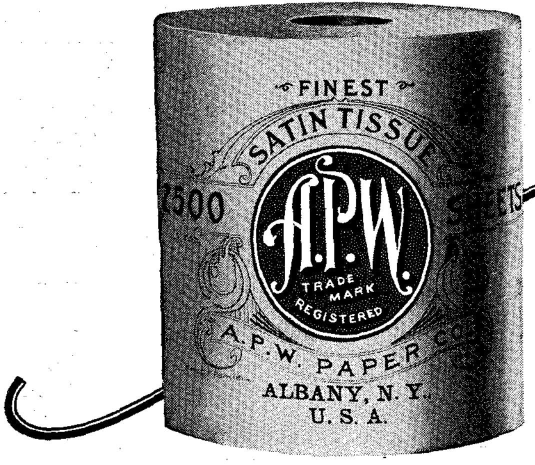

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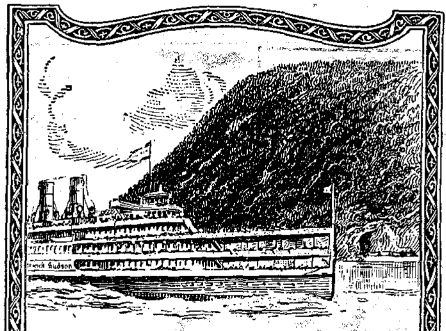

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INVESTMENTS ◆ AND ◆ FINANCE

LENDING A HAND TO COTTON

A BANKER from Mississippi recently went to Washington to the headquarters of the War Finance Corporation to ask for assistance in moving 6,000 bales of low-grade cotton. "He told us," said Eugene Meyer, Jr., Managing Director of the Corporation, in a recent speech, "they had been compelled to close the schools in his town because there was not enough money in the community to keep them going." Incidents like this help us to understand that "it is a time of real distress" in the Cotton Belt. There is an enormous amount of talk in the air about encouraging foreign trade, but "the largest definite help in actually getting goods shipped abroad and sold there has come from the War Finance Corporation and its managing director, Mr. Meyer," declares Mr. Mark Sullivan in one of his Washington dispatches to the New York *Evening Post*. The organization is credited with having "done all that energy could do under trying circumstances." Most of its effort so far has been concerned with cotton. It seems that—

> The corporation has advanced several million dollars to Southern banks to finance the export of cotton to England, France, Italy, Portugal, Japan, and Germany. Not only has the corporation made advances to American banks and exporters for the shipment of cotton abroad on definite contracts; in addition, the War Finance Corporation has taken another step which is small in proportion but is a sign both of the extreme need of the case and of the willingness of the corporation to take minute pains.
>
> They have helped American banks to send cotton abroad not on contract but merely to be held in foreign warehouses for such marketing as can be done in small lots. The idea is to maintain adequate stocks of American cotton in warehouses in Liverpool, Havre, Trieste, Genoa, Venice, and Bremen, for sale to such consumers as may want to buy it "over the counter," so to speak, even in such small lots as fifty bales. The aggregate of such efforts is necessarily not great, but it reflects the sort of things to which America's export trade is being reduced.

Southern bankers and representatives of cotton-growers recently held a conference in New York with Wall Street financiers and War Finance Corporation officials, and, as *Bradstreet's* notes, "issued a joint statement setting forth that the main idea at present is to reestablish confidence among growers, dealers, bankers, exporters, and foreign purchasers. It is hoped that confidence will be created among cotton dealers, partly by actual advances on cotton and partly through the knowledge that they can obtain advances if they want them." Cotton-growers are also organizing to help each other. As Mr. W. S. Cousins said in his weekly *Business Review* of May 28:

In order to promote cooperative marketing of cotton, State associations are being formed in Georgia, Oklahoma, Texas, North Carolina, and Mississippi, controlling from 200,000 to 300,000 bales in each State. In the organization plan, it is provided that the grower delivers to the association all cotton products acquired by him for a period of five years. The association is to grade, store, and market the cotton for the grower, and to make an annual pool so that each grower may receive the same price for cotton of like variety, grade, and staple.

Establishment of a system of cotton warehouses such as is contemplated is expected to be of great benefit to the cotton industry. At present planters can not avail themselves of credit because there is no uniform system of grading and handling their products. Under the association régime a receipt for a bale of cotton in a standard warehouse, graded according to definite scale by experts, will be the same in Oklahoma as in Georgia. A banker will know definitely what he is offered as security, and every receipt will have the backing of an association of cotton-growers national in scope. The annual loss in the South from exposure of cotton in open fields has been estimated at $50,000,000, a loss which would be largely overcome as warehousing became general.

Cotton prices have been reflecting a better domestic demand for the Southern staple, in connection with which may be considered the unsettled condition in other prominent cotton-producing countries. It is estimated that this year's cotton acreage will be from 25 to 35 per cent. less than in 1920. The curtailed use of fertilizers for this season is also reported, and this will be conducive of a short yield per acre. The April export figures show shipments of 319,000 as compared with 546,000 in April of last year. But more striking are the differences in values which for the past month were $20,500,000 as compared with $117,535,000 for the same month in 1920.

WHY BETTER BUSINESS MAY MEAN MORE FAILURES—"When business definitely enters the long upward swing there may be, for a short time, some increase in the number of failures," according to good financial authority, so we read on the New York *Evening Post's* financial page. This, it seems, "will be due to the stress of renewed competition," for—

> While trade is dull and producers and dealers seem content to drift along and merely take care not to rock the boat, many leaky business craft can manage to keep afloat, but when the tide turns and it becomes necessary to quit bailing and take to the oars such concerns will be submerged. Many firms that are able to hold together in a slack season will later succumb to the blows of their more vigorous competitors. This will raise the rate of business mortality for a short time, but this should not be regarded as a bad sign. It means the elimination of the unfit, and the resulting failures are the cost of progress.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

May 25.—Sinn-Feiners burn the Dublin Custom-House, causing the loss of nine lives and property damage estimated at $5,000,000.

The French Minister at Warsaw hands the Polish Foreign Office a note from the French Government proposing that the Poles take the same measures against the insurgents in Silesia as were required of Germany: Stoppage of transportation of munitions and volunteers, closing the border, and disarming the insurrectionist leaders.

Inhabitants of Trans-Jordiana are reported to have risen in revolt against their newly appointed ruler, Prince Zeid, third son of the King of Hejaz, and to have defeated the Prince's forces in a pitched battle, killing 180 of his men.

France and Great Britain have exprest their willingness to wait twenty years for a settlement of Austria's obligations under the Treaty of Saint-Germain, it is announced by the chairman of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations.

May 26.—The French Chamber of Deputies indorses Premier Briand's policy on German reparations payment by a vote of 419 against 171.

Sinn-Feiners destroy the residences of several prominent Unionists and other houses on the outskirts of Cork. American ammunition totaling 16,388 rounds has been captured in the Dublin district since March 26, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, states in the House of Commons.

The Bavarian Council of Ministers decides that the *Einwohnerwehr* must submit to disbandment, according to a Berlin dispatch to London.

Sergeant Heyne, accused of having ill-treated British war prisoners, is sentenced to ten months' imprisonment by the High Court at Leipzig.

May 27.—Anti-Bolshevik forces occupy a part of Vladivostok.

May 28.—The Allied Reparations Commission arranges to give the United States a voting seat on the Committee on Guaranties to secure payment by Germany of the reparations bill.

German airplanes drop bombs in the insurgents' lines in the Rosenberg and Annaberg sectors in Upper Silesia.

Hungary has officially notified the League of Nations that she will apply for admission to the League, it is announced from Geneva.

May 29.—Polish insurgents and German high commands conclude an armistice, with the Inter-Allied Commission acting as mediator.

In an unofficial plebiscite Salzburg, Austria, votes heavily in favor of union with Germany.

Serious riots occur in Christiania and throughout Norway as a result of the seamen's strike.

May 30.—It is reported that Nikolai Lenine, the Soviet Russian Premier, declares that Communism is bankrupt and seeks the unlimited return of capitalism, according to a Moscow dispatch received in Riga.

Germany completes payment of the 1,000,000,000 gold marks due on its first payment on reparations, when a special courier hands German treasury notes equivalent to 850,000,000 gold marks to the Reparations Commission.

Ambassador George Harvey unveils a bust of George Washington, a gift from

America, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Captain Mueller, the second German officer to be placed on trial charged with criminal action in the world-war, is sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the German High Court.

The French pay full military and civic honors to the American dead in France.

A new government has been organized in Vladivostok by Lieutenant-General Boldireff, according to a dispatch to Tokyo.

ay 31.—Fifty Poles and fifteen Germans are killed and about 175 are wounded when Polish insurgents attempt to take Annaberg, Silesia.

The French Senate votes confidence in Premier Briand in connection with the reparations settlement.

CONGRESS

ay 25.—The Senate unanimously adopts the Borah disarmament amendment to the Naval Bill.

Iay 26.—The House passes the $100,000,000 Deficiency Appropriations Bill, carrying $200,000 for prohibition enforcement up till July 1.

The Senate confirms David H. Blair, of North Carolina, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue by a vote of 59 to 15.

Iay 31.—The Senate Appropriations Committee, in reporting the Deficiency Appropriations Bill, recommends increases aggregating $53,850,000 over the $100,000,000 passed by the House.

DOMESTIC

Iay 25.—Two militiamen are slain in a battle with striking miners in Mingo County, W. Va.

Iay 26.—Sixteen business agents are indicted in Chicago by a special grand jury on charges of conspiracy to extort money.

Iay 27.—All the property of Grover C. Bergdoll, the fugitive draft dodger, is seized under the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act, at the personal direction of President Harding.

President Harding signs the Emergency Tariff Bill, which becomes effective May 28.

Representatives of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association and Chairman W. S. Benson, of the Shipping Board, agree on wages and working conditions to settle the marine-workers' strike.

Iay 28.—Twenty-seven alleged members of the I. W. W. are arrested at Denver after they had attempted to commandeer a Union Pacific freight-train.

The Executive Committee of the United States Grain-Growers, Inc., form the Farmers' Finance Corporation, with a capital stock of $100,000,000, to finance farm marketing and facilitate direct handling of crops.

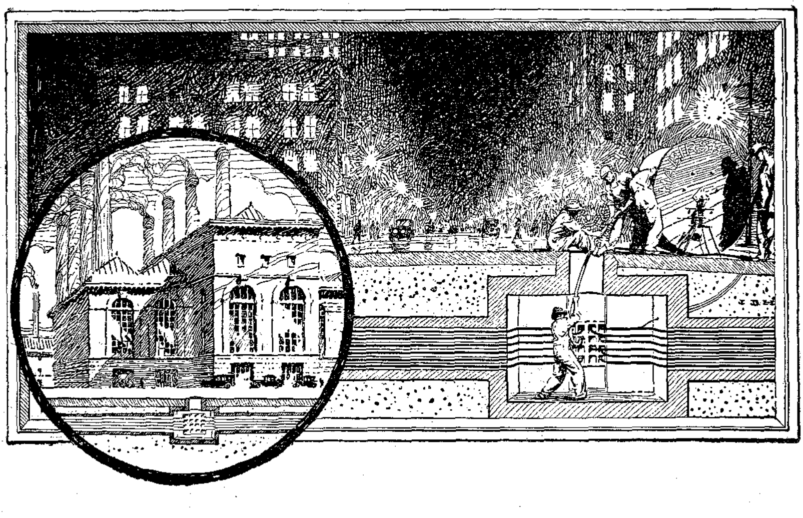
Five army officers and two civilians are killed when a Curtiss-Eagle ambulance airplane crashes to earth near Morgantown, Md.

Iay 29.—Brigadier-General Horace Porter, former Ambassador to France and last survivor of the staff of General Grant, dies at his home in New York in his eighty-fourth year.

Iay 31.—The United States Railroad Labor Board announces an average reduction of 12 per cent. in the wages of various classes of employees of 104 railroads, the reduction to become effective July 1. The ruling, it is estimated, will take $400,000,000 a year from the pay-rolls of the railroads.

Five persons are killed, three seriously injured, and eight less seriously injured, when a fifty-pound bomb explodes on the Aberdeen Recruiting Grounds in Maryland.

Twenty-one negroes and nine whites are killed in a race conflict in Tulsa, Okla.



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THE • SPICE • OF • LIFE

But They Bark.—Have you ever noticed how polite the trees are? They always bough before leaving.—*The Wisconsin Octopus.*

Safety First.—Jud Tunkins says the most valuable sense of humor is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what it isn't safe to laugh at.—*Washington Star.*

Goods Not Received.—MacPherson (at the box office)—"Will ye kindly return me the amount I paid for amusement tax?"

Clerk—"Why, sir?"

MacPherson—"We wasna amused."—*London Mail.*

Identified.—Two ancient coins were found clasped in the hand of a skeleton unearthed during excavations in London. It is thought to be the remains of the first Scotsman to visit the metropolis.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Insuring the Tears.—Lawyer—"If you expect to be acquitted, your wife will have to weep a little during the trial."

The Accused—"That's easy. Just tell her I'm going to be acquitted."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Where the Make-up Went.—Algy (tired waiting)—"Is your sister making up her mind whether to come down and see me, or not?"

Bobby—"It isn't her mind she's making up."—*Boston Transcript.*

The New Recipe.—Lady—"You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen?"

Child—"Well, mother says it was too much yeast, but father says it was too little sugar."—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

Business Associates.—"Who's the swell guy you was just talkin' to?" asked Tony the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Mickey the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Stop, Look, and Listen.—He (cautiously)—"Would you say 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me?"

She (still more cautiously)—"Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say 'Yes' if you asked me to marry you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Worse Than Hopeless.—The only son of an American millionaire recently ran away from home and joined the staff of a weekly journal. We understand that friends broke the news by telling the parents that their son was dead, and gently worked up to the climax.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Mistaken Identity.—"Cap'n, suh," explained the unbleached motor-cycle courier who had unsuccessfully attempted to navigate a French highway in night traffic, "everything was jest goin' along fine, and den Ah see mah chance to dodge in between two motor-cycles."

"Well, what of it?"

"Dat's all dey was to it, Cap'n, suh. Dem two motor-cycles was a truck."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Logical.—Mistress—"Did you water the rubber plant, Mary?"

New Maid—"Why, no, mum, I thought it was waterproof."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Polite.—"He's a terribly polite man, isn't he?"

"I should say so. Why, I believe he would even take off his hat to bow to the inevitable."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Deeper Than Most.—Bacon—"I see a vocational school for its employees has been established in an Idaho mine 14,000 feet underground."

Egbert—"Evidently trying to make deep thinkers of the men."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A New Course.—Caller—"Is Miss Jones in?"

Servant—"No, madam."

Caller (surprized)—"Where is she?"

Servant—"Don't you know, mum? Miss Jones is going to be married, and she goes to the college every afternoon to take lessons in domestic silence."—*Financial News.*

Easy.—Stranger (who has just been supplied with much assoı ted information)—"How well you know the neighborhood, my boy!"

"Well, you see, sir, I only explain it to strangers!"—*Meggendorfer Blätter* (*Munich*).

All Explained.—Officer in Charge of Rifle-range—"Don't you know any better than to point an empty gun at me?"

Raw Rookie—"But it isn't empty, sir; it's loaded."—*The Mirror.*

The Difference.—"Have a cigar?"

"No—don't smoke now."

"Sworn off?"

"Nope; stopped entirely."—*Tar Baby.*

The Drawback.—Patience—"How would you like to go for your honeymoon in an airplane?"

Patrice—"Not me—I should hate to miss the tunnels."—*London Opinion.*

There Is a Reason.—According to Dr. Bramer, the savages of Brumari Island never kiss each other. Judging by their photographs, we don't blame them.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Discrimination.—A salesman recently told the Bow Street magistrate that no swearing is allowed nowadays in Covent Garden Market. This exclusion of all golfers, ratepayers, and spring-cleaning victims is surely rather drastic.—*Punch* (*London*).

No Chance.—Returning home from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked.

"How could I?" answered Raymond. "You only gave me fifty cents."—*Continent.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notic
will be taken of anonymous communications.

"Y. M.," Van Cortland, N. Y.—*Fum-Hoam*
the name of a mandarin who in Gueulett
"Chinese Tales," printed in 1723, restoı
Malek-al-Salen, King of Georgia, to his throne, a
told the King's daughter, Guchenraz, the st
of his strange metamorphosis. First he v
Piurash, who murdered the usurper Siamek; tl
a flea; then a lap-dog; then an Indian mai
named Massouma; then a bee, a cricket,
mouse; then Abzenderoud, the imam; therea
the daughter of a rich Indian merchant;
jezdad of Iolcos; the greatest beauty of Gree
then a foundling found by a dyer in a box; tl
Dugme, Queen of Persia; then a maiden nan
Hengu; thereafter he became an ape; then
daughter of a midwife of Tatary; then the o
son of the Sultan Agra; an Arabian physic
a wild man called Kolao; a slave; the son o
cadi of Erzerum; a dervish; an Indian prin
and lastly *Fum-Hoam.* In Goldsmith's "Citiz
of the World," published 1764, *Fum-Houm*
described as the first president of the Ceremon
Academy of Peking.

"L. B. M.," Baltimore, Md.—"Kindly adv
me the correct way of writing *to-day* and
morrow, with or without a hyphen."

The dictionaries of to-day all indicate t
hyphen in these words. The Century Dictiona
records *today* as an alternative form, printing t
two words as one. An examination of Engli
literature shows that the confusion which beg
with the use of these words may be traced as
back as King Alfred's time, he himself writi
to-day, today, and *to-morrow, to morgen.* Ælf
in his "Homilies," which date from the ye
1000, used *to-day* with the hyphen and *to-ni*
without one. Coverdale in his Bible (Jos. x
18) wrote: "That he may be wroth *to daye* a
tomorrow." Shakespeare in the "Taming of t
Shrew," act 3, scene 2, first folio edition 16
wrote: "I will not goe *to day* nor *tomorrow.*"

From the invention of printing, the confusi
has persisted, each author following his own whi
and an examination of modern English literatu
shows that the confusion still exists. The f
that there is unanimous agreement among t
dictionaries for the use of the hyphen should,
the Lexicographer's judgment, prove sufficie
weight for its retention in all literature.

"A. D. F.," Pueblo, Col.—"Please give
the correct pronunciation of *mesdames.*"

The word *mesdames* is correctly pronounc
me''dam'—*e* as in *prey, a* as in *art.*

"W. F.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I have look
in vain for the definition of *hokum,* which I und
stand to be a slang term. Can you throw a
light upon it?"

There is the Anglo-Indian word *hookum,* us
also in East Africa, which designates an offic
order, a judgment. There is also the slang te
hookum-snivvy with various meanings: (1)
imposition, such as getting food under fa
pretenses; (2) One who does this; (3) A cro
of thick iron wire in a wooden handle used
thieves to loosen wooden bolts of doors from wi
out. In the "Comic Almanac" for 1835, pa
17, occurs the following: "*Hookum Sni*
Zoological Society. A new animal has been tra
mitted from No Man's Land which has be
named the flat catcher." "Flat catcher" is pr
ably a humorous allusion to the Norfolk Howar

According to the "Lexicon Balatronicun
hookum snivey is described as "feeding a man an
dog for nothing. Three men, one of whom prete
to be sick and unable to eat, go to a public hou
the two well men make a bargain with the la
lord for their dinner, and when he is out of sig
feed their pretended sick companion and
gratis."

According to Bee's "Dictionary of the Tur
hookum snivey is described as "a practise
soldiers in quarters when they obtain grub
nix." Joseph Wright in his "English Dial
Dictionary" gives *hook-em-snivey,* "an indescri
ble tho simple machine employed by boys
playing at head and harp." He quotes Ed
worth's "Irish Bulls," edition of 1803, page 1
The terms is used in Devonshire for anythi
deceitful, tricky, or sly.